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THE NEW YORKER

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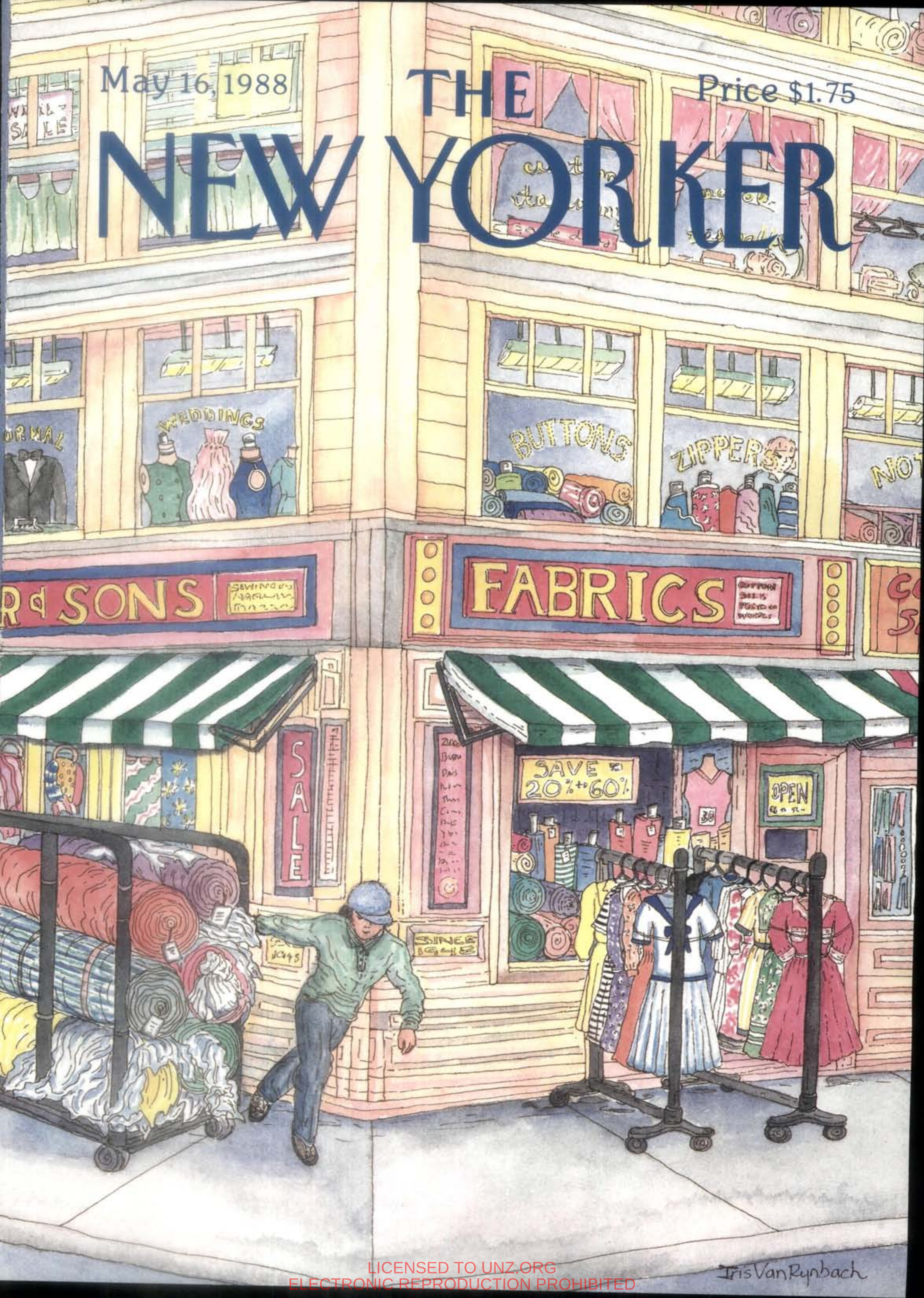
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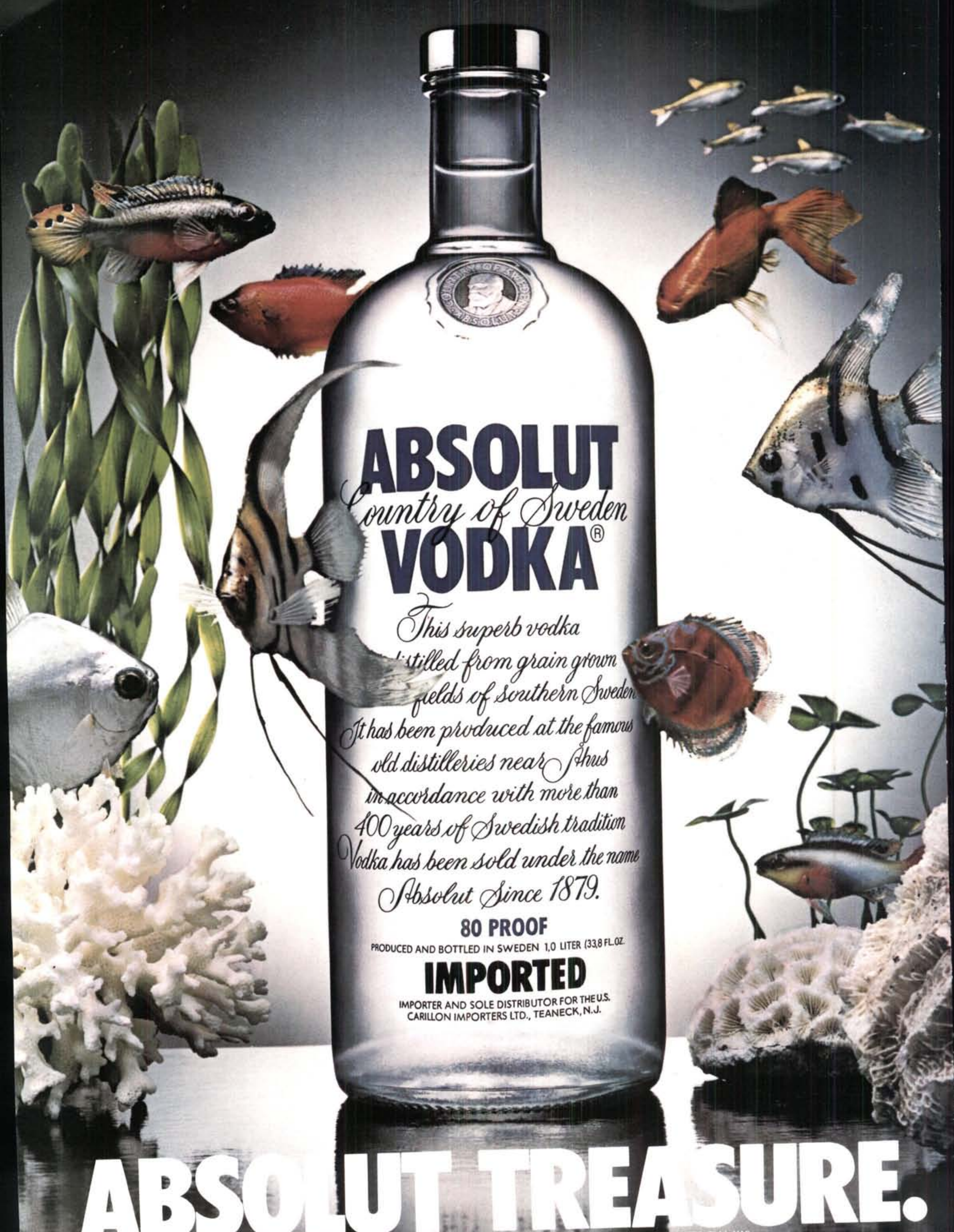
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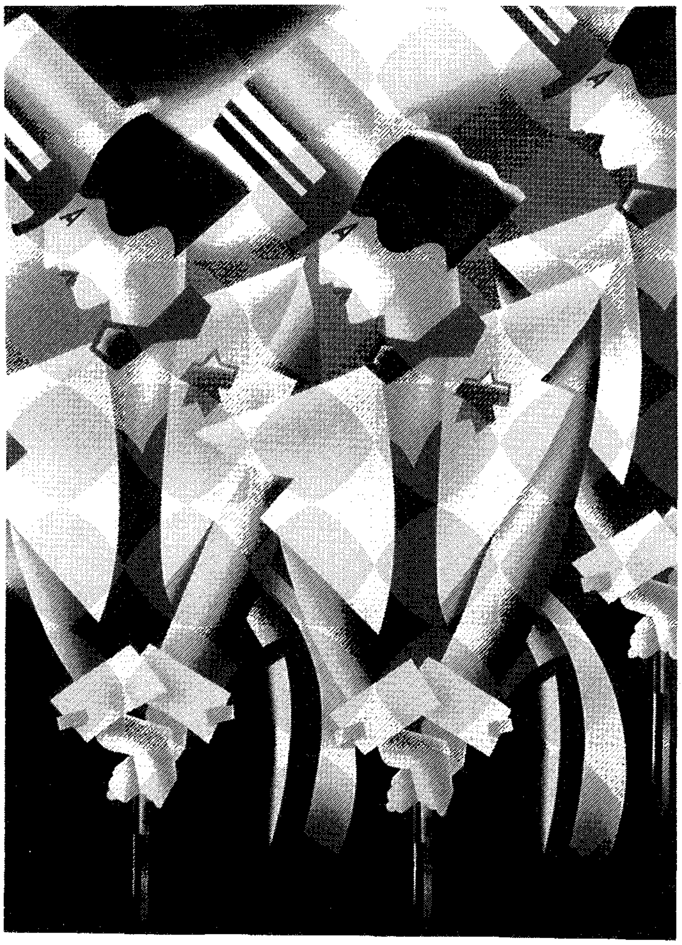

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Birthday Party—This revival of Harold Pinter's first full-length play, directed by Carey Perloff, will be of interest to anyone eager to see a difficult playwright's work correctly done. The play may seem empty and a little inept now, but this production, with a company led by the wonderful David Strathairn, is cast almost as perfectly as it is visually conceived (and only an American matchbook is out of place on Loy Arcenas's clever set). (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Boys' Life—Directed by W. H. Macy, Howard Korder's engrossing new play is an eminently quotable postmodern comedy of manners that makes an intelligent contribution to the dialogue on the battle between the sexes. (3/28/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

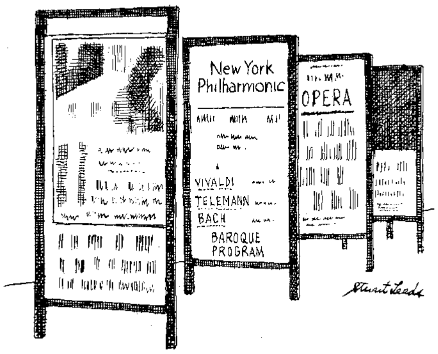
Burn This—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant owner who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting cast includes Jonathan Hogan and Lou Liberatore. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Carrie—The Stephen King novel has been brought to the stage as a musical by the Royal Shakespeare Company, in a production that has an American and British cast. Lawrence D. Cohen wrote the book, Michael Gore the music, and Dean Pitchford the lyrics. Terry Hands is the director. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10-11. Opens officially on Thursday, May 12. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chess—This noisy rock musical is a British import about an international chess match between a bad-tempered American and a more equable Russian who falls in love with the American's beautiful second. There is a lot of plot, but through the hyperactivity and the electronic blare there is also life on the stage. Judy Kuhn, David Carroll, and Philip Casnoff give splendid performances in the leading roles. Trevor Nunn directed the American company. (5/9/88) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Vincent Youmans' 1925 musical **no, no, nanette** will be the final production of the season. Opens Thursday, May 12, and will run through Sunday, June 5. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)



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Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gospel at Colonus—A revival of Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's adaptation of "Oedipus at Colonus." We'd be lying if we said that the show has much to do with Sophocles' play, but it is a roof-raising celebration of black music and culture. (4/4/88) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Grandma Plays—A comedy by Todd Graff. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashād and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—A return engagement of the comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Lambs Theatre Company—Presenting **st. hugo of central park**, a comedy by Jeff Kindley. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Tuesdays, except May 17, and Thursdays at 1, and Saturdays at 2.)

The Love Talker—A play by Deborah Pryor. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

Macbeth—The much-talked-about vehicle for Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson is not, as one might have been led to expect from the adverse publicity, giggle-makingly bad, merely uniformly and numbingly boring. No one (least of all Shakespeare) is well served by the production, which received "original direction" from Kenneth Frankel, "additional direction" from Zoe Caldwell, and uncredited direction from Robin Phillips. (5/9/88) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Madame de Sade—The Pan Asian Rep's production of Yukio Mishima's 1965 play. Translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

Mail—A chipper little musical about a young writer who leaves home for a few months and then returns to deal with stacks of unopened letters. Book and lyrics by Jerry Colker, and music by Michael Rupert, who appears in the leading role. (4/25/88) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Time Flat—A play by Larry Ketron, with Daniel Ahearn. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Oba Oba—A Brazilian musical revue, with a company of fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old New York: New Year's Day—Donald T. Sanders directs his own adaptation of Edith Wharton's novella. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Additional performances at the Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., 431-5000, Ext. 520, on Fridays at 8. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. Patty Cohenour substitutes for Miss Brightman at the Thursday evening and Saturday matinée performances. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that damatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

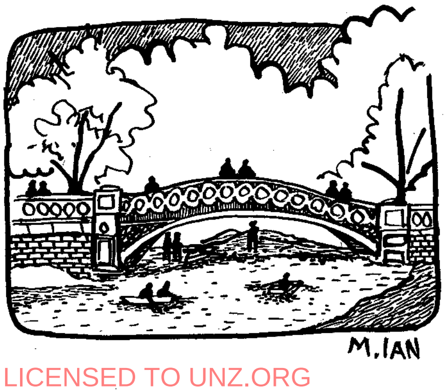
A Streetcar Named Desire—A pedestrian revival of the Tennessee Williams classic, directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos. You're better off seeing the 1951 movie. (3/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 628-8334. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. No performance Tuesday, May 10.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Yellow Dog Contract—A play by Ed Setrakian. Opens Wednesday, May 11. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Long Runs—**broadway bound:** A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,672 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fences:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **les misérables:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **psycho beach party:** A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **starlight express:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



MISCELLANY

Michael Feinstein in Concert—A program of popular songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: he knows all the old songs *and* their intros, so the show becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated—a must for lovers of show tunes and the people who wrote them. (5/9/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **naughty marietta.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Bittersuite—A pleasant revue of songs about middle age by Elliot Weiss (music) and Michael Champagne (lyrics). (Palsson's Supper Club, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5:30 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—The festival of American music and dance, with appearances by a number of guest performers, concludes on Sunday, May 15. The regular season continues through Sunday, June 26. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Set of Seven" (première; with Virginia Eskin, piano), "Ivesiana," "Tea-Rose" (première; with Michael Tilson Thomas, piano and conductor), and "Ecstatic Orange." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "The Newcomers," "Black & White," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Barber Violin Concerto" (première; with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin, and guest dancers Kate Johnson and David Parsons), "Danbury Mix" (première; with members of the Paul Taylor Dance Company), and "Gershwin Concerto" (with guest dancer Mel Tomlinson). . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Set of Seven" (with Miss Eskin), "Ivesiana," "Tea-Rose" (with Mr. Tilson Thomas), and "Ecstatic Orange." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "The Newcomers," "Black & White," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: The premières of "Baroque Variations," "The Chairman Dances," "The Bounding Line," and "A Fool for You" (the last with the Ray Charles Orchestra and the Raylettes), and

"Quiet City," a repertory work. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 15: "Barber Violin Concerto" (with Miss Johnson and Mr. Parsons), "Danbury Mix" (with members of the Paul Taylor Dance Company), and "Gershwin Concerto" (with Mr. Tomlinson). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 15: "The Chairman Dances," "Danbury Mix" (with members of the Paul Taylor Dance Company), "A Fool for You" (with the Ray Charles Orchestra and the Raylettes), "Sophisticated Lady," and an unnamed work (première). Judy Kaye, soprano, will also perform. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 17: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Barber Violin Concerto," "Danbury Mix," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 18: "Bugaku," "Who Cares?," and one of the new ballets. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1.)

American Ballet Theatre—Monday evening, May 9: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "The Informer" (première), and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 11: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Pillar of Fire," and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1" (New York première), "The Informer," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1," "Pillar of Fire," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 14: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 16: "Les Sylphides," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 17, and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 18: "La Bayadère." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Mark Morris Dance Group—Opening performances of a one-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 22. Tuesday, May 17, at 7, and Wednesday, May 18, at 8: Three New York premières—"Sonata for Clarinet and Piano," "Fugue and Fantasy," and "Strict Songs" (with the New York City Gay Men's Chorus)—"New Love Song Waltzes," and "One Charming Night." With the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

City Center—Two dance companies and a performance artist in a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 22. Wednesday, May 11, at 7:30: **BILL T. JONES/ARNIE ZANE & CO., LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS,** and **BILL IRWIN** in a benefit performance. For information about tickets, call 247-0430. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 7:30; Sunday, May 15, at 3; and Tuesday, May 17, at 8: **BILL T. JONES/ARNIE ZANE & CO.** in "The Gift/No God Logic," "Holzer Duet," and the New York premières of "Red Room," "Like in Egypt," "Prejudice," and "The History of Collage." . . . ¶ Friday, May 13, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 15, at 8: **LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS** in "Equator" (New York première), "Magnetic," and "Impact." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14, and Wednesday, May 18, at 8: **BILL IRWIN** in "Largely/New York" (New York première). (131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Joyce Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week series of appearances by twelve contemporary dance companies which will run through Sunday, May 22—**RALPH LEMON AND COMPANY:** Tuesday, May 10, at 7:30. . . . **MARK TAYLOR & FRIENDS:** Wednesday, May 11, at 8. . . . **MUNA TSENG DANCE PROJECTS:** Thursday, May 12, at 8. . . . **SIN CHA HONG'S LAUGHING STONE:** Friday, May 13, at 8. . . . **BLONDELL CUMMINGS AND COMPANY:** Saturday, May 14, at 8. . . . **CHARLES MOULTON DANCE COMPANY:** Sunday, May 15, at 7:30. . . . **STEPHANIE SKURA & COMPANY:** Tuesday, May 17, at 7:30. . . . **WENDY PERRON DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, May 18, at 8. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of

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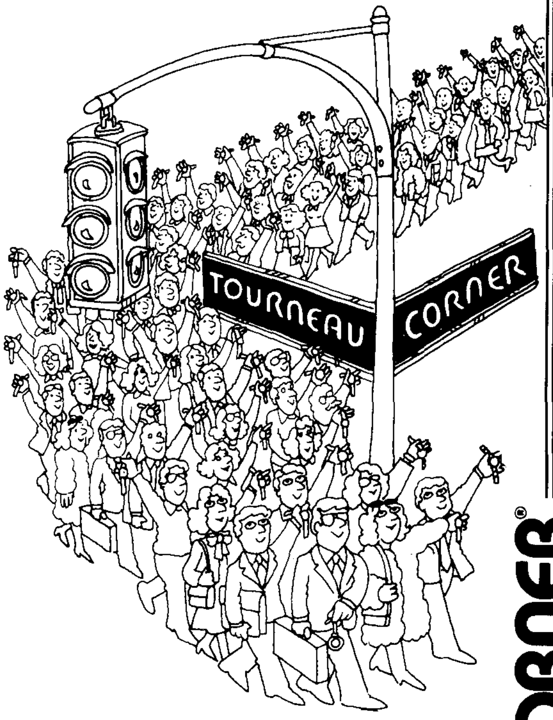

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18			

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH,** who are singing here. M., P. & S., a one-man, two-woman vocal group, sing and patter in close harmony in the woody nook known as the Oak Room at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. Rita McKenzie sings a tribute to a mighty New York voice, Ethel Merman's, at nine Tuesday through Thursday, May 10-12, and at nine and eleven Friday and Saturday, May 13-14. **KAREN AKERS,** a singer who grew up on Manhattan's Upper East Side and is a picture of sleekness and cool, will be here starting Tuesday, May 17. **JAY LEONHART,** a bassist who sometimes doubles as a singer, performs some of his own songs (about playing with Louis Bellson for a society do at the Pierre, about watching a man beat up on a money-eating pay phone) with pianist **MIKE RENZI** at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A six-year-old jazz club that is so busy promoting itself as a Big Deal that it sometimes skimps on such courtesies as honoring reservations. Caveat clubgoer. Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, May 10-15. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, it's **RIDERS IN THE SKY,** three gentlemen in Western wear who do well-known songs of the range and the bunkhouse ("Cool Water," "Back in the Saddle Again") and material of their own devising. The Riders are **RANGER DOUG GREEN** (a.k.a. the Idol of American Youth—he has a big, toothy grin—and a yodeller of note); **WOODY PAUL CHRISMAN** (a fiddler who also does rope tricks, including the "dangerous vertical loop" and the "quantum leap through the quantum loop;" he has a Ph.D. in physics from M.I.T., and knows his quanta); and **FRED (TOO SLIM) LA BOUR** (who plays bass fiddle, has a bandit's mustache, and does a good imitation of a talking horse that got started in silent pictures). The Riders will be here on Monday, May 9, along with **JOHN HARTFORD.** The rest of the lineup: Thursday, May 12, Ian Matthews and the Bobs; Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, blues-rock guitarist **ROY BUCHANAN;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17-18, **JOE SATRIANI,** a guitarist who is in Mick Jagger's touring band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **RANDY WESTON,** a pianist who rumbles dramatically, works with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, May 14; **FREDDIE COLE,** Nat's younger brother, moves in with his trio on Monday, May 16. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **STEVE TURRE,** who plays trombone and an assortment of conch shells, leads a sextet that includes violinist **JOHN BLAKE** and pianist **GERI ALLEN** Tuesday through Sunday, May 10-15; **BENNY CARTER,** who turned eighty last year and whose alto saxophone remains a model of old-time grace, comes in with a quartet on Tuesday, May 17. Mondays belong to baritone-sax man **HAMIET BLUIETT** and his big band. Music from nine. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the wall of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT.** Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** flank him. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Marti Stevens substitutes for Mr. Short on Saturday, May 14. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a singer as at ease with "Cheek to Cheek" as she is with Dave Frishberg's "Blizzard of Lies" (a catalogue of easy sayings), will be around Tuesday through Sunday, May 10-15. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Cho-cho chicken and lotus shoots and piano jazz of a high order. A patch of midtown sky looms above the whole pleasant scene. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a young California stride-piano enthusiast, will be here Tuesday through Thursday, May 10-12, and again on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17-18. **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano flies under the flag of Bud Powell and Charlie Parker, holds forth on Friday and Saturday, May 13-14. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar, but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: Tuesday through Saturday, May 10-14, Dennis Moorman; Sunday, May 15, Dave Berkman; and starting Tuesday, May 17, Nat Jones. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, and at six-thirty on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The lineup: Monday, May 9, pianist **DICK HYMAN;** Tuesday, May 10, Jeanne Matisse; Wednesday, May 11, drummer Mike Clark's trio; Thursday, May 12, guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, May 13, vibraphonist **WARREN CHIASSON'S** threesome; and Saturday, May 14, the Roy Meriwether trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **DICK SUDHALTER,** the cornettist and biographer of Bix Beiderbecke, is in charge on Mondays, May 9 and 16; **BARBARA LEA** sings on Thursday, May 12; and **BOB STEWART** sings on Friday, May 13, and Wednesday, May 18. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **JOHN BUNCH** will be at the piano, with bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** next to him, Tuesday through Saturday, May 10-14. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

MAURICE FREED

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and intermediate rock, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Soprano saxophonist **JANE IRA BLOOM** leads a group on Thursday, May 12. Activity from nine or so.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or a structural element). **MICHELLE SHOCKED,** the nom de guitare of a worldly-wise East Texas folkie, has the floor on Sunday, May 15. She's preceded by several Café habitués, including Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON** on Tuesday, May 10; swamp-blues specialist **DR. JOHN** on Thursday, May 12; **ROBERT GORDON** on Friday, May 13; and **SPENCER DAVIS** on Saturday, May 14. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **JULIE WILSON** on the bandstand. Miss Wilson, a singer who is always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is concentrating on the songs of Stephen Sondheim. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Wendy O. & the Plasmatics, a heavy-metal-and-raunch act, perform on Friday, May 13; the **RADIATORS,** a late-blooming New Orleans bar band often likened to Little Feat, hold forth on Saturday, May 14; and Iron Butterfly, the heavy-rock entity whose hit records many people who grew up in the sixties deny having owned, makes a visitation on Sunday, May 15. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. **SISTER CAROL,** the Jamaican singer who sang the loping reggae version of "Wild Thing" in the movie "Something Wild," performs on Wednesday, May 11. The last time we saw her here, she came onstage wearing a checkered motoring cap and sunglasses and did a couple of anti-apartheid songs, one about Santa Claus, and "Wild Thing." She swayed and ran in place and kept her singing and preaching at the same easygoing emotional pitch throughout; there were no lows in her show, and no highs, either. **YOMO TORO,** a Puerto Rican composer (he wrote the music for Woody Allen's "Bananas") and a master of a ten-string guitarlike instrument called the cuatro, brings his band here on Thursday, May 12. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**CHARLIE HADEN,** a bassist best known for his work with Ornette Coleman, will be in this Village meetinghouse with a band of West Coasters Tuesday through Sunday, May 10-15; **MC COY TYNER,** a pianist whose thundering, rhythmically insistent style works like an incantation on some people, arrives with his trio on Tuesday, May 17. Mondays are reserved for singer **DAKOTA STATON.** Shows from ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be

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The First Electrical Digital Computer

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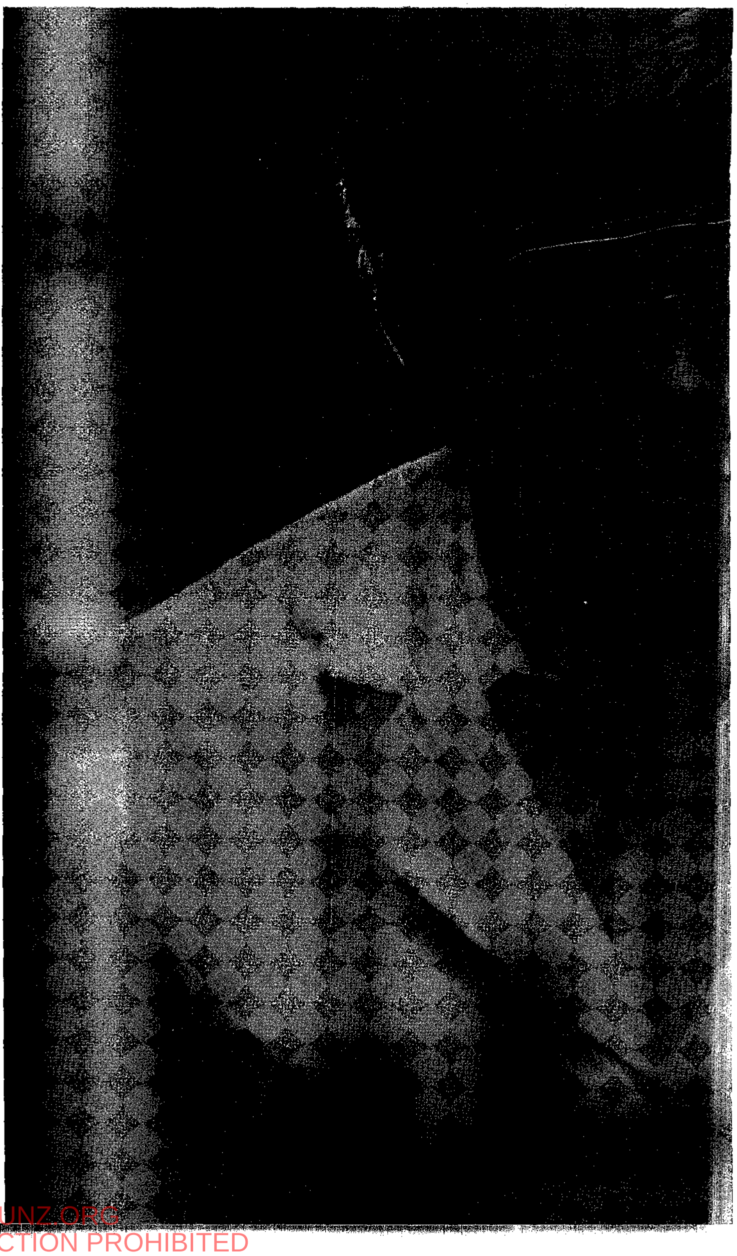
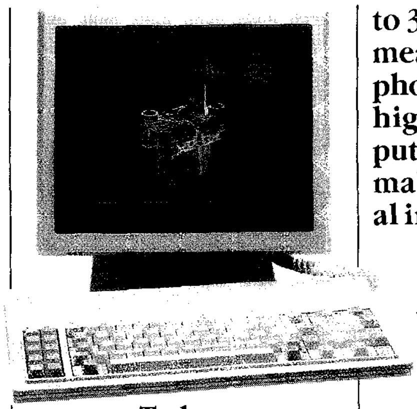
Funny, how the future seems to repeat itself.

1947
The Transistor

The modern era of computer science and technology began when three Bell Labs scientists invented the transistor. Their work launched the worldwide semi-conductor industry. Made possible the micro-electronic devices that give modern computers such versatility and power. And, later, won for them the Nobel Prize in Physics.





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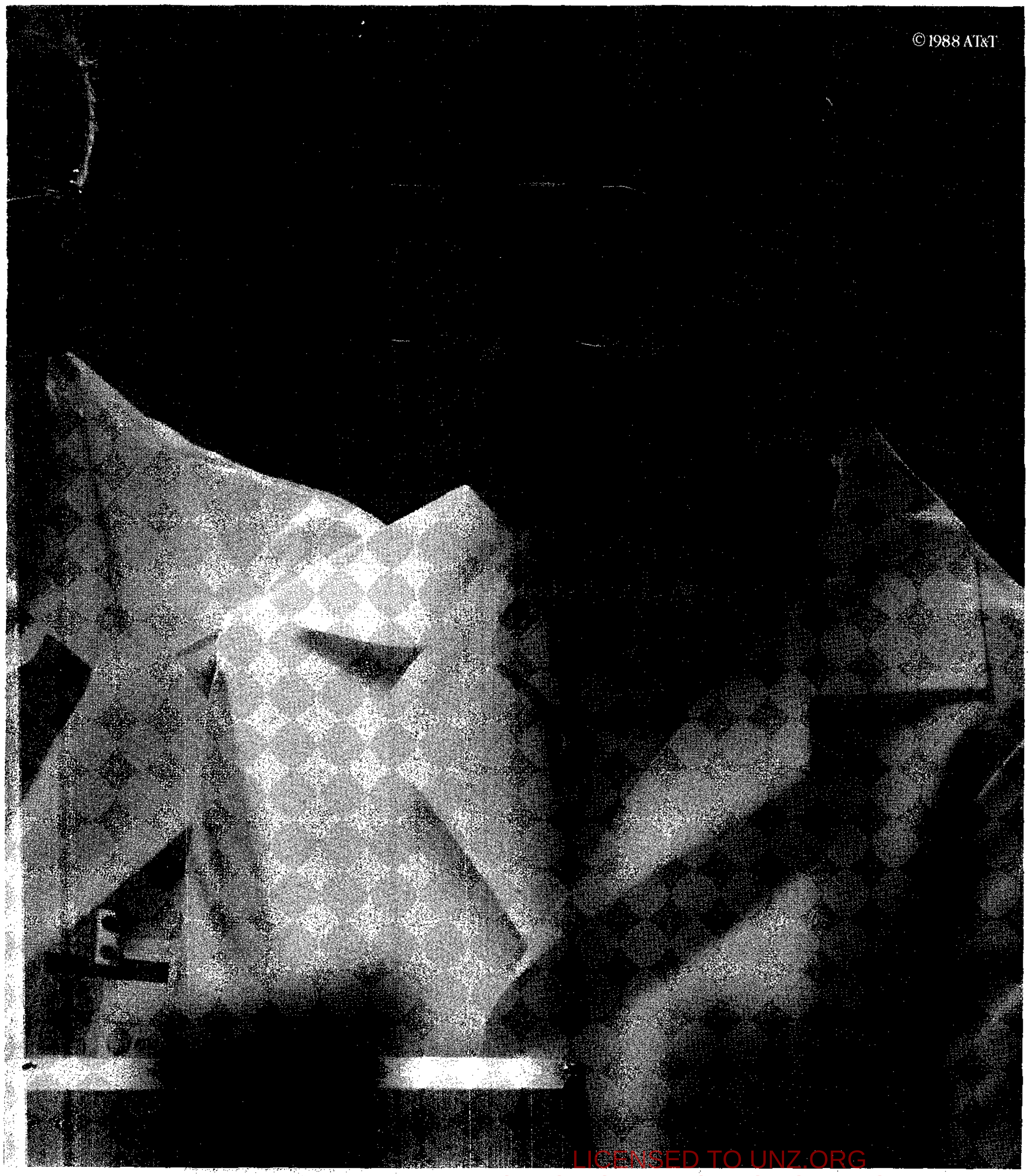

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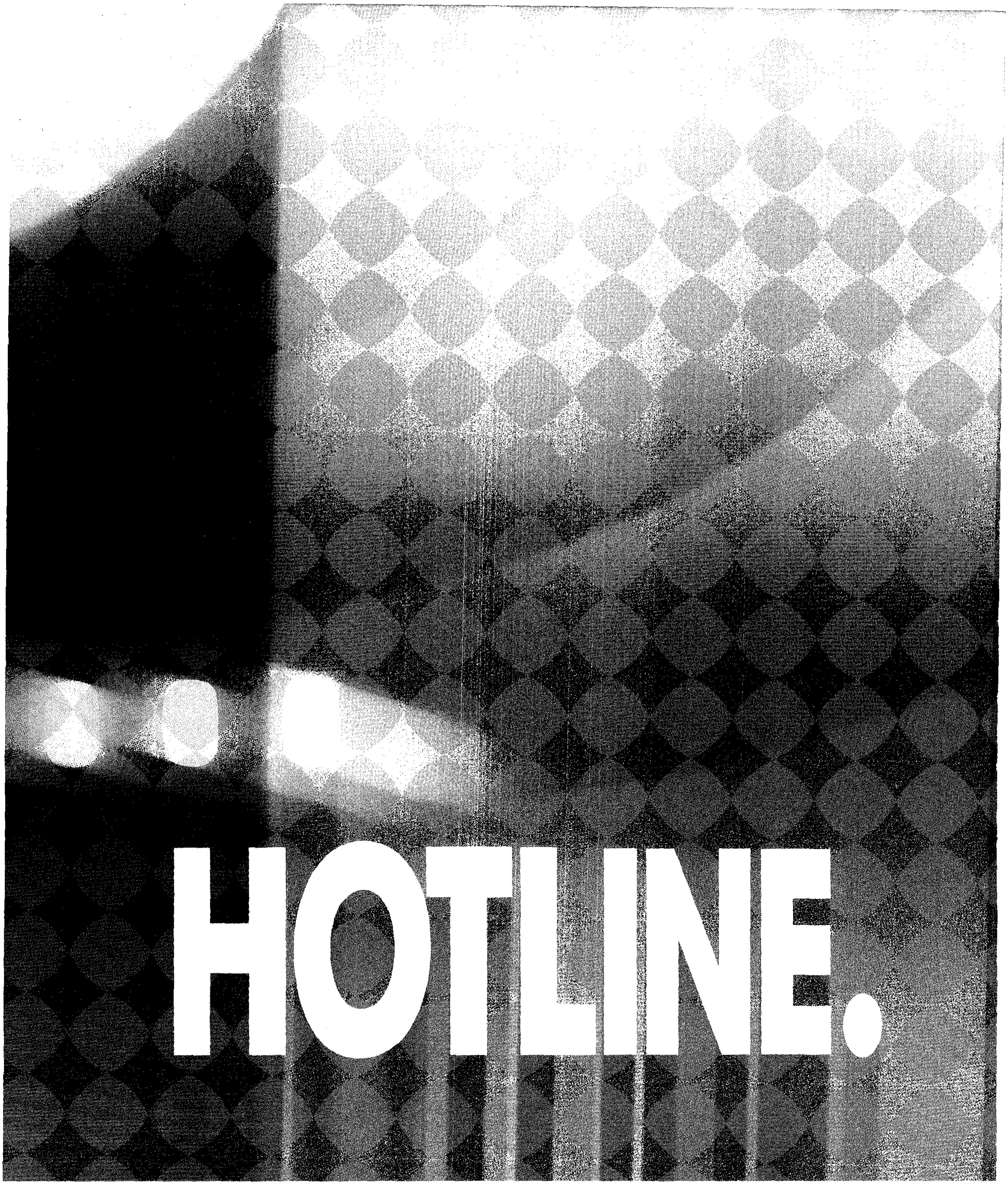

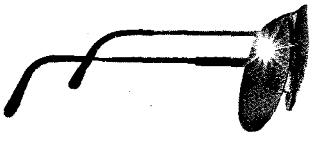

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek jazz and soul room. The piano will be in **DOROTHY DONEGAN'S** flying, tricky, funny hands Wednesday through Saturday, May 11-14. Music after nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. The **SURREAL MC COYS,** a local country-rock quintet, call this place home on Mondays. Ned Sublette leads his New York country band on Wednesday, May 11, and **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON,** a Muddy Waters hand in the sixties and seventies, moves in on Friday, May 13. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The gym-size downstairs room has salsa bands and their excitable fans on Mondays after nine-thirty. On May 9, singers **OSCAR D'LEON** and **JOSÉ ALBERTO** and their ensembles will be present, along with whiz-bang jazz singer **JON HENDRICKS.** On Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '88 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver hard bop at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **LARRY RIDLEY** are on duty Tuesdays through Sundays from ten. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, May 10-15; pianist **STEVE KUHN** and the ace rhythm team of **RON CARTER** and **AL FOSTER** go to work on Tuesday, May 17. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. The Metropolitan Bopera House, a Gotham hard-bop sextet whose name a local opera company doesn't find amusing, performs Wednesday through Sunday, May 11-15. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. **JOHN CAMPBELL,** a pianist who has worked behind Mel Tormé and in a Clark Terry big band, teams up with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, May 14, and with **STEVE LA SPINA** starting Monday, May 16. Sundays are in the nimble hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and Michael Moore. Music from eight nightly except Sundays, when it starts at seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"MARY SURRATT"—A performance work by Linda Mussmann, with Claudia Bruce. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Tuesday through Saturday, May 10-14, at 8, and Sunday, May 15, at 2:30.)

PETER GORDON—Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.

THE ARDOIN FAMILY—With Canray Fontenot. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.)

PAQUITO D'RIVERA QUINTET—Jazzport, 210 Front St. 608-7889. Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8 and 10.

CHARLES ATLAS, JOHN KELLY, DAVID LINTON, AND DIANE MARTEL—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Friday through Sunday, May 13-15, and Wednesday, May 18, at 8:30. Through Sunday, May 22.

MULGREW MILLER—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, May 14, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18			

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Monday, May 16, and Wednesday, May 18, at 7:30. Through Monday, May 23.

TOWN HALL—Music from Brazil. Wednesday, May 11: Caetano Veloso. . . . ¶ Friday, May 13: João Bosco and Leny Andrade. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14: João Gilberto. (123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Evenings at 8:30.)

P.S. 122—The third annual Veselka Performance Festival. Wednesday through Sunday, May 11-15, at 9:30: The Otrabanda Company. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, May 13-15, at 9: Nelson Zayas. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Paintings and drawings in a broad range of styles by an artist usually identified as a Precisionist. Through June 4. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

FORREST BESS (1911-77)—A retrospective of paintings by this visionary primitivist. Through Saturday, May 14. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837)—Over a hundred paintings and works on paper. Through June 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL DELVAUX AND RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Paintings and drawings by these Belgian Surrealists. Through June 18. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

SIMON DINNERSTEIN—Recent stylized still-lifes, portraits, and imaginary tableaux by an artist who combines conté crayons, colored pencils, and pastels in his drawings. Through June 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI (1901-66)—Pencil drawings. Through Saturday, May 14. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

JAMES GILLRAY (1756-1815) **AND HONORÉ DAUMIER** (1808-79)—Graphics by two caricaturists. Through June 6. (McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

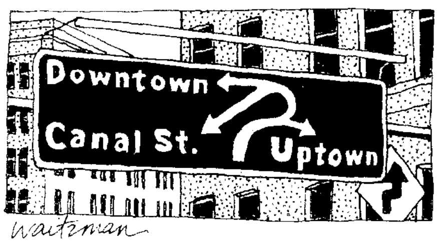
AHARON GLUSKA—A three-gallery show of new nonobjective paintings on paper and on canvas. Through May 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon. . . . ¶ Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

NEIL JENNEY—Paintings and sculptures dating from 1967 to 1972. Through May 31. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

LOIS LANE—Dark new paintings and drawings; some have partially discernible human and bovine figures. Through May 21. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

PIERRE LESIEUR—Loosely executed (in oil washes or pencil) interiors and still-lifes. Through May 21. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

JOEL CORCOS LEVY—Many small oils of seascapes and bucolic landscapes on plywood, the surface of which has been primed to bring up the grain. Through June 4. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)



Waitzman

RAFAEL MONTAÑEZ-ORTIZ—A retrospective documenting the career of the sculptor, video artist, and performer who used the name Ralph Ortiz. Through May 22. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Paper collages in red and black, some incorporating fragments from musical scores. Through Thursday, May 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

DAVID SECCOMBE—An installation, plus maquettes. Through May 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL (1893-1984) / **JOAN THORNE**—Paintings from the twenties and thirties by this American modernist. Through June 10. / Abstract paintings and pastels. Through May 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Works on paper. Through May 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Drawings by Klee, Picasso, Matisse, Pollock, van Gogh, and others. Through May 26. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ANNE ABRONS / ROBERT BERLIND—Symbolic still-life paintings by a realist. / Paintings depicting oak trees and vineyards in Provence. Through May 25. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

ANNE ARNOLD / PETER LOFTUS—Animals carved in wood. / Romantic landscapes. Through May 21. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

LUIS CRUZ AZACETA—New paintings on unstretched canvases, including "Life Is a Series of Holes" and "Latin American Victims of Dictators, Oppression, Torture, and Murder." Through May 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

ANTHONY CARO—Seven abstract sculptures in waxed steel, which were composed with the temple of Zeus at Olympia in mind. Through June 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN DUFF / WILLIAM BAZIOTES (1912-63)—Recent sculptures. / Works on paper. Through May 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Paintings and collages. Through Saturday, May 14. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JACOB LANDAU—New works on paper. Through June 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

JULIO LARRAZ—New realist paintings. Through June 4. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY MOORE (1898-1986)—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through June 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New bronzes. Through June 25. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT (1878-1955)—Images of fish and seagulls, among other things, integrated into impastoed abstractions. Through May 25. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

HARRY ORLYK—Overcast skies and weathered farmhouses in upstate New York are the subjects of these new paintings. Through May 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

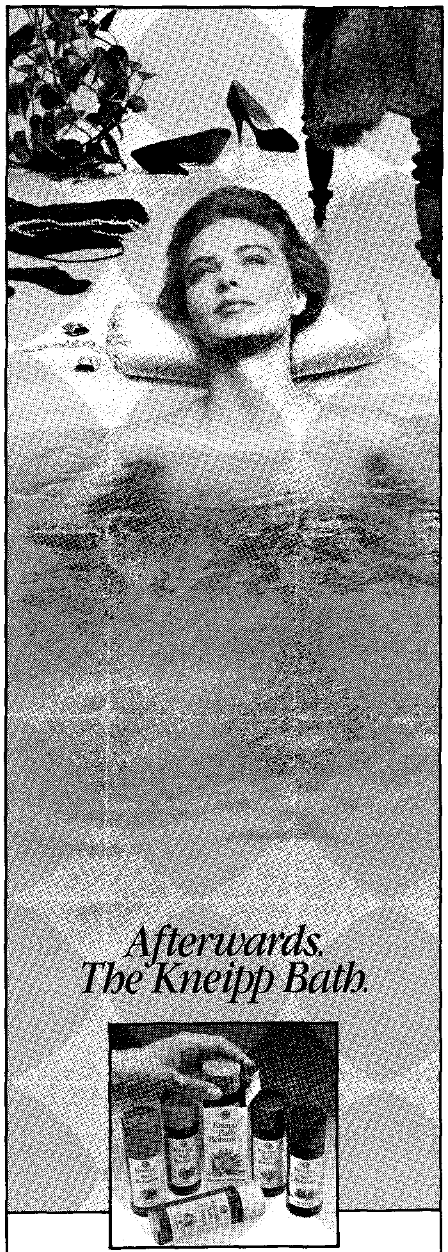
GABOR PETERDI / JEREMY GILBERT-ROLFE—Paintings. / Nonobjective works on paper. Through May 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through June 17. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

TONY ROBBIN—Geometric welded-steel-and-Plexiglas sculptures that, with some help from special lighting and 3-D glasses, suggest four dimensions. Through May 21. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Sculptures, one of which is a twenty-six-foot-long urban tableau entitled "The Street." Through June 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Paintings and works



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

on paper. Through May 28. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Tooker—Figure paintings by an artist *who works exclusively in egg tempera.* Through Saturday, May 14. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Recent paintings. Through May 21. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Line drawings. Through May 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Silk screens the artist made from F.B.I. Most-Wanted posters. Through June 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

William Wegman—New paintings. Through May 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: Prints by the American modernists Stuart Davis, Charles Sheeler, Marguerite Zorach, Max Weber, and others. Through June 3. . . . **davis & langdale,** 231 E. 60th St.: Works on paper dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, by Charles Demuth, Anne Ryan, Thomas Gainsborough, François Bonvin, and others. Through June 3. . . . **galerie lelong,** 20 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Peter Halley, Sherrie Levine, and Christopher Wool, among others. Through June 4. . . . **grand central art galleries,** 24 W. 57th St.: American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, including works by Childe Hassam, George Inness, Theresa Bernstein, and Gladys Rockmore Davis. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **kent,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works that suggest the imprint of technology on the artistic imagination. Annette Lemieux, Nancy Dwyer, Ashley Bickerton, and others are represented. Through Saturday, May 14. . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Geometric abstractions dating from 1930 to 1960, including paintings and sculptures by A. E. Gallatin, Theodore Roszak, and Carl Holty. Through June 8. . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Rebecca Purdum, Luigi Ontani, and Ruth Vollmer, among others. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John M. Armleder—Paintings and sculptures. Through May 28. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Andrea Belag—Abstract paintings. Through May 21. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Howard Ben Tré—Abstract cast-glass sculptures. Through May 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jennifer Bolande—Movie marquees were the basis for three small works in this diverse show. Through May 21. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Michael Boyd—Paintings, several of them inspired by French Gothic cathedrals. Through June 4. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

James Coignard—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through May 28. (Nahan, 380 West Broadway. Open daily.)

Xavier Corberó—*Half a chess set carved in basalt.* The queen is about fifteen feet tall. Through June 11. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Sophia Corwin—Abstract paintings, sculptures, and prints—both new and old. Through Sunday, May 15. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Dorothy Dehner—Early surreal drawings, plus sculptures—one a nine-foot brushed-steel work entitled "Fist." Through May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Sari Dienes—Freestanding and wall sculptures from this veteran artist whose mediums include bottles, hubcaps, string, and bone. Through Saturday, May 14. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Ellen Driscoll—Recent freestanding sculptures. Through May 21. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Christian Eckart—New works in mixed mediums. Through May 28. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Joel Fisher—Freestanding bronzes. Through May 21. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

General Idea—A series of paintings based on Robert Indiana's "Love," in which "AIDS" has replaced "Love." Through June 4. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

DeWitt Godfrey—Large-scale sculptures and drawings. Through May 28. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

David Hare—Paintings and sculptures. Through May 28. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

John Hultberg—A retrospective of paintings. Through June 11. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Andrew Jansons—Densely painted abstractions. Through May 28. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Ilya Kabakov—For *his first exhibition in the* United States, this Russian artist has transformed the Feldman gallery into complete living quarters for ten fictitious tenants—one of them has built a spaceship, and another has never thrown anything away. Through June 4. (31 Mercer St.)

Pat Lasch—Cakes, hearts, and female figures cast in bronze, silver, or gold. Through June 4. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt / Alice Aycock—Large geometric painted wood constructions. / Drawings. Through May 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Chris Macdonald—Recent wood sculptures and works on paper. Through May 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

David Mach—An installation involving fifteen tons of magazines, a cast-iron bathtub, and a stuffed zebra. Through June 11. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Arina Malukova / Harmony Hammond—Highly stylized paintings of female figures and animals. / Monoprints. Through May 21. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

Matta—Early paintings and drawings by this Chilean Surrealist. Through May 28. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Henri Michaux (1899-1984)—Paintings and drawings. Through May 28. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Rosemary Naegele—Realist paintings of Spanish rooftops. Through May 25. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Saul Ostrow—Paintings and works in mixed mediums which repeat certain images, among them a foot stomping an object, and a hand covering a mouth. Through Saturday, May 14. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings. Through May 24. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Matthew Radford—Hazy, sombre cityscapes. Through Saturday, May 14. (Bernarducci, 560 Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak / Phyllis Janto—New landscapes. / Laminated and polychromed wood sculptures. Through May 21. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 4.)

James Rosenquist—New paintings. Through Saturday, May 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Jane Schneider—A series of wood sculptures of a mythical menagerie. Through June 4. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Taro Suzuki—New sculptures. Through May 28. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Robert Therrien—Paintings and sculptures. Through May 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Bernard Tschumi / Michele Stuart—Architectural drawings and models. Through May 21. / Paintings. Through May 28. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Ted Victoria—*Works by an artist who uses the* camera-obscura technique to project collages. Through Saturday, May 14. (Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. Opens at 1.)

Not Vital—New sculptures and drawings by this Swiss artist. Through May 21. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Phyllis Wiener / Richard S. Rothschild—Constructions. / Wood sculptures. Through May 29. (Pindar, 127 Greene St.)

Zush—Works on paper in mixed mediums. Through May 28. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **allen,** 560 Broadway: Paintings relating to jazz and accompanied by it (on tape). Includes works by Jane Dickson, Duncan Hannah, and Richard Merkin.

Through May 27. . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St.: Sculptures by Carl Andre, Donald Judd, and Tony Smith. Through June 4. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **STEINBAUM,** 132 Greene St.: Furniture, drawings, and photographs in an exhibit that chronicles the role of women in twentieth-century furniture design; pieces by Eileen Gray, Florence Knoll, Judy Kensley McKie, Gail Fredell Smith, and others. Through Saturday, May 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT—Paintings and works on paper. Through June 11. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

HARRY GOTTLIEB AND RIVA HELFOND—Paintings, drawings, and prints from the W.P.A. period. Through Sunday, May 15. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

FARIBA HAJAMADI—A show by an artist who prints black-and-white photographs on canvas, then colors them in with oils. Through May 21. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

MARY HEILMANN—Paintings. Through May 22. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

KEVIN LARMON—New paintings. Through May 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

CHRISTIAN MARCLAY—Sculptures that make use of objects having to do with sound: records, speakers, and gramophone parts, for instance. Through May 21. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

RONA PONDICK—Recent sculptures. Through May 22. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays and Sundays.)

RUSSELL SHARON—Life-size painted wood figures, some doing handstands. Through May 29. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PAUL THEK—Paintings and drawings. Through June 5. (Mokotoff, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

P.S. 1—"Brazil Projects" is part exhibition and part festival; it includes works by nearly seventy Brazilian painters, sculptors, photographers, video artists, and architects. For information about film screenings and musical performances, which will be held at various places, call 1-718 784-2084. Through June 12. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOW—Howardena Pindell has selected works in a variety of mediums by twenty women artists, including Ana Mendieta, Alison Saar, and Kay WalkingStick. Through May 27. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71)—Photographs taken for industrial clients and for *Fortune* and *Life*. Through June 4. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

RENÉ BURRI—A two-gallery show of photographs, on subjects from the space program to the Middle East. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Through June 11. Opens at noon. . . . ¶ Swiss Institute, 35 W. 67th St. Through May 29. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

NAN GOLDIN—Raw, candid photographs concerned with both the expression and the repression of sexual identity. Through June 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

GERALD INCANDELA—Photographs of figures by an artist who alters his prints with a brush as he develops them. Through May 28. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

JOSEF KOUDELKA—Photographs, including prints of European Gypsies and country people and of the 1968 Prague uprising. Through July 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

HOPE SANDROW—Large-scale photographs in which figures are often distorted. Through June 5. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

JAN STALLER—Recent photographs, often of piles of rock or refuse. Through May 28. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. —Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, gifts to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage. Through June 5. . . . ¶ A show in which fifty American painters and sculptors born since 1945 are each represented by a single work. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum in Basel. Through June 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large retrospective of Josef Albers' work includes paintings, objects, and photographs. Through May 29. . . . ¶ A show that tracks collage and assemblage as explored by exponents of every ism from Cubism to Abstract Expressionism and beyond. The works are by Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Nevelson, and Anne Ryan, among many others. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. Through June 26. . . . ¶ Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show documenting the work of Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-78), who used abandoned buildings as sculptural material—cutting out arcs, circles, etc., and displaying leftover fragments in galleries. Starts Friday, May 13. . . . ¶ A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through June 13. . . . ¶ A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display of Tiffany dazzlers from the past century and a half, including the 128.54-carat Tiffany diamond and a 75-carat emerald brooch set with diamonds. Through June 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There will be, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. Starts Thursday, May 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of neolithic Chinese jades—amulets and ceremonial objects—in a range of shades running from off-white to nearly black. Through June 18. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

sive exhibit of the work of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943), which has come here from the Tate Gallery, in London; the show includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Starts Thursday, May 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Uffizi Gallery of Florence, repository of nearly thirteen hundred artists' self-portraits, has sent a selection of thirty—by Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Walter Crane, and others—in an exchange show with the National Academy, which sent a selection of its thirteen hundred self-portraits to Florence this spring. Starts Thursday, May 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show by the Swiss artist Markus Raetz: a large torso in rough-hewn wood, part of a series of figures he calls MiMis; seemingly random arrangements of such materials as eucalyptus leaves and twigs which become familiar images when viewed in adjacent mirrors or glass; and other works. Starts Friday, May 13. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Some of New York's architectural history is recounted in a show that includes twelve views (in sketches, blueprints, and photographs) of Cass Gilbert's Woolworth Building and five photographs of the demolition of the El station at Sixth Avenue between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of paintings and prints by James Lesesne Wells. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Performances of Mozart's "Abduction from the Seraglio," in English, staged by Cynthia Edwards. With the Bronx Opera Orchestra, conducted by Michael Spierman. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-1356.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Thursday, May 12, at 8; Friday, May 13, at 2; and Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—André Previn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8: A Dvořák-Walton program. . . . Saturday, May 14, at 8: Music by Rachmaninoff and Harold Shapero, with Vladimir Feltsman, piano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, May 13, at 8: A Vaughan Williams-Previn-Mendelssohn program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Herbig conducting a Schoenberg-Mozart-Beethoven program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conducting music for strings by Tchaikovsky, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, and Britten. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. and 120th St. Sunday, May 15, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Robert Mann, violin; and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

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New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin directing this hundred-and-eighty-voice choir in Brahms' Requiem. With Lila Deis, soprano, and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of canons. With the New York Consort of Viols and Steven Silverstein, recorder and cornetto. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 14, at 9.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing Mozart's Requiem and his "Vesperae de Dominica." With the Levin Baroque Ensemble and vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

RECITALS

Musical Elements—With Paul Sperry, tenor, in a concert honoring Jacob Druckman's sixtieth birthday. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 10, at 8.)

Music by David Diamond—With Ruth Golden, soprano; Levering Rothfuss, piano; and the Cassatt String Quartet. The composer will be present. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. 860-1863. Wednesday, May 11, at 7:30.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. . . . ¶ With the Franciscan String Quartet. Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

Cleveland String Quartet—With Misha Dichter, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—In a program of Vivaldi concertos and sonatas. With Dennis Godburn, baroque bassoon. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 567-4089.)

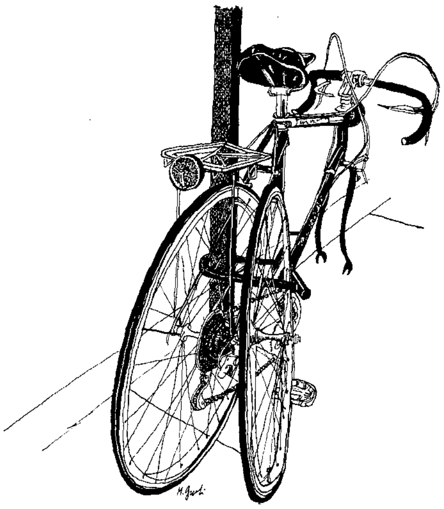
Ravi Shankar—Sitar. With his son, Shubho Shankar, sitar, and Kumar Bose, tabla. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

David Holzman—Piano. Presented by the League-ISCM. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—In an all-Beethoven concert. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

Musicians' Accord—Presenting the Hampshire String Quartet; Christine Schadeberg, soprano; and others. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)



Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

Music by Juilliard Composers—Six works, including four premières, by composition students. With a chamber ensemble and vocalists. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

Richard Goode, Richard Stoltzman, and Lucy Stoltzman—Piano, clarinet, and violin. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

Virtuosi Quintet—Chamber music by Ravel, Ambrosio, and Hindemith. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, May 15, at 2. Tickets are free with museum admission.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The last in a series of six concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 15, at 3.)

Guillermo Fierens—Classical guitarist. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 15, at 3.)

Veronica Tyler. Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 15, at 8.)

Soon-Hee Lee—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 15, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the third in his series of four all-Schubert concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

Bassoon Monsoon—A benefit extravaganza, in which forty infamous and far-flung bassoonists, including Gene Shalit, Peter Schickele, and Frank Morelli, will convene to pay homage to the granddaddy of all woodwinds. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. Monday, May 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-1900, Ext. 398.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—Performing two world premières, three pieces with accompanying dance by Peter Sparling, and a waltz. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

Marlow Fisher—Viola, playing five premières. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Monday, May 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Yuval Trio—Chamber music. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Contemporary music from Europe. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

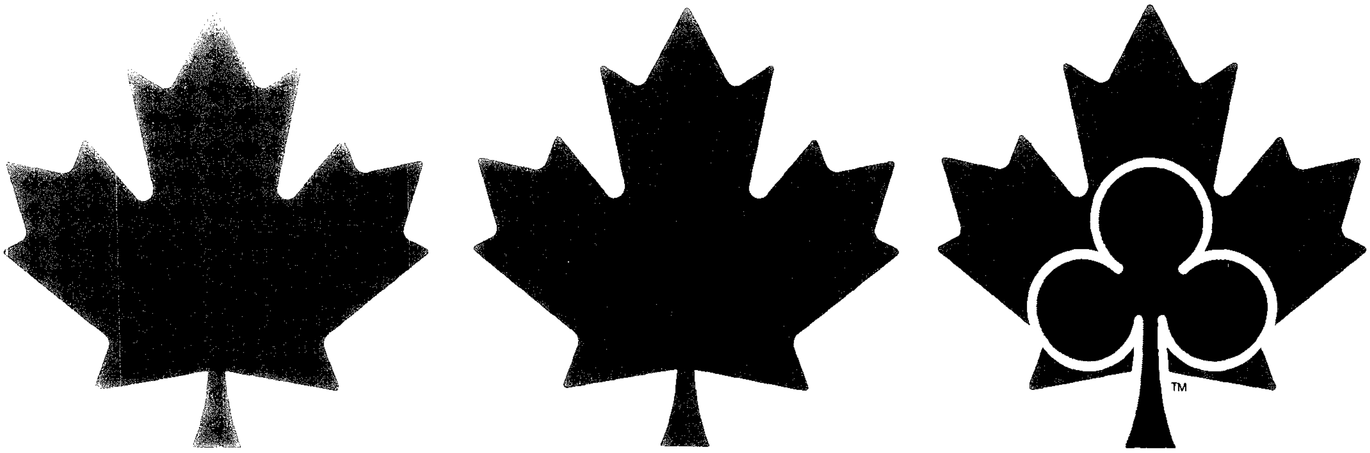
SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees at Yankee Stadium (293-6000): Vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10-11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ California, Friday, May 13, at 7:30; Saturday, May 14, at 1:20; and Sunday, May 15, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Seattle, Monday through Wednesday, May 16-18, at 7:30.

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Monday, May 9, at 1. . . . **Belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; starting Wednesday, May 11. The Shuvee Handicap, Sunday, May 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Anthony Hecht, Sam Waterston, Maria Tucci, and Jonathan Galassi reading from poems by Auden, Wordsworth, Hardy, and others which are set in Venice, Florence, and Rome. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday, May 11, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Sharon Olds, E. L. Doctorow, Toi Derricotte, and others in a benefit reading of their own poetry and prose. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Carolyn Forché reading from her own poetry. (West Side Y, 2 W. 64th St. 787-6557. Friday, May 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Wole Soyinka reading from his own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Dinah Manoff, Allen Swift, and Norman Rose in a benefit reading of Jeffrey Sweet's new play, "The Value of Names." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, May 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Raymond Carver reading from his own short stories. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. 787-6300. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)



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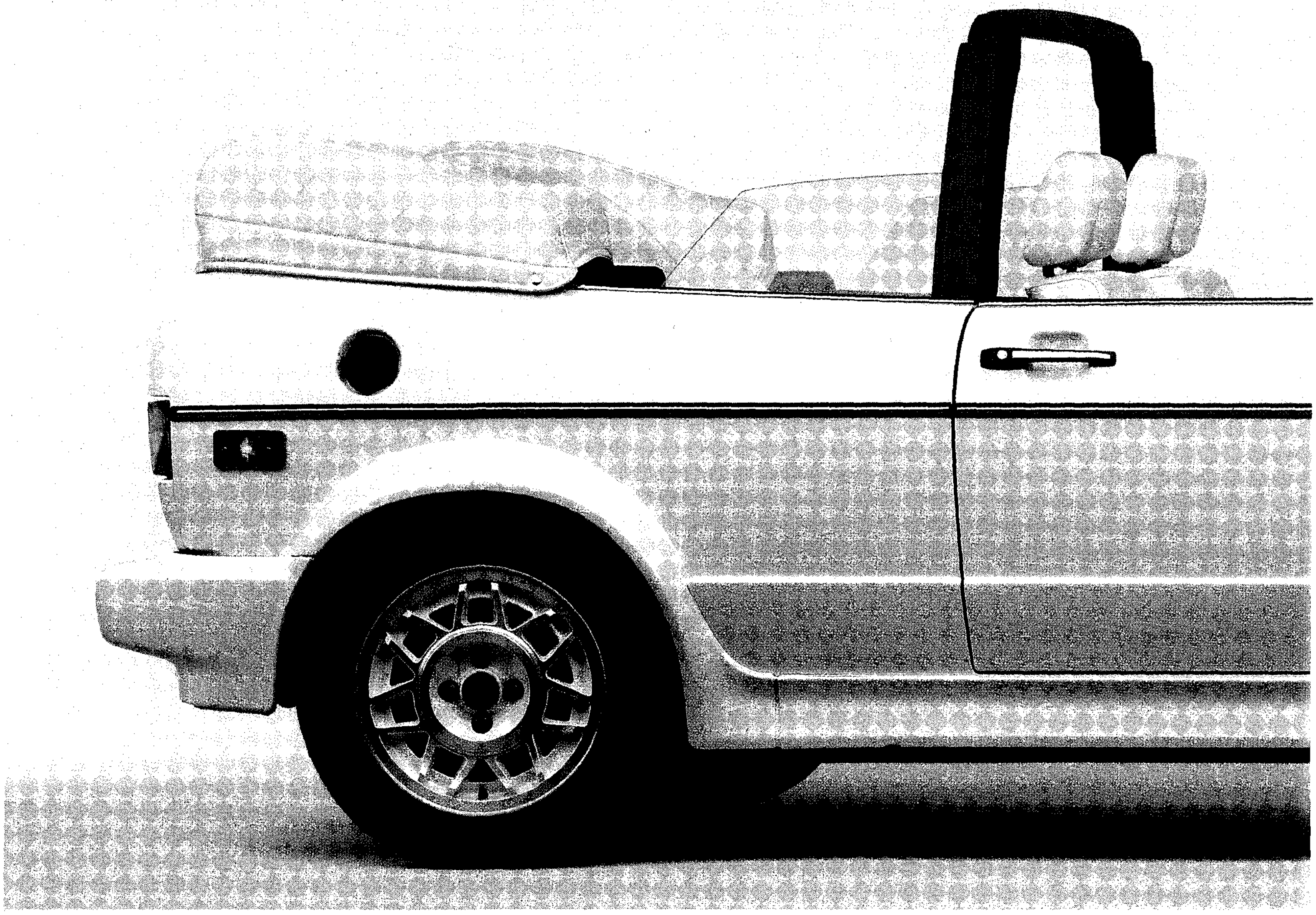

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Cabriolet It's entirely possible the person who observed that the road is a playground did so while behind the wheel of a Cabriolet.

This year, the craftsmen at Karmann Coachworks have really outdone themselves.

Adding new body-colored integrated bumpers, aprons, wheelhouse flares and rocker moldings.

And with things like our sporty cockpit, fun-injected engine and 5-speed close ratio gearbox, the Cabriolet is as soul-stirring to drive as it is to dwell on.

Now, if you can't bring yourself to indulge in

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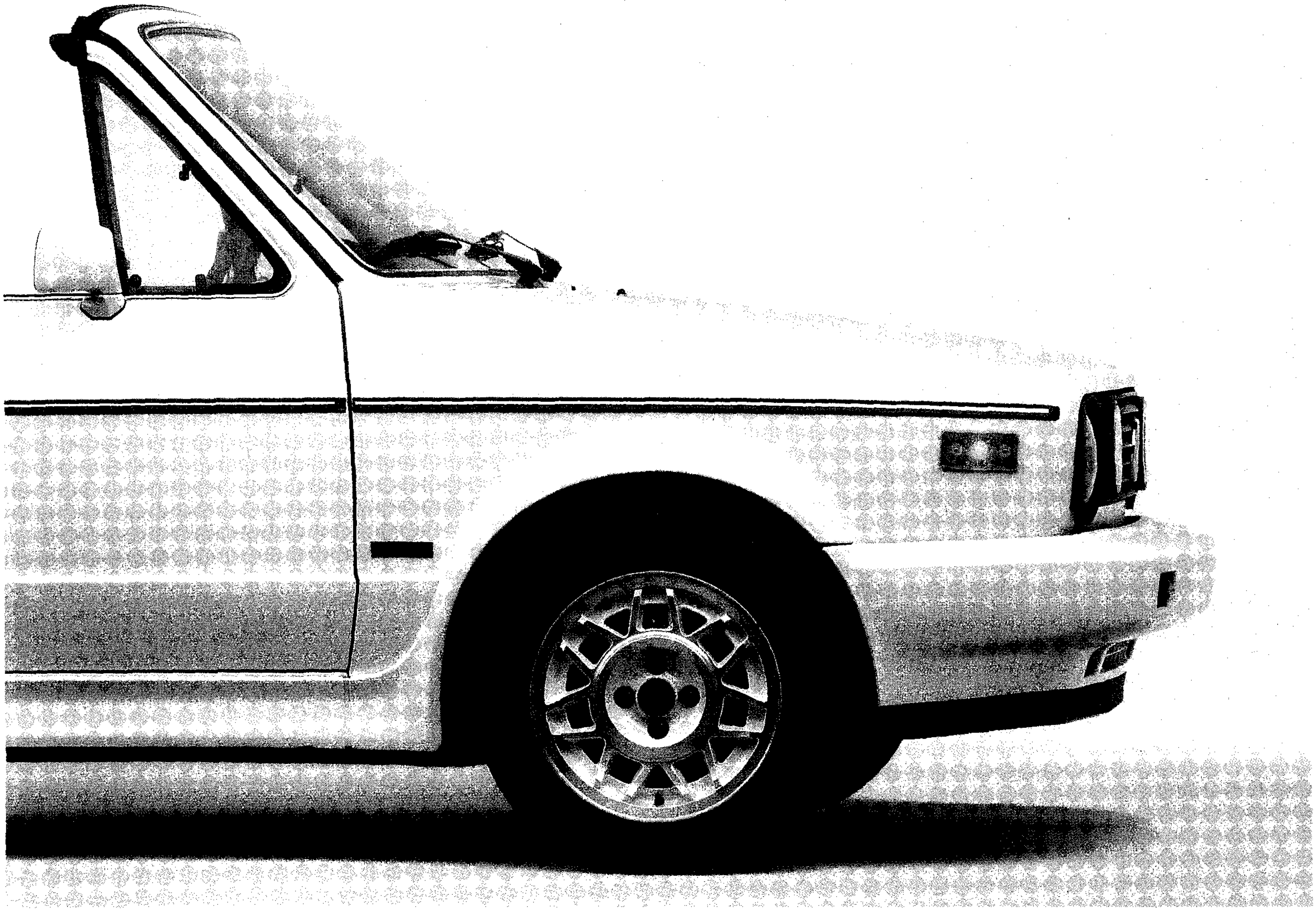

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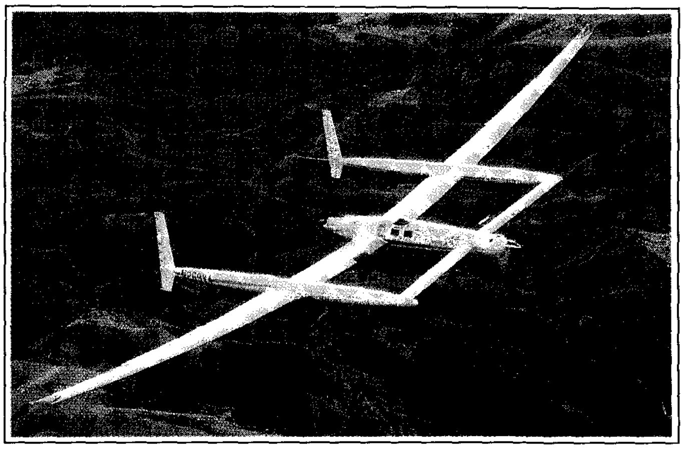


The revolutionary aircraft Voyager.

Voyager, Rolex, and one of the last great challenges of long-distance flight.

They called it quixotic. Impossible. It had never been done. Not even dared.

A 25,012-mile flight. Around the world. Nonstop. On a single load of fuel.

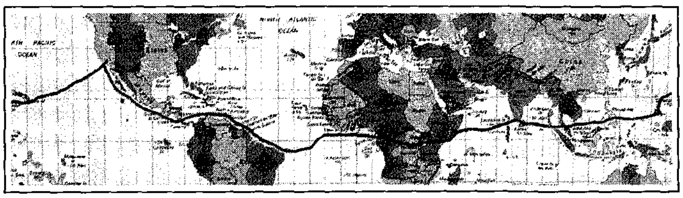
But Dick Rutan and Jeana Yeager dreamed it. And did it. On a mid-December morning, they took off into history. Nine days later, they landed in the record books.

It hadn't been easy. Not even for seasoned pilots who make a routine of record-breaking. Rutan, a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel, and Yeager, a drafting engineer, already held numerous world-distance and closed-circuit titles.

Record-breaking pilots Jeana Yeager and Dick Rutan.

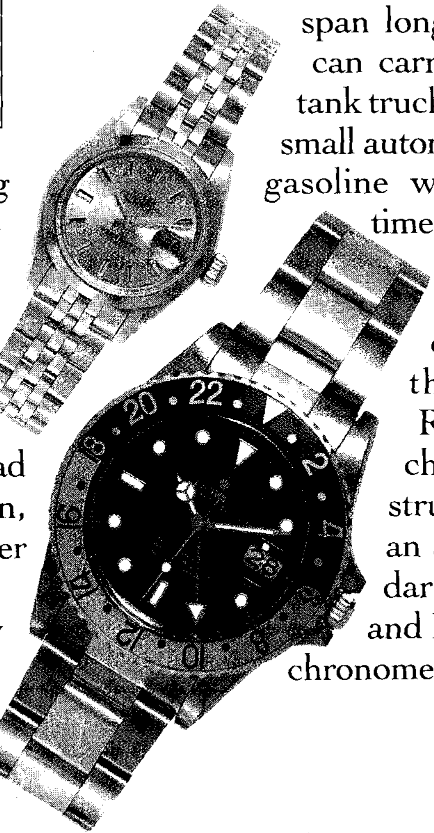
Yet much more than their exceptional personal skills was required to capture this laurel. A radically new plane had to be created by Burt Rutan, Dick's renowned aircraft-designer brother.

Voyager, the revolutionary craft he conceived, has a wingspan longer than a 727's and can carry as much fuel as a tank truck. Yet it's lighter than a small automobile. At takeoff, the gasoline weighed almost four times as much as the 2200-pound plane itself.



Voyager's irregular flight path, chosen to vector it around strong winds.

Because of the critical need to keep their aircraft light, Rutan and Yeager chose a minimum of instruments. Among them, an automatic pilot, a radar weather unit, and Rolex chronometers.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through May 12: A festival of Orson Welles films.

From May 13: (Separate admissions) "Quilombo" (1986; directed by Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); "The Record" (1985; Daniel Helfer; in German), with Uwe Ochsenknecht; and "High Season" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).

Theatre 2: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Theatre 3: Through May 12: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner. From May 13: "Sticky Fingers" (Catlin Adams), with Helen Slater and Melanie Mayron.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Colors" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through May 12: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.

From May 13: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Theatre 3: Through May 12: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo. From May 13 (tentative): "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through May 12: "Beetlejuice" (†).

From May 13: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through May 12: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.

From May 13: "Sticky Fingers" (Catlin Adams), with Helen Slater and Melanie Mayron.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through May 12: "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

From May 13: "Midnight Crossing" (Roger Holzberg), with Faye Dunaway and Daniel J. Travanti.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"The Moderns" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Moonstruck" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Beetlejuice" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick. From May 13: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From May 13: "The Lighthorseman" (Simon Wincer).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "In a Shallow Grave" (Kenneth Bowser), with Michael Biehn.

Theatre 2: "Salome's Last Dance" (Ken Russell).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (†).

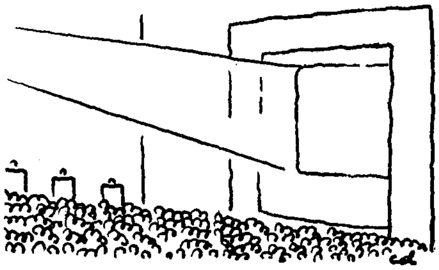
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Colors" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Sticky Fingers" (Catlin Adams), with Helen Slater and Melanie Mayron. From May 13: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Judgment in Berlin" (Leo Penn), with Martin Sheen.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Colors" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott. From May 13 (tentative): "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme. From May 13: "Midnight Crossing" (Roger Holzberg), with Faye Dunaway and Daniel J. Travanti.

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo. From May 13: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Mala Noche" (1985; directed by Gus Van Sant). From May 18: "Shattered Dreams: Picking Up the Pieces" (Victor Schonfeld and Jenifer Millstone; in English, Hebrew, and Arabic), a documentary.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Riders of the Storm" (Maurice Phillips), with Dennis Hopper and Michael J. Pollard.

Theatre 2: Through May 12: (Separate admissions) "Manon of the Spring" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart; and "Jean de Florette" (†). From May 13: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Love Is a Dog from Hell" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through May 12: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Hope and Glory" (†). From May 13: "Light Years" (René Laloux).

Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" (Goodbye, Children") (†).

Theatre 3: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith).

Theatre 4: "Dark Habits" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta. From May 13: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Two Moon Junction" (Zalman King). From May 13: "Lady in White" (Frank LaLoggia), with Lukas Haas.

Theatre 3: Through May 12: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From May 13: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through May 15: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

May 16-19: Theatre temporarily closed.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"White Mischief" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"The Mass Is Ended" (Nanni Moretti; in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"The Manchurian Candidate" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Bagdad Café" (†).

Theatre 2: "38: Vienna Before the Fall" (Wolfgang Glück; in German).

Theatre 3: Through May 12: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius. From May 13: "A Taxing Woman" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese), with Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German, French, and English).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 12: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

From May 13: "Light Years" (René Laloux).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Someone to Love" (Henry Jaglom), with Orson Welles, Andrea Marcovicci, and Sally Kellerman.

Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo.

Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†).

Theatre 3: Through May 12: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†). From May 13 (tentative):

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

"Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).
Theatre 4: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 5: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 6: "Colors" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through May 12: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†). From May 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "The Last Emperor" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500) "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From May 13: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow. From May 13: "Maniac Cop" (William Lustig).
Theatre 3: Through May 12: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner. From May 13: "Bulletproof."
Theatre 4: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 5: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 6: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 11: "Critters 2" (Mick Garris).
From May 12: "Colors" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Riders of the Storm" (Maurice Phillips), with Dennis Hopper and Michael J. Pollard.
Theatre 3: Through May 11: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†). From May 12: "Critters 2" (Mick Garris).
Theatre 4: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through May 11: "Colors" (†).
May 12: Theatre closed.
From May 13: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through May 12: "The Unholy" (Camilo Vila), with Ben Cross, Ned Beatty, and William Russ.
From May 13: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 10: "Fat City" (1972; directed by John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris.
May 11-12: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Winter Kills" (1979; William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins.
May 13-14: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe.
May 15-16: "The Unforgiven" (1960; John Huston), with Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Audie Murphy, Charles Bickford, and Lillian Gish; and "The Furies" (1950; Anthony Mann), with Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey, Walter Huston, and Judith Anderson.
May 17-18: "The Cardinal" (1963; Otto Preminger), with Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider, John Huston, and Carol Lynley.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 10: "Siesta" (1987; Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands; and "Anguish" (1988; Bigas Luna), with Zelda Rubinstein and Michael Lerner.
May 11-12: "The Mozart Brothers" (1987; Suzanne Osten; in Swedish); and "The Wolf at the Door" (1987; Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.
May 13-14: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
May 15: "And the Ship Sails On" (1983; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
May 16-17: "Law of Desire" (1986; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Eusebio Poncela, and Antonio Banderas; and "Le Trio Infernal" (1974; Francis Girod; in French), with Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli.
From May 18: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; "Paisan" (†); and "Germany Year Zero" (1949; Roberto Rossellini; in German).

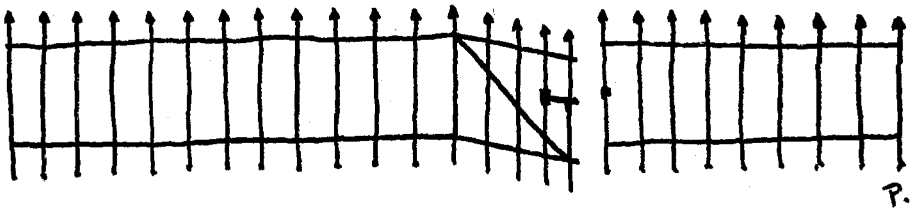
Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays *through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)*
Through May 15: "The Profound Desire of the Gods" (1968; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).
From May 16: "The Insect Woman" (1963; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
May 9: "RoboCop" (1987; Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller, Nancy Allen, and Kurtwood Smith; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Michael Biehn, and Linda Hamilton.
May 10: "All the President's Men" (1976; *Alan J. Pakula), with Dustin Hoffman* and Robert Redford; and the David Frost–Richard Nixon interview.
May 11: "El Dorado" (1967; Howard Hawks), with John Wayne, Robert Mitchum, and James Caan; and "Pursued" (1947; Raoul Walsh), with Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, and Judith Anderson.
May 12: "Near Dark" (†) and "Night of the Living Dead" (†).
May 13-14: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (1986; Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day Lewis; and "Gumshoe" (1972; Stephen Frears), with Albert Finney.
*May 15: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Bein*eix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "The Moon in the Gutter" (1983; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.
May 16: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.
May 17: "Big Trouble" (1986; John Cassavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin; and "Husbands" (1970; John Cassavetes), with Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and Cassavetes.
May 18: "Thunder Road" (1958; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Mitchum and Gene Barry; and "Blood on the Moon" (1948; Robert Wise), with Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Robert Preston.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 9: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart, Franco Fabrizi, and Giulietta Masina.
May 10: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.
May 11: "The Pumpkin Eater" (1964; Jack Clayton), with Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith; and "The Birthday Party" (1968; William Friedkin), with Robert Shaw, Sydney Tafler, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols.
May 12: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
May 13-14: "After the Thin Man" (1936) and "The Thin Man" (1934), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
May 15: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984; Francesco Rosi; in French), with Plácido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson.
May 16: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.
May 17: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.
May 18: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall; and "Oedipus the King" (1968; Philip Saville), with Christopher Plummer, Orson Welles, Lilli Palmer, and Richard Johnson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: May 9 at 2:30: "Forbidden" (1932; directed by Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Flight" (1929; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt, Lila Lee, and Ralph Graves. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Rain or Shine" (1930; Frank Capra), with Joe Cook, Louise Fazenda, and Joan Peers. . . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "American Madness" (1932; Frank Capra), with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien, and Kay Johnson. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: "Ladies of Leisure" (1930; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves, and Marie Prevost. . . . ¶ May 12 at 6: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "The Miracle Woman" (1931; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck and David Manners. . . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "Lady for a Day" (1933; Frank Capra), with Warren William, May Robson, and Glenda Farrell. . . . ¶ May 14



at 2: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ May 14 at 5: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

THEATRE 2: May 9 at 6:30: A program of films by Tom Chomont, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 10 at 3: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ May 10 at 6:30: "On the Avenue" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Dick Powell and Madeleine Carroll. . . . ¶ May 12 at 3 and 6:30: "Reyno" (1987; Peter Torbionsson), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 15 at 12:30: "Platinum Blonde" (1931; Frank Capra), with Loretta Young, Robert Williams, and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ May 15 at 3: "American Madness" (1932; Frank Capra), with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien, and Kay Johnson. . . . ¶ May 15 at 5:30: "Forbidden" (1932; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ May 17 at 1:30: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ May 17 at 4: "Lady for a Day" (1933; Frank Capra), with Warren William, May Robson, and Glenda Farrell. . . . ¶ May 17 at 6:30: "Dirigible" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through June 5, a program of sixteen films by Andy Warhol. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. May 13 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1970; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—May 9 at 8: "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (1946; Lewis Milestone), with Barbara Stanwyck, Lizabeth Scott, and Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: "Le Beau Serge" (1958; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 11 at 8: A program of four avant-garde films. . . . ¶ May 12 at 8: The first of three programs of international super-8-mm. films. . . . ¶ May 13 at 8: A program of films by Bob Fleischner, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 14-15 at 8: The last two of three programs of international super-8-mm. films. . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ May 17 at 8: "La Femme Infidèle" (1968; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Stéphane Audran and Maurice Ronet. . . . ¶ May 18 at 8: A program of four avant-garde films.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Lecture Hall, Eastern Parkway—May 14 at 2: "Are We Winning, Mommy? America and the Cold War" (1986; Barbara Margolis), a documentary. Miss Margolis will be present. (For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, ext 233.)

RESISTANCE AND ESCAPE, 1933-45—A free series of films and videos on resistance against the Nazi regime: May 10 at 6:30: "Martin Niemöller: What Would Jesus Say to That" (1985; Hannes Karnik and Wolfgang Richter; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 12 at 6:30: "The Axe of Wandsbeck" (1971; Heinrich Breloer and Horst Königstein; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 14 at 1: "Operation Valkyrie" (1970; Franz Peter Wirth; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 17 at 6:30: "The Children of the 20th of July" (1986; Irmgard von zur Mühlen; in German, with synopsis available.) (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. 744-8310. Tickets are issued one hour prior to screening.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS (GOODBYE, CHILDREN)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

BABETTE'S FEAST—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

BAGDAD CAFÉ—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. In this remote setting she finds herself, or something, and also changes the lives of the staff and residents of the shabby oasis. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable: the irascible black woman (CCH Pounder) who runs the motel and café; her wild teenage daughter (Monica Calhoun) and sensitive, piano-playing son (Darron Flagg); a retired Hollywood set painter (Jack Palance), who dresses like a demented cowboy; a sultry tattoo artist (Christine Kaufmann); and so on. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings all these outcast characters, including herself, together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). Adlon's direction is far from magical: his skewed camera angles and his use of colored filters seem arty and arbitrary, and the American performers look a little desperate. They're trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. —T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

BEETLEJUICE—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). The smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, who's the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder, is brilliant as the madwoman who is the new lady of the house. (4/18/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Manhattan Twin; through May 12.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY—The Jay McInerney book, which came out in 1984, is a just about perfect pop novel—so pop it's almost nothing. The hero works as a fact checker at a magazine modelled on *The New Yorker* (McInerney worked here for a little under six months in 1980) and spends his nights in the coke-snorting high wild life of the disco-party scene. The movie version, directed by James Bridges, from a script he devised with McInerney, follows the novel very closely, but drugs and AIDS have created a time warp between the early eighties and the late eighties, and the movie doesn't provide the seductiveness, the kick, the high. And, without that sexy glow, the movie has no vision. As the hero, Michael J. Fox keeps the character from being an obnoxious crybaby, and he suggests some interior life. The sly John Houseman has become a comedian at eighty-five; he gives the standout performance in the brief role of the magazine's imposing editor-in-chief, his shoulders slumped in sorrow over the factual errors that the hero has allowed to creep into the magazine. The picture isn't terrible, just terribly dull. With Jason Robards, Kiefer Sutherland, Dianne Wiest, and Frances Sternhagen. (4/18/88) (Embassy; through May 11. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through May 12.)

COLORS—This muckraking melodrama about L.A.'s two most powerful confederations of drug-trafficking youth gangs—the Bloods, who wear red, and the Crips, who wear blue—is deadened by standard cop-movie ploys. The veteran cop (Robert Duvall), who is due for retirement, and his new partner, the young fireball (Sean Penn) who likes to rough up suspects, are the only characters we get to know, and we already know them. The director, Dennis Hopper, and the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, try for vividness, with the camera hightailing after the fast-moving gang members, and they catch images of the random violence of boys who are high on crack or PCP, and have arsenals of assault rifles and submachine guns. But despite the film's kinetic style it feels slow and long and tame. We're turned into passive voyeurs: we get a look at gang violence without being asked to become emotionally involved. Hopper isn't inside the material, except for his identification with its nihilistic view that the cops' activities are purposeless and that life doesn't make any sense. He's a visual aesthete—less a director than an artistic arranger of people in the frame. He takes us on an art tour of the graffiti-covered walls in the ghettos and barrios. With Maria Conchita Alonso, Trinidad Silva, and a cast that includes a dozen or so actual gang members. The script, by Michael Schiffer, is based on the story he devised with Richard DiLello; music by Herbie Hancock. (5/2/88) (Gramercy, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through May 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting May 12.)

DARK HABITS—Directed by Pedro Almodóvar. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema.)

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM—With Robin Williams,

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

directed by Barry Levinson. (1/11/88) (Embassy.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)

High Season—Clare Peploe's first feature is a high comedy set on the Greek island of Rhodes, and it has some of the yumminess of a picture like "Shampoo." It's about the relations between expatriates, tourists, and natives, with Jacqueline Bisset giving a warm, juicy performance in the pivotal role of an English photographer who is broke and may have to sell her house and leave this island she loves. Irene Papas plays the Englishwoman's widowed friend—weather-beaten, deeply goofy, and as much a part of the magnificence of the island as the honking donkeys. She regards the tourists as enemies—as an army of occupation, like the Nazis. These two women are both scenic wonders, and so is Sebastian Shaw, who plays an elderly art historian. Shaw—he was born in 1905—was a handsome leading man in British films of the thirties, and he's still handsome; his face opens to the sunlight and the camera. The whole movie is superbly cast. The wizardly young Kenneth Branagh plays a practical-minded Englishman, who shares a moonlight dip with Bisset and imagines himself in love. Lesley Manville is his romantic wife, who discovers Byron's poetry; James Fox is Bisset's estranged husband; Ruby Baker is her thirteen-year-old daughter; Paris Tselios is Papas's son; and Robert Stephens is an obscenely rich Greek-American. The script is by the director and her brother Mark; the meltingly beautiful cinematography is by Chris Menges. (4/4/88) (Public Theatre; starting May 13.)

Hope and Glory—With Sebastian Rice Edwards, directed by John Boorman. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema; through May 12.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through May 12.)

The Last Emperor—With John Lone, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (11/30/87) (Loews Tower East, 8th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through May 12.)

Love Is a Dog from Hell (European title "Crazy Love")—A low-keyed sexual reverie from Belgium about young Harry, who loves women but is rejected by them, and is able to show his tenderness only to a corpse. Adapted from Charles Bukowski's tales, principally "The Copulating Mermaid of Venice, California," this is a Flemish-language art film with its own erotic tone—faintly ironic, faintly queasy. Its softness gets to you. The thirty-one-year-old director, Dominique Deruddere, made the final episode, which is set in 1976, as a half-hour short, and then (with his co-writer Marc Didden) worked up the two episodes of Harry's earlier life, set in 1955 and 1962, in order to make a feature—his first. The final necrophiliac section is too poetic—it's just a few tones away from being a parody of an adolescent fantasy. (It might work better without the prehistory that explains it so neatly.) But the middle episode—Harry's high-school graduation dance and his torment over being covered with acne and boils and pustules—has a masochistic potency, and some humor and rage. The band plays American pop tunes, such as "Love Hurts," and the girl vocalist has a wonderfully vacuous, self-absorbed sexiness. This is a movie for people with a perverse sense of humor or a persistent sexual acne. With Geert Hunaerts as Harry at twelve, and Josse De Pauw as Harry at nineteen (a bit like the young Alec Guinness) and at thirty-three (a bit like Nicol Williamson). (5/2/88) (Waverly; through May 12.)

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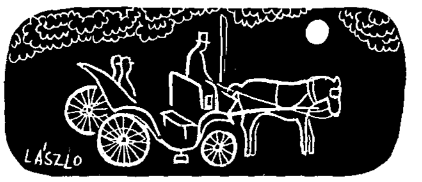
The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Loews Paramount.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes—the same thing often happened to Capra, who knew how to direct comedy, so it's not a surprise that it also happens to Redford, who doesn't. But he's assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Adapted by Nichols and David Ward.—T.R. (Beekman. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency; through May 12.)

The Moderns—Alan Rudolph's movies aim for a tone of funky, self-mocking romanticism, and sometimes (as in "Choose Me") achieve it. But in this movie, a comic reverie on Americans in Paris in the twenties, his control is very shaky. The big subject—this was a dream project of his for more than a decade—may have got the better of him: the tough-guy romanticism is ridiculous, the jokes are self-conscious and mostly dumb, and Rudolph's eccentric vision seems not so much audacious as merely adolescent. The few sequences that show the director at his best are ones without dialogue: a boxing match between the down-and-out artist-hero (Keith Carradine) and a rich, evil art collector (John Lone), and a lovely montage in which Carradine forges a Cézanne, a Modigliani, and a Matisse. Despite these moments, and despite Carradine's finely shaded performance, the movie feels phony. It's as if Rudolph were torn between the impulse to idealize the period and the recognition that it's already been idealized rather thoroughly by others, and simply gave in to his worst instincts in both respects: he veers unconvincingly between a swoony reverence for art and a glib cynicism. Also with Linda Fiorentino, badly miscast as an elegant siren desired by both Carradine and Lone; Geraldine Chaplin as another swinish art collector; Geneviève Bujold in a tiny role as a gallery owner; Wallace Shawn as a gossip columnist; and Kevin J. O'Connor, loitering drunkenly on the edge of scenes, as a callow, aphorizing Hemingway. Script by Rudolph and Jon Bradshaw.—T.R. (Plaza.)



Moonstruck—With Cher, Nicolas Cage, and Olympia Dukakis; directed by Norman Jewison. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through May 12.)

Near Dark—The vampires here are a gang of outlaws travelling by van, drifting around the country, hibernating in motels during the sunlight hours. Most of the time they pick off a chance victim, but when they're really bloodthirsty they take over a roadside bar and slaughter everybody in it. This thriller, directed by Kathryn Bigelow, has a nocturnal, erotic atmosphere, shards of wit, and some better performances than are customary in the genre. And it becomes more intense as it goes along. Vampirism is reversible here, so the characters' fates aren't sealed, and this allows for curiosity about what will happen to the melancholy heroine, appealingly played by Jenny Wright. (She bites reluctantly and almost mournfully, yet hungrily.) Bill Paxton, as the most rambunctious of the gang, has a biker's gusto that energizes his scenes. Jenette Goldstein makes an impact, too—she's the mom figure of the pack. The cast includes Lance Henriksen as the dad figure, Joshua Miller as the little brother, Adrian Pasdar as the new inductee, Tim Thomerson, and Marcie Leeds. A painter turned filmmaker, Bigelow (who was a graduate student in film at Columbia) shows a talent for the uncanny; the cinematography, by Adam Greenberg, contributes to the exploitation-movie lyricism that draws you into the horror. The script is by Eric Red and Bigelow; music by Tangerine Dream; editing by Howard Smith. (Thalia SoHo; May 12.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relentlessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, banal seriousness works for it—gives it a crude realism. Even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add, somehow, to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness. (Thalia SoHo; May 12.)

Paisan (1946)—Roberto Rossellini made this episodic film after his breakthrough with "Open City" the year before. Each of the six parts has a story dealing with an aspect of the war that had just ended. The present-tense semi-documentary visual style is innovative, the content less so. Some of the stories have a tidy O. Henry finish, and there's a lot of sentimentality, though the film gives the impression of being loose and open. With Maria Michi, Gar Moore, and Dots M. Johnson. In English, French, Italian, and German. (Cinema Village; starting May 18.)

Stand and Deliver—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. Olmos, who's best known as the super-cool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as a benign psycho, an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through May 12.)

Stormy Monday—This first feature by the British director Mike Figgis is the sort of thriller that's usually called "stylish"—perhaps because it doesn't have much substance. Roger Deakins' cinematography is heavy on *noir*-ish atmosphere—rain-slick streets, neon signs, gloomy bars—and Figgis, who also wrote the screenplay, has given his characters a familiar aura of low expectations and weary integrity. The setting is Newcastle, a seedy Northern industrial city, used here to evoke failure and wounded pride. Figgis isn't a bad director, but the movie never generates much excitement, even in its own academic, genre-exercise terms. It doesn't have a potent enough sense of *danger:* the hero and heroine (Sean Bean and Melanie Griffith) seem too young to have developed the properly resigned, don't-give-a-damn attitude, the self-destructive edge that really makes us fear for *noir* protagonists; and the villain (Tommy Lee Jones), though ruthless and mean, lacks the obsessive quality that would convince us that he'd track his enemies for the rest of their lives, for the sheer fun of exacting his revenge. Sting, of all people, gives the liveliest performance (as a harried night-club owner). Figgis composed the score: the soundtrack's highlights, though, are Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long" and B.B. King's versions of the title song and "The Thrill Is Gone."—T.R. (Gemini, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through May 12.)

White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes: everything the filmmakers have to tell us about the English in Africa is in the first fifteen minutes. And Radford's skills as a director are purely compositional; the movie has no drive. He's too tasteful to be sensational, but a bit of vulgar energy would have made "White Mischief" a much better movie. (A 1982 book by the journalist James Fox provided the historical data, as well as a solution to what had been for over forty years an officially unsolved crime.)—T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WOMAN writes:

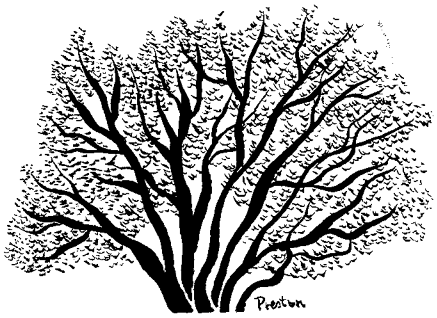
I gave my first handout to a beggar when I was six. That was more than thirty years ago. My mother had asked me what I wanted for my birthday, and I'd told her that I wanted to ride on the subway. At six, you had to start paying—you couldn't scoot under the turnstile—and buying a token (they were still fifteen cents) appealed to me. So we rode to Thirty-fourth Street. At the foot of the stairway to Gimbels' basement, there was an old nun, in sandals and a dusty habit, sitting on a folding stool and holding a tin begging bowl. Our eyes met (they were on the same level), and she mumbled something. I still had a dime in my hand—the change from the quarter I'd used to buy my token. I dropped it in the bowl, which was empty, and the sound it made was cold and hollow. The old nun said, "God bless you," and I knew that by God she meant Jesus. I wondered if she just sat there all day, and what she thought about; I tried to imagine how and whom my dime would help, and as we pushed through the brass doors to the bargain basement I asked my mother whether the nun would take back her blessing if she knew I was Jewish.

A few nights ago, I worked later than usual. It was ten-thirty by the time I got to the subway at Union Square. Breaking a ten, I bought five tokens. A teen-ager with bloodshot eyes asked me for one of them. "Got my wallet stole," he said. Why not, I wondered. But I thought I'd seen him there before, or seen him stoned in the park, and my train was coming, so I ran for it. "That's O.K., Miss," he called after me. "You have a nice night." I've noticed that beggars—especially the ones with regular beats—will often thank you simply for a shrug or a moment's hesitation.

The train I'd heard coming was a special, and it didn't stop. Down on the platform, a middle-aged black man had set up a washtub bass. He sang a few songs and then asked for requests. He had a cheerful, ironic patter and was treating the crowd on the platform like an audience. Some people responded by smiling at each other, admitting they were entertained. Once they'd made the admission publicly, though, they seemed to feel they had to put money in his cap. Other people, noticing this, turned their backs and pretended not to be listening.

I finally caught a train, the No. 4, and at Forty-second Street it stopped to wait for the local. An emaciated man carrying a McDonald's soda cup entered the car. He told us that he had been wounded in Vietnam and that he had AIDS. When the train lurched ahead, he moved unsteadily down the aisle, pivoting left and right and holding the cup out to the passengers. It was impossible to anticipate which of them would drop a few coins in the cup, and those who did refused to meet his eyes, or one another's.

By the time I got to Eighty-sixth Street, I was hungry. I was glad to see that the slight Hispanic woman who generally stands at the uptown exit with her chubby little boy asleep on the bannister had gone home. She lives in a shelter for battered women, she says. I gave her a dollar the first few times I saw her, just as I gave a dollar to the locker-room attendant at my health club the first time I used the showers, but now I give them both quarters, or fifty cents, or nothing. Sometimes, when I recognize how arbitrary this is, I placate myself by thinking, It's O.K.—with all the hours they put in, they must be doing pretty well.



I hadn't eaten since breakfast, and was too impatient to think sensibly about food or to walk as far as the Papaya King or the Ideal, which might not be open anyway. So I went into a fried-chicken joint, looked at the prices, and wound up saving thirty cents by buying a box of dark meat, which I don't really like. This was a senseless economy, and I decided that it probably had to do with the fatigue that comes from spending money ceaselessly, as you do here in New York: opening your wallet, making change, counting it, writing checks, showing your I.D.s, watching taxi meters, getting receipts. And giving handouts. Perhaps "giving" is the wrong word, though. Either you deny all the loss that a beggar embodies or you surrender to it.

When I walked out of the chicken joint, a young man with matted hair and one leg, leaning on a crutch, asked me if I could spare some change so he could get something to eat. I handed him the box of chicken. "It's dark meat," I told him. "I didn't want it anyway." I think I said that to be gracious, and he, more gracious, dived into it without a word. Then, when I was halfway down the block, his dreamy voice rang after me: "It's still hot!"

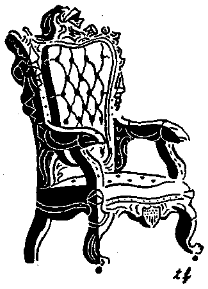
• •

Test

THE Riverboat Hotel in Reno, Nevada, might seem an unlikely jumping-off point for a major Soviet-American experiment in nuclear-test-ban verification, but these are clearly unusual times in East-West relations, and so there we were, very early on a recent Friday morning, standing in the cold, clear air outside Reno's newest hotel-casino—its neon-lit paddle wheel flashing cheerily above the sidewalk—and waiting to board one of the minibuses that were to take us and two dozen other people, participants and observers, to a test site a hundred miles away.

"Where's Evgeni?" someone asked a wide-awake young man in a red flannel shirt who was carrying a clipboard.

"He's taking the chopper," the man in the red shirt said, referring to Dr. Evgeni Velikhov, the vice-president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, a principal adviser to General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev on science and arms-control issues, and a co-sponsor of the experiment. "He and Mischa Gokhberg." He went on checking off names on his clipboard. "I hope everyone's here, because the blast goes off at eleven o'clock whether we're there or not."



Once our bus was under way, the young man in the red shirt, who identified himself as Jacob Scherr, the senior staff attorney for the Natural Resources Defense Council, or N.R.D.C., and a co-director of the project, gave us a synopsis of the events leading up to today's experiment. "About two years ago, N.R.D.C.'s senior staff scientist, Dr. Tom Cochran, proposed to Dr. Velikhov that we bring together some of our people and some of their people and discuss problems of test-ban verification," he said. "Cochran and some others went to Moscow in the spring of 1986 and met with Velikhov and his staff, and as a result of those meetings N.R.D.C. scientists were allowed by the Soviets to set up three seismic stations around the Soviet nuclear-weapons site in Kazakhstan."

We asked Mr. Scherr if bringing the Soviet seismic team to Nevada had been difficult.

"Special visas for them were held up by our government for close to two years," he said. "But they finally came through, a month ago, and then we really got cracking. The main thing we're trying to show is that, with the range of seismic technology now available to both nations, it's possible to monitor the kind of low-level explosions that our government has traditionally said are unmonitorable and thus, so they say, make a comprehensive test-ban treaty unverifiable. For years, it's been possible to monitor Soviet tests in the higher-kiloton range. But there's been a concern all along that the Soviets might detonate nuclear bombs within an underground cavern—a procedure known as decoupling, which produces the seismic effects of a very low-level explosion—and that our equipment would be unable to pick it up. We don't agree."

As he talked, our little bus had been making its way across the Nevada landscape, below rolling drab-green hills already parched in the spring sunshine, past a little town called Nixon, past Winnemucca Dry Lake, past sagebrush and greasewood and many miles of sandy desert. We asked one of the American seismologists, Dr. Holly Eissler, from the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, in La Jolla, California, how the terrain here compared with that of Kazakhstan.

"They're both pretty empty and desolate," she said, "and in both you feel a military presence—especially in Kazakhstan. But from a seismologist's point of view they're quite different. Kazakhstan is largely underlain with granite. The earth there is very solid, and sound travels much more efficiently through solids. Nevada is much softer underground, more porous. Seismic signals can't be picked up as clearly."

We had turned off the two-lane blacktop and were on a dirt road, heading north into Black Rock Desert. In the distance we could see plumes of sand swirling on the horizon, stirred up by the wind. Overhead soared a solitary hawk, and three helicopters were flying low against some reddish hills. We bumped along the dirt road for another mile or so and came to a stop where a bunch of cars were parked, also a big truck carrying a satellite antenna, and also, now, the helicopters, which landed one by one, blowing more sand and dirt into the air. From the last helicopter three men emerged: in the lead, stout and faintly cherubic, wearing a T-shirt that said "Hugs Are the Arms for Peace," was Dr. Velikhov; behind him walked Dr. Mikhail Gokhberg, the deputy director of geophysics at the Soviet Institute of the Physics of the Earth, and N.R.D.C.'s Dr. Cochran.

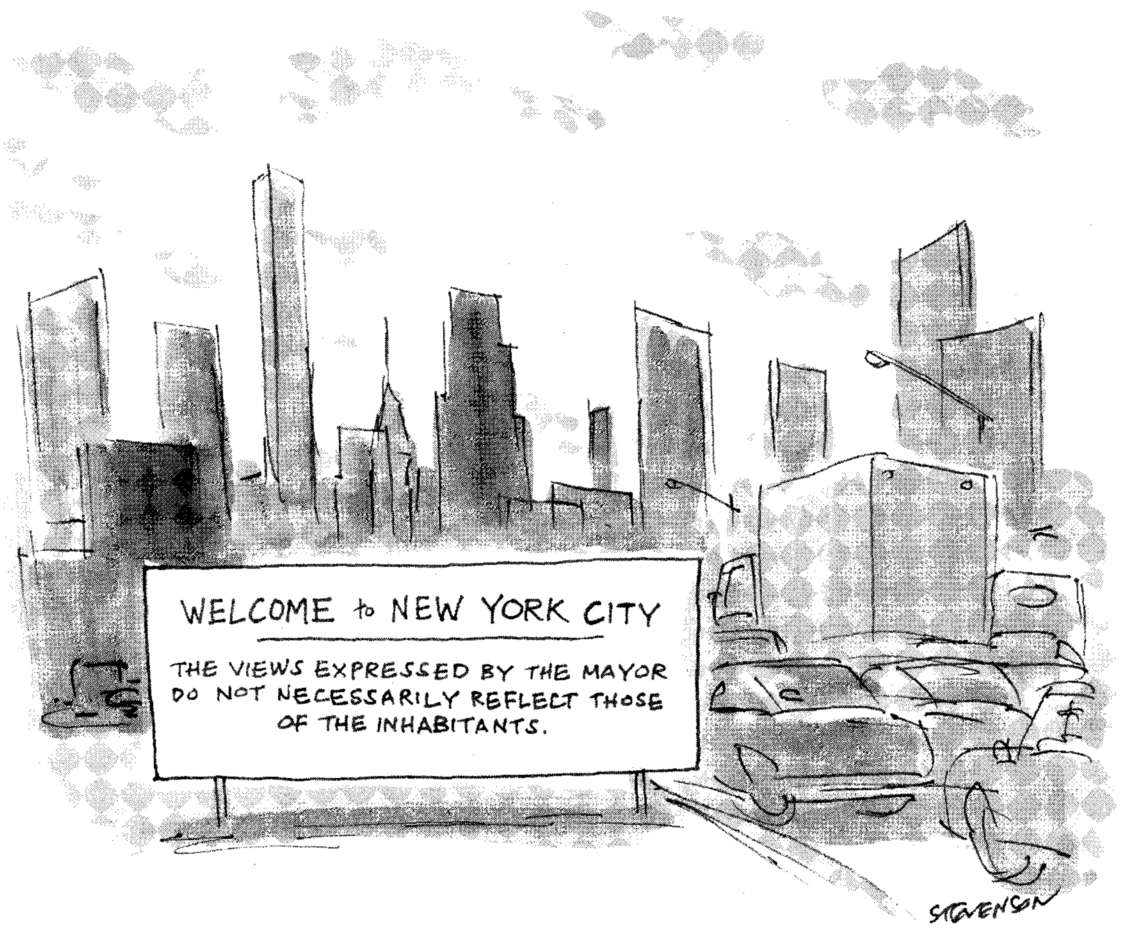
The press (in the form of a TV news team from CNN, one from Sacramento, and a half-dozen reporters, mostly from Nevada or California) converged on Dr. Velikhov, who seemed affable and energetic. Jacob Scherr conferred with Dr. Keith Priestley, a bearded seismologist from the University of Nevada, who had helped set up the explosion that was about to take place—at any moment, in a sandy area about a quarter of a mile away, where ten tons of a chemical explosive had been buried a hundred and sixty feet deep.

"We're set to go," Mr. Scherr said. "It's all keyed to a satellite time signal." He started to count down: "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . ." At "one," we all peered in the direction of the sandy area. Nothing moved on the surface, but then the ground below us gave a substantial shudder. Then, from the sandy area, geysers of water and gravel began shooting a hundred feet or so into the air. Then nothing, except for a TV newsman yelling, "Oh, wow! Did you get that stuff shooting up?"

"That's part of the problem we have with verification issues," Dr. Cochran said. "The important stuff isn't anything you can see, like those jets of groundwater—which are totally irrelevant."

Dr. Velikhov was being interviewed by a Nevada reporter who was taking a labor-intensive approach to disarmament. "See, Dr. Velikhov, we have several thousand people in the state of Nevada employed in nuclear testing," he said. "What's going to happen to them if we stop?"

Dr. Velikhov pondered this a moment and said, "Perhaps they could find jobs in mining. In any case, why would Americans want to work at something so destructive?" As Dr.


WELCOME to NEW YORK CITY
THE VIEWS EXPRESSED BY THE MAYOR DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THOSE OF THE INHABITANTS.
STEVENSON

Cochran walked by, Dr. Velikhov gave him the thumbs-up sign. "Very good, very impressive," he said.

Mr. Scherr had been on the telephone inside the TV-satellite truck, talking to a seismologist at Scripps. Now he announced proudly, "They read the signal clearly off the tape. Small signals, but clearly detectable." There was much cheering at the news, and a bottle of vodka was produced and toasts were proposed by Dr. Velikhov and Adrian DeWind, the courtly, gray-haired chairman of N.R.D.C.

Some people went off to examine the test site, which looked from up close not very different from the way it had looked at a distance, except that there were now some large depressions where the sand had been sucked underground. Others stayed around the telephone, where Dr. Gokhberg was in contact with the Soviet seismic station in Deep Springs, California, two hundred and fifty miles away. "They got it, too," Dr. Gokhberg said. "Very clearly."

"It's those fancy Japanese computers you guys use," said Dr. Cochran.

"The PUSK-2 computer is Soviet, not Japanese," said Dr. Gokhberg.

"The fact is," Tom Cochran told a group of listeners, "that the earth's background noise near the test sites in Nevada is much worse, much higher, than it is near the sites in Kazakhstan. When we have verification, the Soviets will have a lot more trouble here than we'll have there."

A man in a black suit, with a weathered face and a Western tan, was standing before Dr. Velikhov and Adrian DeWind. It was our bus driver, who was asking these emissaries from afar to autograph the back of a press release for his family. Afterward, he said to Adrian DeWind, "You mean to tell me you folks ain't from the government?"

"No, we're just citizens here today," said Adrian DeWind.

Twins

RECENTLY, we spent some time with three hundred and ten mothers of twins, who used the word "singleton" for any offspring who is not a twin, their Mothers of Twins Clubs motto, "Where God chooses the members," and the expression "What ties us together is our ovaries" as easily as most non-mothers of twins use "please" and "thank you." The occasion was the New York State Organization of Mothers of Twins Clubs convention, held at the Vista Hotel, at the World Trade Center, and the chairman of the convention, Felicia Connors, told us that some gynecologists were meeting in the conference rooms nearby. Talk about coincidences. Mrs. Connors, who was dressed like a postmodern Harpo Marx—top hat with sequinned band, black slacks, silver-and-black checked satin blazer, and sequinned bow tie—explained a few things about the Mothers of Twins gathering. She was informative and patient, the way a park ranger can be informative and patient. "This is the twenty-third year of the New York State Mothers of Twins convention," she said. "Each year, the Mothers of Twins Clubs from all over the state get together to elect officers, discuss business, share experiences, and have a few laughs. There are twenty-five clubs here this weekend. In late July, the national convention will be held, in Las Vegas. There are over ten thousand members nationwide. But that's a whole other story. For now, let's mill around. There's a lot to see before 'Friday Nite Live' starts. That's when the girls put on skits and sing songs. They go crazy."

The several hours before the girls were supposed to go crazy were not idle ones. There were workshops for reducing stress and accentuating the positive. There was a Mothers of Twins Clubs exhibit on the third floor. (The Queens club's display caught our eye: a ticker-tape parade in miniature, with twin Barbies waving to an imaginary adoring crowd.) At "Show and Sell," the Serendipity Mothers of Multiples, from Staten Island, sold matching pairs of magnetic corn-on-the-cob butterers with attached notepads for two dollars. You could also buy T-shirts with "Twins Run in Our Family" printed on them. In fact, you could buy practically anything with a Mothers of Twins Clubs theme to it. We resisted the urge to acquire a few items. We had a mission: Find out some things about twins and the mothers of twins. We spoke with several mothers. Here's what they said:

Deborah Goldberg (mother of Joshua and Elizabeth, four and a half years old): "Obviously, being a mother of twins is double the work. You've got two strollers to wheel, two diapers to change. You've got two of everything. Now, if they're on the same schedule, great—you can possibly get dressed that day. If they're not, forget about it."

Mrs. Connors (mother of Karlafrancesca and Jennilyne, seventeen years old): "After they're three years old, they don't need you anymore. They have a definite bond that no one can break. Sometimes they even feel each other's pain. When they were eighteen months, Karlafrancesca broke her collarbone, and it was Jennilyne, not Karlafrancesca, who did all the crying."

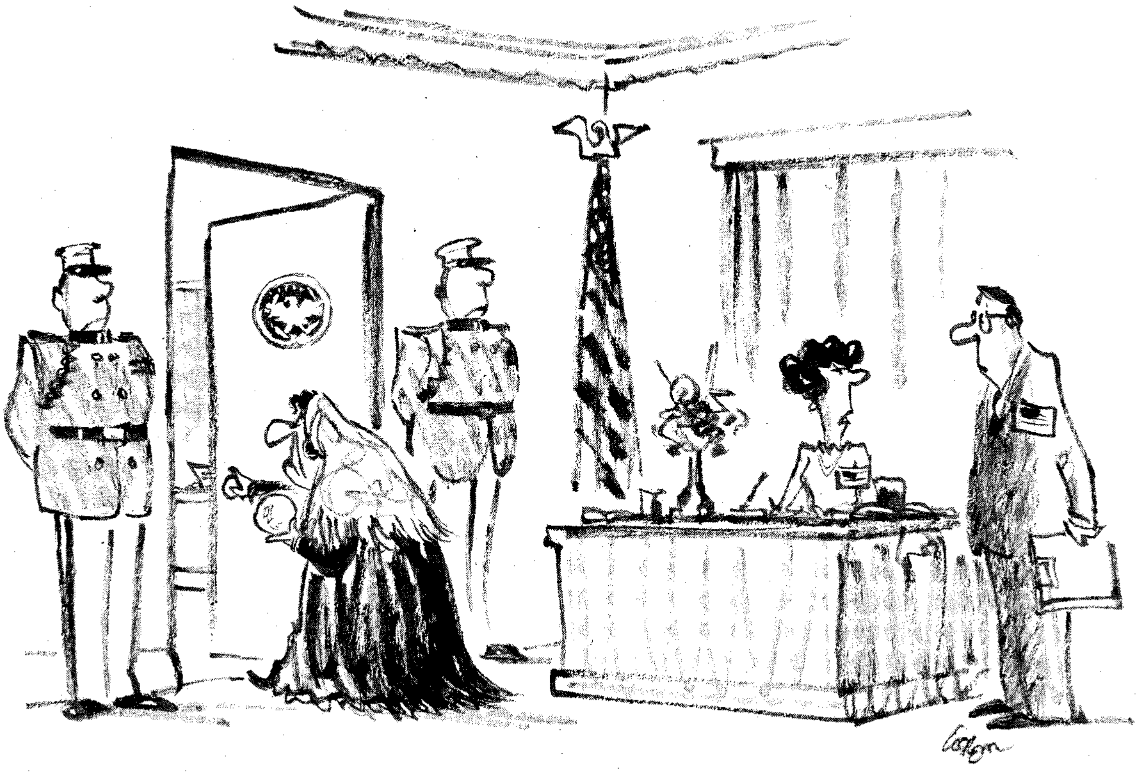
Jean Altigieri (mother of Melissa and Ryan, twenty-one months old): "Did you know that one in eighty pregnancies results in twins? There are two kinds of twins: identical—you know, same sex, same ears, noses, eyes, laugh, and so on—and fraternal, who often don't look much alike, and who can be the same sex or different sexes. Some identical twins are mirror images of each other—one twin will have a birthmark on his right cheek, for instance, and the other will have the same mark on the left."

Joanne Stanczak (mother of Joseph and Renée, nearly six years old): "It's real hectic in the beginning. But you do it, because you have to do it. You don't have any choice, understand? Once you get the system down, you're O.K. But, remember, *you must get the system down.*"

Later, we got to meet a set of identical twins, Barry and Terry Baatz, twenty-seven years old, who were there to plug the International Twins Association convention, which will be held at the Meadowlands Hilton over Labor Day weekend. Barry sported a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses, a brown suit, a white shirt, and a burgundy tie; Terry sported the same things. Barry said, "First of all, one of the most interesting facts about Terry and me is that we're adopted. We've hardly ever been apart. We both work in retail sales for Bloomingdale's in Short Hills, and at night we run the student center at Seton Hall University. We went to school there, majoring in secondary education. We don't have girlfriends, and we're not really interested. That is, we're not interested until we find the right set of identical twins."

Nostalgia

THE golden age of *Nostalgia News* came and went last November, when two issues of the weekly tabloid—the first and the last—were published. The first issue featured on the front page a story with the headline "LUCY-DESI TO BUY RKO FILM STUDIOS." There was also a photograph of Jimmy Carter when he was ten months into his term as President, with the caption "Carter Gets First Negative Ratings in Poll (story on page 10)." The front-page story in the final issue was "IKE STRICKEN, SPEECH IMPAIRED." It ran alongside a happier-times shot of Frank and Mia cutting their wedding cake—a teaser for the "SINATRA AND MIA TO SEPARATE" story on page 8. ("There was no indication whether or not Mia's recent decision to fly to India for a month of meditation with the mystic Maharishi Mahesh Yogi had anything to do with the separation.") Each issue included two pages of condensed news stories from the thirties, forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies—heavy on politics ("ADLAI & DULLES HOLD CONFAB ON NATO PARLEY"), royalty ("ELIZABETH WEDS PHILIP"), and Hollywood gossip ("Conrad Nagel & Ethel Merman nightclubbing")—plus advertising from the late eighties. For a while, Jack Smith, the editor and publisher of *Nostalgia News*, had this pleasant fantasy about the whole thing coming together: advertisers, franchises, nostalgia galore—the works. Then, a couple of weeks later, it occurred to him that the whole thing amounted



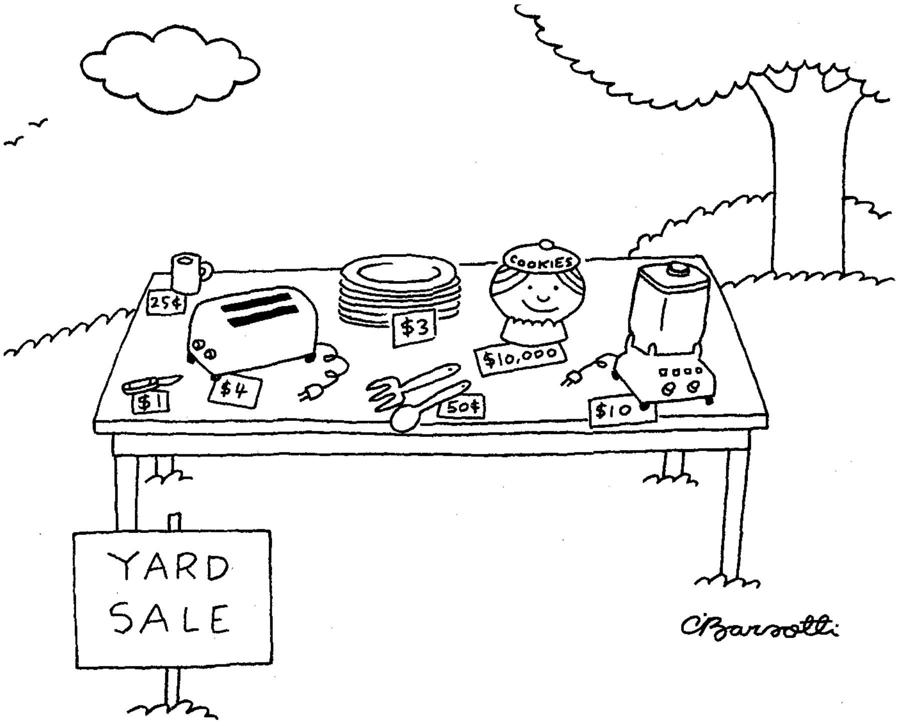
"All I know is she has unlimited access."

to more trouble than it was worth, and he suspended publication. The golden age was history.

Jack Smith's favorite decade was the forties—the time of his boyhood. He is now fifty-three. The other day, when he took a few minutes during his lunch hour to talk about *Nostalgia News* and some of his other publishing ventures, he wore a pink shirt, teal chinos, and white canvas sneakers. He has a husky but soft voice, gray-green eyes, brown hair that is beginning to turn gray, and a brown mustache. The headquarters of *Nostalgia News* was a corner of his apartment living room, in Chelsea. It was (and still is) equipped with a desk, a Royal manual typewriter, and three bookcases. Two of the bookcases, functioning as a room divider, contained the core of the *Nostalgia News* research department: among the titles, "Hitler Close-Up," "A Pictorial History of Radio," "Encyclopedia of Movie Stars," "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," "Television: The First Fifty Years," "The World Guide to Beer," "Pictorial History of the American People," "The Great Television and Movie Quiz," "Hollywood on Ronald Reagan," "Hollywood Goes to War," "Movie Stars in Bathtubs," "Greatest Criminals of All Time," and "The Wonderful Era of the Great Dance Bands."

Jack Smith did most of his growing up in Garden City. His first ex-wife (he has one other) recently sent their son, Steve, who is a Methodist minister in Westchester County, a copy of the 1952 edition of *The Mast*, the Garden City High School yearbook, and Steve passed it along to his father, who was delighted to receive it. It gave him a warm nostalgic feeling. "I can only speak for myself," he said, leafing through the yearbook. "But when we view the past we tend to view only the happy times."

Two of Jack Smith's major interests, besides nostalgia, are baseball and sex. There have been occasions when his interests have cross-pollinated. In 1985, he published one issue of *Baseball Nostalgia News*, then abandoned it after trying, without much success, to sell it at flea markets. In a file cabinet next to his desk are several copies of Volume I, No. 1, of *Baseball Nostalgia News* and also back issues of some magazines to which Jack Smith has contributed as a free-lance writer: *Adam*, *Nugget*, *Oui*, *Escapade*, *Cavalier*, *Velvet*, and *Adult Action Guide*. (His articles appeared under a nom de plume: Norman Jackson. Jack Smith's full name is Norman Jackson Smith. His letterhead identifies him as Norman "Jack" Smith, and his friends call him Jack.)



Early in Jack Smith's career, there was a period when, at the rate of about once every six weeks, he was turning out books with titles like "The Overcrowded Bed." From 1984 through 1986, Jack Smith also published a tabloid called *Sexy New York*, which was distributed through newsstands and some retail outlets in Times Square. Although the editorial content of *Sexy New York* tended to be bluntly unrestrained, Jack Smith once featured a heartwarmingly chaste photograph of Betty Grable on the cover, explaining to readers that "Betty Grable was my favorite female star in my childhood in the early 1940s." Because *Baseball Nostalgia News* had come and gone by 1986, when Jack Smith wrote an essay titled "A Tale of Two Catches"—a memoir of two meaningful fielding plays, one by Joe DiMaggio in 1946 and the other by Roy Sievers during a Mets Old-Timers Game at Shea Stadium in 1980—he decided to include it in an issue of *Sexy New York*. "I still get tears in my eyes when I read it," he said the other day.

Although the tabloid version of *Nostalgia News* is defunct, Jack Smith will, for a fee—not all that high, actually—research, typeset, and reproduce a special one-page edition of *Nostalgia News* specifically tailored to any birth date. He showed us the prototype, *Nostalgia News* for January 18, 1940. It included the headlines of that day ("PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT OFFICIATED AT WHITE HOUSE SWEARING-IN OF NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE FRANK MURPHY AND NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT H. JACKSON," "NEW YORK CITY MAYOR FIORELLO LAGUARDIA MEDIATING COAL TRUCK DRIVERS STRIKE"), mingled in some show-biz tidbits ("Gene Autry set to sing in First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt's 'Charley Horse' show in Washington," "Oomph girl Ann Sheridan dining discreetly with George Brent"), and slipped in "ANGEL NAMED SONIA DEVILLA FAJARDO BORN IN PHILIPPINES." Sonia deVilla Fajardo is the maiden name of Jack Smith's present wife. They have been married five and a half years.

"A lot of conventional American wives would disapprove of the unconventional and professionally insecure projects I have pursued," Jack Smith said. "But, perhaps because she's non-American, Sonia has encouraged me a great deal. She maybe didn't set the type for *Nostalgia News*, but she certainly was supportive. Sonia is an unusual wife."

SINATRA

MY father, bent to peer into the lower shelves of the copper-brown refrigerator, resembles a snowy egret. His legs are thin and look twisted, like pipe cleaners. Hot air from a nearby floor vent billows his white nightshirt out above his knotty knees.

"Cripes," he says.

"What's the matter, Dad?"

"We were going to get prunes yesterday."

The "we" is subtle treason. This kitchen, this empty larder are his. I just flew in from Boston last night.

"You want me to cook your egg?"

"Break the yolk up a little," he says. "Now what am I going to do?"

"What?"

"One day without prunes, I'll probably pay for a week."

"You want me to run out and get some?" I look down at my flannel nightgown. I'm halfway to the stove, a skillet in my hand. It isn't eight o'clock yet.

"Ahh." My father forages deeper inside the cold interior, his stiff spine at a sharp angle. "Prune juice will do. For now." He straightens up and grunts. "I guess."

He slams the refrigerator door, pours himself a large tumbler, and drinks it down without seeming to pause for breath. Just looking at the thick, dark liquid makes me feel slightly sick. The glass has Fred Flintstone painted on the sides.

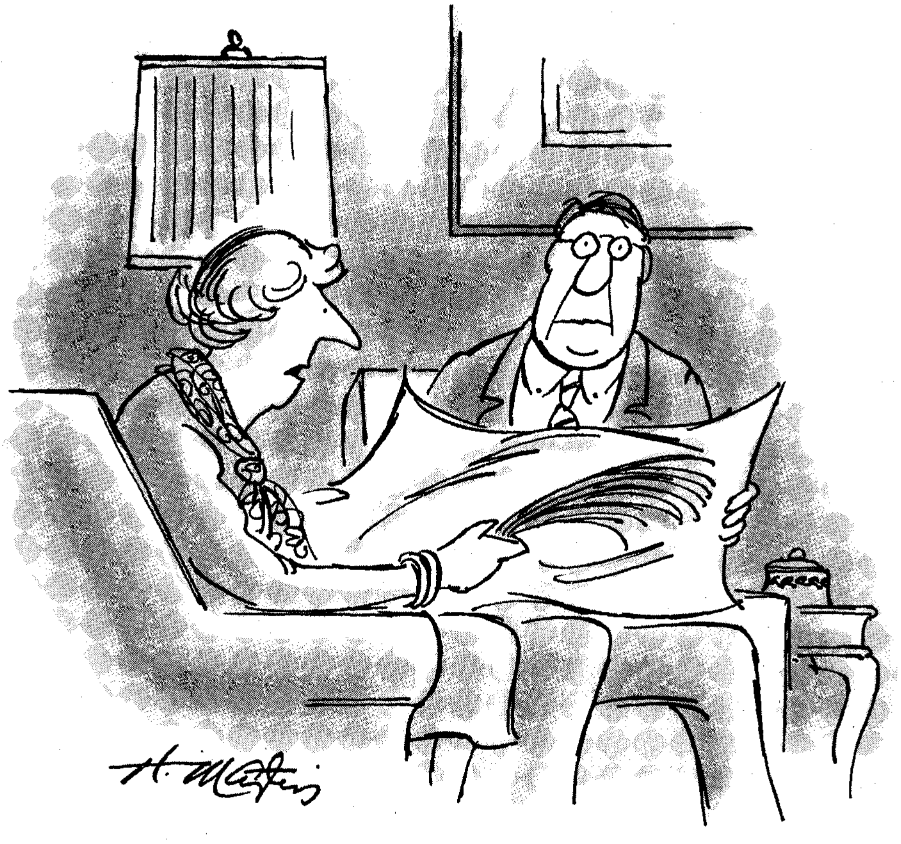
"You like that stuff?"

"Blah," he says. Then he pours some more juice. He sips it as I fry his egg and put some whole-wheat bread in the toaster.

The kitchen, gleaming and barren, is not much more than a galley. We go sit at the glass-and-wrought-iron table in an alcove in the living room. Beyond sliding glass doors, a huge kidney-shaped swimming pool looks wan below a postcard sky. The Sangre de Cristo Mountains, mottled rose and terra-cotta, seem close enough to fall on us.

My father eats his egg in small, determined swallows, as if it were medicinal. "You never heard of salt?" he says.

"I salted it. You know you're supposed to go easy on the salt."



"The bride wore a white silk warmup suit, and the groom wore a black Palm Beach jogging outfit."

"What for?" he says. "How much longer you think I want to live?"

"Dad—"

"I'm kidding," he says. He gets up and goes into the kitchen. He returns, the tail of his nightshirt flapping, with a vial of salt substitute I sent him from a Cambridge health-food store. It's called The Spice of Life. When he twists off the cap, a sharp crack gives him away; the seal has never been broken. We both act as if we don't notice.

"I like your place," I say.

He has lived in this Santa Fe condominium for about a year. I haven't seen it before.

"It's all right," he says. "I get by."

There are two rooms, unless you count the kitchen and the bathroom. The place cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars. "Terrific view," I say.

"It's like everything," my father says. "You get tired of it."

"I wouldn't."

He waves a yolk-dipped crust at me. "Wait till you're eighty-nine," he says.

He won't be eighty-nine for three more months, but the point is not worth arguing.

"Maybe while you're here you could help me decorate," he says. "Pick out a couple plants or something?"

I catch my breath, try not to look startled. "Sure. O.K."

"You got any plans today—anything you want to do?"

I made it to New Mexico in less than twenty-four hours, on a moment's notice. His call seemed that urgent. I called my boss and dropped my son off at his father's place before dawn. Now my father is billing this as a leisure trip.

It was midnight in Boston and I had been asleep for at least an hour when the phone rang. "I can't do this," he said. "I just can't keep this up."

"Dad?"

He was crying—a terrible, jagged sound. "Can you come get me?" he said.

"Daddy, what's wrong?" I sounded like my son, Jason.

"I don't know," he said.

"Where are you?"

"I forgot."

He was, I managed to learn eventually, at home, in his own place. He'd gone out for his usual after-dinner walk. Then suddenly he just didn't know where he was anymore.

A woman looking out her patio door happened to see him pacing in a tight circle around and around the pool. She came out because she thought he had lost something and she wanted to help him look. They were nodding acquaintances; she knew which door was his. She took him home, not a hundred yards away, and stayed until he was himself again. When she left, he called me.

"Beth," he said, "someone had better do something."

Beth, my mother, died six years ago.

"Just take it easy, Dad. I'll try to get out there tomorrow."

I heard him blow his nose.

"I'll call you in the morning and tell you exactly when, O.K.?"

"I didn't mean Beth," he said. "I meant Sharon."

"That's right, Dad. Listen, could you call somebody to come stay until I get there, maybe that lady who—"

"I'm not a child."

"No, Dad, I know, but—"

"I just said Beth by accident. *You* could do that," he said.

"I'll call you in the morning, Dad."

"If it's convenient," he said, and hung up.

I got out of bed and started packing. Then it was one o'clock in the morning. Jason hardly woke up. I carried him out to the car wrapped in a blanket. I was at Logan by six, prepared to take my chances. Even with a reservation, there's no guarantee these days that you'll get a seat.

"We can just take it easy today, if you want," my father is saying. "Too bad you couldn't come when the desert flowers were in bloom."

He glances quickly away when I look at him. He hasn't forgotten—he just wants to ease into it.

"What about you, Dad? Is there something you'd like to do?"

"You could meet my friend Gil," he says.

"Gil?"

"He used to live next door."

"He doesn't anymore?"

"Poor guy had a stroke. Got all flummoxed up." My father gazes casually at the mountains with what seems polite interest. The higher peaks are whitened, I can't tell whether by clouds or snow.

"He moved to this other place a few months back," my father says. "It's not a hospital or anything but like a . . ."

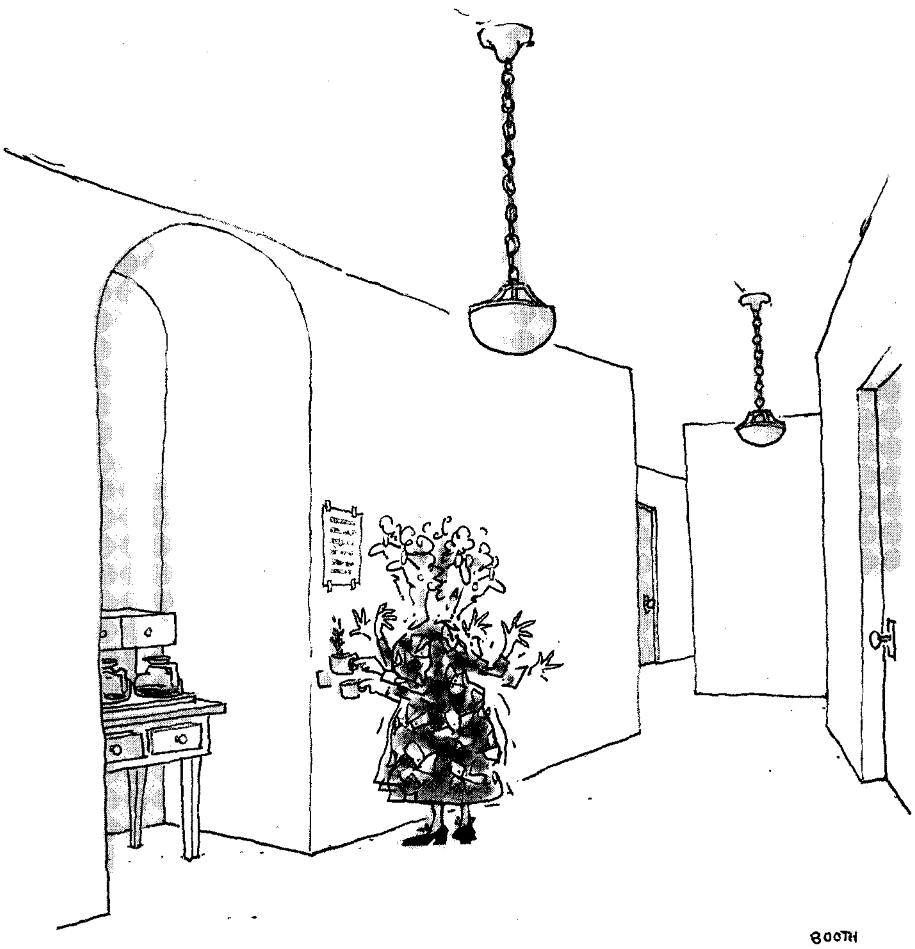
"A home?" I say.

My father laughs softly. "Gil calls it a retirement village."

It's my turn now, but I can't think what to say.

My father stands and picks up the dishes. "Listen," he says, "when we go out, don't forget the prunes."

He won't let me wash the dishes. "I'm pretty good with the upkeep, don't you think?" He dismantles all four burners before he sponges off the stove.



"Please make regular coffee in the pot with brown trim and decaffeinated coffee in the pot with orange trim, so people can tell what kind it is. And do not tarry at the vaulted coffee niche."

• •

UP ahead, at the end of the corridor, two men stand in the arched entryway to a large, sun-flooded room. They are handsome, tall and straight as flagpoles. One wears paisley suspenders, the other an ascot and tapestry slippers. They look keyed up, as if they've been waiting for us. Their eyes are full of romance. They have got to be, between them, a hundred and sixty years old.

Half a pace behind me, my father's footsteps seem to mend the frayed edge of the corridor carpet with fine stitches. He is thin as thread. His dark clothes, grown too large, weigh him down.

His friend Mr. Gilhooly plunges ahead, telling me how he was a banker for more than fifty years. "Trust," he says, dropping his voice.

Mr. Gilhooly has acquired a merchant seaman's gait since his stroke. He lurches. He curses and hums as if sea chanteys come over him like afflictions. He has lived in the home for three months now. He shows us around with a proprietary pride. "Men only," he says. "But that's all right. We can have company. . . . Now, up here you got your whatchamacallit room," he says. "You know, where you do things."

"Recreation?" I say.

He looks at me slantwise, the left side of his mouth dragging him down. "How'd you know?"

"A lucky guess." I smile, declining to toot my own horn. In fact, my guesses are guided by no mean talent. Being a virtuoso at charades is excellent preparation for keeping company with ancient men.

"The recreation room, Daddy," I say, too loud. His hearing is fine—it's his attention span that is the wild card. "Up here. Look."

PERSIAN SHRUBS

In the stretch of evening,
I make my way over flawed lawns
spotted with camps of dandelion,
stepping through orange panels of light,
cutting across the yellow plane.
Sun catches on a rough corner,
shears off into sections of light
alternating through a fence.

These blue and amber stripes lie
on yards of green and cement streets
like bright, flowing paint.
Lilacs in the considerable breeze
bounce and jostle each other
alongside the white board garages.
On tarpaper eaves, in leaps and dodges,
lilacs arrange themselves, over

and over, as do sleepers settling,
heavy with stringent color
in the deep alleys. Dark flowers
fume a vivid purple, smoky purple
high over the broken pavement
of the old neighborhoods.
A heaviness in the fine pollen
squares my feet to the ground.

I stand featureless, like the peeled
green switches which whistle
the air in a boy's hand.
The stupefying smell of blossoming
cuts the air, sharp as gasoline.
Whippoorwill starts his squeaky pump,
pumps up a sweetness, strange
to the long year of narrow gray stems,

strange to the plain heart-shaped leaves,
brief and abundant as distant thunder
softly held aloft in lilac tunnels.

—JEAN ALICE JACOBSON

My father turns his head and peers instead through the doorway to a small, dim room we are passing, the last in a long row. Two skeletal gents catnap in the shape of question marks on top of the covers, their pink chenille bedspreads prudently turned down.

"Where is everybody?" my father says.

"Kinda tame around here today," Mr. Gilhooly tells him. Dad rolls his eyes at me.

"It can get pretty lively, though, Mike. On Sunday we have sherry."

"That's fine, Gil."

"At four, four-thirty."

Moving along beside me now, my father glances back once more at the darkened room.

We are nearly at the recreation room. The two handsome old men hover in the archway, their eyes ardent, expectant, the shade of maple syrup under the fluorescent hallway lights. One gestures: come hither. His elegant hand is all bone and manicure. The other's lips move, rhythmic and sensuous. Soundless. I imagine him singing "Begin the Beguine" as he beguiles me with dreamy glances.

The two men part so we can pass between them. The one who seems to sing bows slightly, his lips still keeping time to nothing I can hear. His friend reaches out with long, pale fingers and taps my father's shoulder, a dancing partner gallantly cutting in. Dad looks at him, juts out his chin, and nods curtly. "Hi, fellas," he says.

"Say, you got yourself a good one," the beautiful old man tells my father. "She looks like a real good one."

I smile. My father does not.

"What a shine on her." The second man sounds wistful.

Dad mutters something that sounds like "You bet" and ducks into the room after his friend Gil.

Mr. Gilhooly hums, lurching toward the entertainment center—a dazzling display of shelved audiovisual diversions and board games and paperback books. "We got everything we need," he says. "You can see that, right?"

On the far wall, beyond a battered Ping-Pong table, a large painting hangs between two windows. Its aluminum frame catches and makes much of the midday light. The painting, a portrait, is crude, overcolored, yet oddly compelling. A poor imitation of a Léger, perhaps. I cross the room to examine it.

I am very close before I discover that what I've taken for a painting is actually a collage. The man inside the frame is pieced together from poker chips, playing cards, Scrabble tiles, checkers and dominoes and Monopoly money.

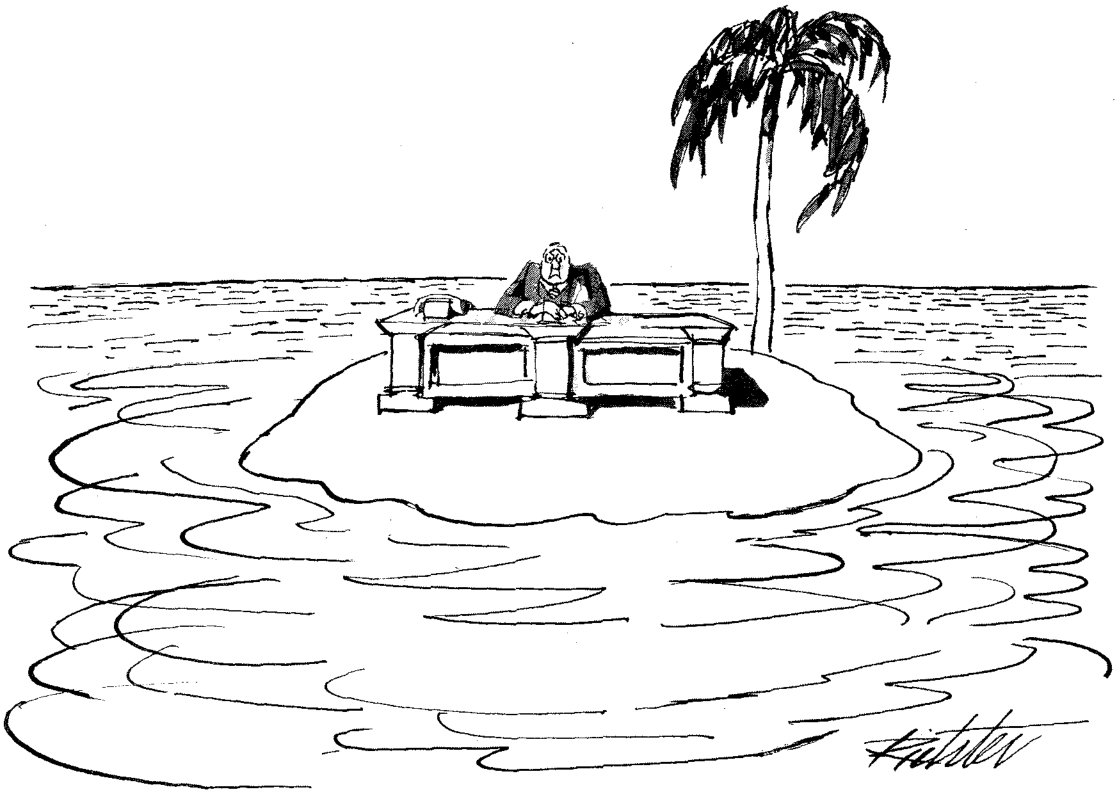
I feel a displacement of air behind me and turn around quickly. My would-be swain, his paisley galluses slipping down the slopes of his shoulders, is at my side. He whispers, enclouding my face in sour but faintly anise-scented breath. "Our founder," he says. (Or does he? Since my father has grown somewhat tedious, I tend to ascribe unlikely cleverness and charm to other old men, trying to make of them an occasion my father might suddenly rise to.)

Smiling, I edge away, closer to Dad and Mr. Gilhooly, who is spreading out board games for our scrutiny. His voice is cool and persuasive, reassuring. No sea chanteys here, no gangplank, no brig. He is, again, a trust officer. "Not a piece missing anywhere," he says. "We hold depreciation to a minimum."

My father is gazing into the heart of a marble-studded star on a Chinese-checkers board, distant and absorbed as a sorcerer.

Mr. Gilhooly taps him on the chest, driving home a point. "You won't find a sounder alternative. Not in today's market."

"I know, Gil." My father, no



ARBITRAGEUR IN EXILE

• •

stranger to safe bets and hard bargains, nods. He is staring now at me, waiting for the crucial move, the counter-offer. His eyes, blue as poker chips, reveal his hand: hope, falling short of the stakes, folds.

Then, with a terrible tearing sound, time stops. This moment, this roomful of harsh light have become a badly written page ripped from a tablet, these four old men and I mistakes being crumpled and furiously discarded.

Mr. Gilhooly jumps and winces. My father freezes, his startled eyes still caught on mine. "Good God," he says. I reach for him.

Then the tearing stops. I hear an abrasive ticking, as if time, rewound, had resumed. I realize it's only a phonograph; its needle has been dragged at top volume across a very old record.

The volume is lowered as the scratchy music begins: "I'll get by . . . as long as I . . . have . . ." The recording is so old, the phonograph needle so worn that it takes several measures before I recognize the voice: Frank Sinatra, when he was very young. Then I hear another voice behind me, also youthful, yearning, stylish: "Please, if I may?"

At a light touch on my back, I turn. The man in tapestry slippers is holding out his arms to me. "Please," he says again. His topaz eyes are already dancing. Reaching for me, his hands hover between us, mettlesome and chalky.

I glance at my father, but he is looking away.

"Though I may . . . be far away . . . it's true . . . say, what care I, dear? . . . I'll get by . . . as long . . ."

I turn, and, smiling, step into the old man's arms.

BEFORE we leave the home, Mr. Gilhooly takes us into the office to meet the Resident Director, Mrs. Fallows. Predictably matronly and cheerful, she wears a white lab coat over a dress printed with a dark crowd of flowers. She calls me "dear" but speaks mostly to my father, addressing him scrupulously as "sir."

We are given brochures with color photographs of private and semi-private rooms, uninhabited. The cover shows the recreation-room portrait between two garish blue blanks of sky. Monthly rates are listed on the back, printed figures crossed out and upwardly adjusted in ballpoint pen.

Mrs. Fallows sees me studying the rates. "Everything is going up," she says softly. "Where will it end?"

As we rise to leave, she comes out from behind her desk to see us to the door. She has on white running shoes.

We say goodbye to Mr. Gilhooly at the elevator in the lobby. As the stainless-steel doors squeeze shut before his face, he calls out to my father in a hearty voice, "Be seeing you, Mike."

"Yeah," Dad says, but the elevator is already at the next floor.

We cross the lobby, picking up speed as we near the exit.

"Well," my father says. "It seems reasonable."

I smile, not quite looking at him. "Wasn't he something, though . . . the dancer?" I say.

At the revolving door my father stands aside, forcing me to lead. I step in, looking over my shoulder to make sure he's still with me. Just as I push the door ahead, I hear him say, "That bum."

"What?"

On the other side of the glass partition, his lips are moving soundlessly. Then the door hurls him onto the sidewalk next to me. He lurches, unsteady on his feet.

I take his arm. "What did you say, Dad?"

My father's sigh seems to summon up enough contempt to demolish the building, to stop sorrow in its tracks. "A real wiseacre," he says. "That Sinatra."

—SUSAN DODD

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Tallahassee* (*Fla.*) *Democrat*]

But an audience member warned that the solution might not be politically easy. "Instead of the tail wagging the dog," he said, "you got to grab the bull by the horns and throw it. Maybe it's only pie in the sky but it's really going to be a bullet-biting baby."

STARBURST

Barry Deemer watches his wife, Rosy, across the deck. She is talking to Scott Wentworth while Scott grills ribs. The rhinestone barrette in Rosy's hair catches the sun and directs an oval ray onto the Wentworths' redwood siding. The ray seesaws over one chunk of boards. It's Janet Wentworth's barrette. A couple of weeks earlier, when Janet first noticed her missing barrette in Rosy Deemer's hair, she advised Barry to check into it.

Rosy leans backward against the deck railing, her elbows propped on the top beam, and seems amused by the barbecue proceedings—there's that little half-smile. She tells Scott to be a sport. She tells him she's only asking one half hour of his time. "Barry won't do it," she says loudly, making sure Barry hears. Rosy wants Scott to dress up like a gorilla and deliver balloons to a birthday party at the Top Deck Lounge that night. Rosy has a little balloon-gram business, and the gorilla-grams are popular. They have other grams as well—a leprechaun on St. Patty's, cupid on Valentine's Day—but the gorilla is the most popular.

"You're out of your gourd," Scott says. "Isn't she out of her gourd, Barry?"

"A little rambunctious," Barry says.

The barrette holds Rosy's gray streak. It's silver, really—just the one streak in her entire head. She laughs at something Scott says that Barry can't quite hear. Then they both laugh.

Once, Rosy took an avocado—the first time they went out. They'd stopped at the Safeway for picnic supplies, then headed for the Snowy Range. Halfway through the meal Rosy pulled from her windbreaker pocket an avocado that hadn't gone through the checkout. She didn't crack a smile. She reached in her jeans for her Swiss Army knife, flipped the blade, halved the avocado, then quartered it, then halved the quarters—all with neat incisions, as if she were performing an operation—and peeled the skin back, making eight perfect crescents. She ate the entire avocado. When she was finished, she asked him if he was going to bust her.

FAST LANE
Miller

At the time, he thought it was an isolated incident, but now there's this barrette. Barry can see the headlines: "COP'S WIFE A KLEPTOMANIAC."

Rosy tells Scott that he'll get to dance with the birthday girl. Scott brushes the last coat of sauce over the ribs; some drips on the coals, and they hiss. "The band always spotlights the birthday girl. See, they black out first, then the gorilla comes up the stairs, and they have a red light on him and a white light on her. It's great."

"It's a disease," Janet whispers in Barry's ear. She is sitting next to Barry on the picnic bench, stirring sugar into her iced tea. "It's like alcoholism. Alcoholics can't help themselves, and neither can kleptos."

Barry thinks Rosy helps herself pretty good. "She's just trying to be cute," he says.

"They don't even want what they go after. Usually."

"She's just trying to be funny."

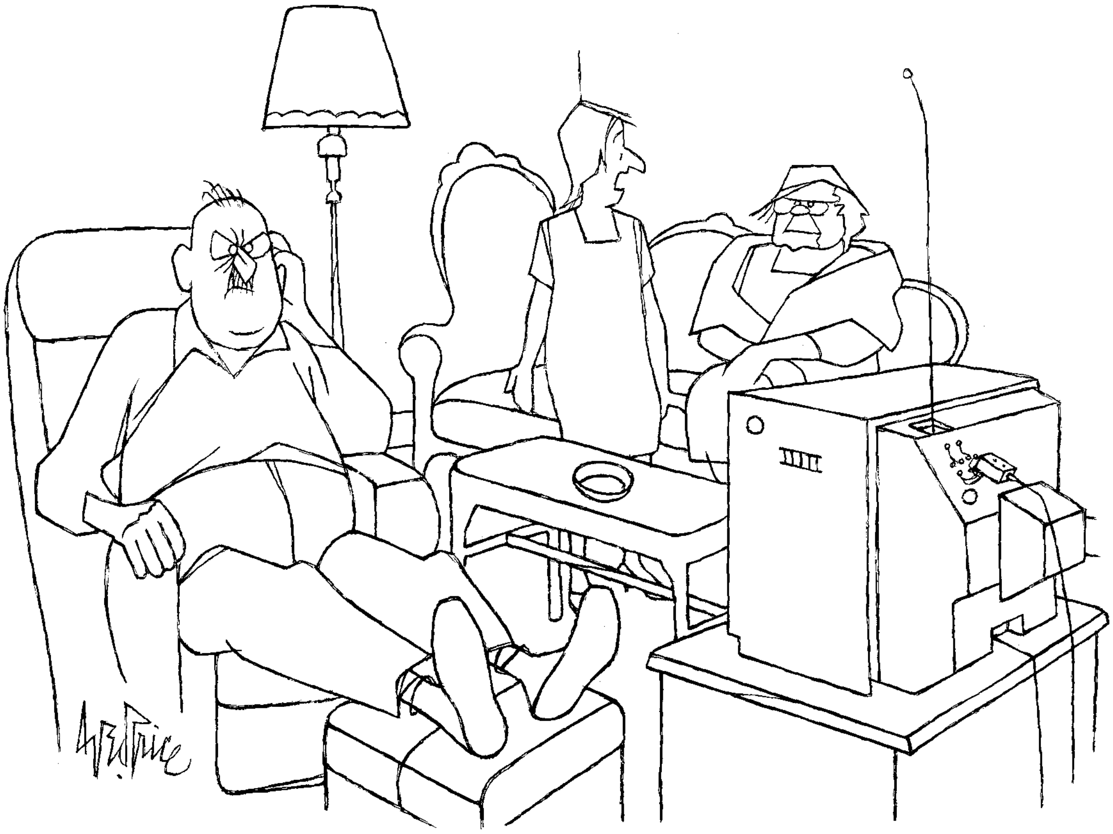
"They're capable of anything, the really bad ones are."

He knows Rosy is capable of anything.

"Did you go through her drawers?"

After Janet told him about the barrette, Barry did a little research. He read in the police dossiers about the case of an Army officer's wife who stockpiled underwear that she'd lifted from other Army officers' wives. At parties she'd slip into their bedrooms and take samples from lingerie drawers: briefs and bikinis—cotton, silk, nylon. Finally, one woman got wise; she began investigating lingerie drawers at parties. In one house she found a bureau full of underwear she recognized and hundreds of pairs she didn't.

Rosy's case is not the same. This is jewelry. Still, Barry had gone through Rosy's drawers, just to see. He found more than he expected, but nothing he didn't recognize: pairs and pairs of white cotton briefs folded in little triangles. Barry counted them—nineteen. What did one woman need with nineteen pairs of underpants? He checked the labels: all Jockey. And the T-shirts were L. L. Bean T-shirts, and there were two slips—no frills, a little worn—and panty hose folded in squares like brown-bread sandwiches, a tan satin bra, a shiny white one, a couple of pairs of long underwear: a no-nonsense lingerie drawer, exactly what you'd expect from a country girl in a cold climate. And the sock drawer was exactly what you'd expect as well; he had dug through wool socks, mounds of them, grays and whites. He didn't know what he was looking for, but he knew it wouldn't be gray or white.



"For our paper anniversary, he's going to assume my share of the national debt."

• •

AT dinner the talk turns to badgers. Scott says that as far as he is concerned the badger menace is escalating, the population on the bluff exploding, the whole damn prairie teeming with burrowing mammals. "Little sons of bitches, Barry—I see them on the hill." He squints at the hill that is his back yard. The Wentworth house is halfway up the northern bluff, one of the highest human habitats in Laramie. Barry patrols the bluffs when things are slow, driving along one dirt road or another up there, just following where it leads. If you head east along the edge, you'll see all of Laramie to the south, miles of just nothing north.

"They're mean animals," Scott says.

"They'll stand you off," Barry says. "I know it."

"Scott's at his wit's end," Janet says.

"Thing is you get five feet from them, they'll stand there and spit in your face," Scott says.

"Just eyeball them," Rosy says. She is piling sour cream on her potato. So far she has piled on four spoonfuls.

"This is not a little threat," Scott informs her. "They won't just rout garbage," he says. Scott doesn't look at Rosy when he says this. Throughout dinner Barry has kept an eye on the barrette; Janet has kept her eye on the barrette; Rosy has kept one hand on the barrette. Scott has not looked at Rosy—he has taken, Barry thinks, extra care not to look at Rosy. Barry wonders why.

Scott says he wants the Laramie police department to bomb the badger holes with chemicals.

"It's not so easy," Barry says. "We bomb one hole, we're as good as killing off half a mile of the animal population."

"I tell you, I'm going to take a gun to the next one gets in the garden."

"Go ahead." Barry grins.

Janet asks if the cops would look the other way, and Barry says, "I'll bust his ass."

"It's not just one, I'm telling you," Scott says. "Barry, they'll go after small animals."

"What you do, sucker them. Manipulate them outside the city limits, and you'll be within your rights as far as the firearms code goes."

Scott says he doesn't see how he is going to manipulate them outside the city limits, the way they'll just spit in your face. He's worried about rabies. Just one with rabies could infect countless small domestic animals. And they are enterprising sons of bitches, he continues—he points out again that they don't go for just garbage.

"They are little thieves," Rosy agrees. She smiles at the skin of what had been her potato. "The badger is a little thief."

Janet shoots Barry a look.

WHEN he went through Rosy's drawers, Barry told himself that it was more a scavenger hunt than search and seizure, not so very different from scavenging loot when he was a kid. From the ages of ten to twelve Barry and Scott organized scavenger hunts to gather booty around the neighborhood. The two were always divided in strategies. Scott said loot wasn't loot unless you snuck it pure and simple, but Scott was not a very complicated fellow. There were ways to steal and ways to steal. Barry liked the "It's your civic duty" approach. During scavenger hunts he'd knock on a neighbor's door and present a list of items needed by the Wyoming Children's Home, although at the time he was not even sure that such a home existed. In spite of himself, Barry had to admire the brazenness of the Rosy Deemer method—sneaking into your friend's bedroom, pilfering her rhinestone, then wearing it in the light of day; or palming an avocado when the cop's back is turned, then stripping and eating it right in his face. What do you do when she holds out eight perfect black crescents of avocado skin that curl like a witch's nails in the palms of her hands, opens her fingers, lets the peelings fall to the ground between you, grinds them in the dirt, and begins to stroke you: your upper arms, your neck, then your hair. What do you do? What Barry knows is the avocado was not a major crime. What he wonders is whether it is a symptom of some sickness.

SEA DOG

The sea has scrubbed him clean
as a deal table. Picked over, plucked
hairless, drawn tight as a drum,
an envelope of tallow jutting with
rib cage, hips, assorted bones. The once
precise pads of his feet are buttons
of bleached wood in a ring of stubble.
The skull—trimly tapered to a caul
of wrinkles; bonneted, gap-toothed—
wears an air faintly human, almost
ancestral.

Now the tide falls back
in whispers, leaving the two of us
alone a moment together. Almost loving
what I see, I see the lye-bright
parchment skin has been scabbed black
by a rack of flies
that rise up, a humming chorus,
at my approach, settle again when I
stop to stare. These must be
the finishing touch, I think,
until I see round the naked neck bone
a tightly knotted twist of rope, a frayed noose
that hung him up or held him under water
till the snapping and jerking stopped.
Such a neat knot: someone knelt safely
down to do it, pushing those ears back
with familiar fingers. The drag end
now a seaweed tangle round leg bones
stretched against their last leash. And

nothing more to this sad sack
of bones, these poor enduring remains
in their own body bag. Nothing more.
Death's head here holds its own peace
beyond the racket-world of feel and fragrance
where the live dog bent, throbbing
with habit, and where the quick children
now shriek by on sand—staring, averting.
I go in over my head in stillness, and see
behind the body and the barefoot children
how on the bent horizon to the west
a sudden flowering shaft of sunlight
picks out four pale haycocks
saddled in sackcloth
and makes of them a flared quartet
of gospel horses—rearing up; heading for us.

—Eamon Grennan

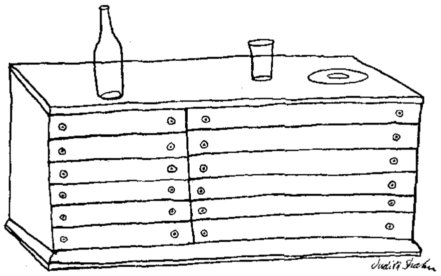
• •

Barry fell in love with Rosy when he was eleven years old. Of course, he didn't notice her until the day he intercepted a note from Rosy to Scott that read, "Who do you like?" in Scott's pinched scrawl, and below it, in Rosy's galloping hand, "I like you. Why?" That's when he noticed her. He fell in love with her a few weeks later, when he saw her in her back yard swinging on her swing set.

The swing set, ungrounded, inched across the lawn. Rosy had her eyes squeezed shut, and she was talking—a whisper, really, or a hiss. Barry recognized the words to a jump-rope rhyme he'd heard the girls sing on the playground, but Rosy chanted venomously, as if accusing the air she kicked with her swinging feet:

Fudge, fudge, call the judge,
Mama's got a newborn baby.
It ain't no girl and it ain't no boy,
It's just a newborn baby.
Wrap it up in tissue paper,
Send it down the elevator.
First floor, stop.
Second floor, stop.
Third floor, kick it out the door,
And you'll never see baby anymore.

Every time she said the word "stop" she stuck her legs straight to the sky, tilted her back parallel to the ground, and pumped with such force that Barry thought she'd wind herself around the top bar of the swing set. The whole swing set bucked like a mad thing, and when she finally bailed out, she twisted in midair, landed cross-legged sitting on the ground, faced the swing, and clapped—she clapped at the empty swing. Barry laughed, although it wasn't really funny, that intent look on her face. He laughed. And Rosy fixed on him a wild, yellow-eyed animal look that made him feel as though *he* had been hurled down the elevator. He gagged on his laughter. Then the look was gone, replaced by befuddlement, as if he'd caught her in the bathroom dancing naked before the mirror. It was the confusion that made him fall in love with her.



He said the only thing he could think to say: "You like Scott Wentworth."

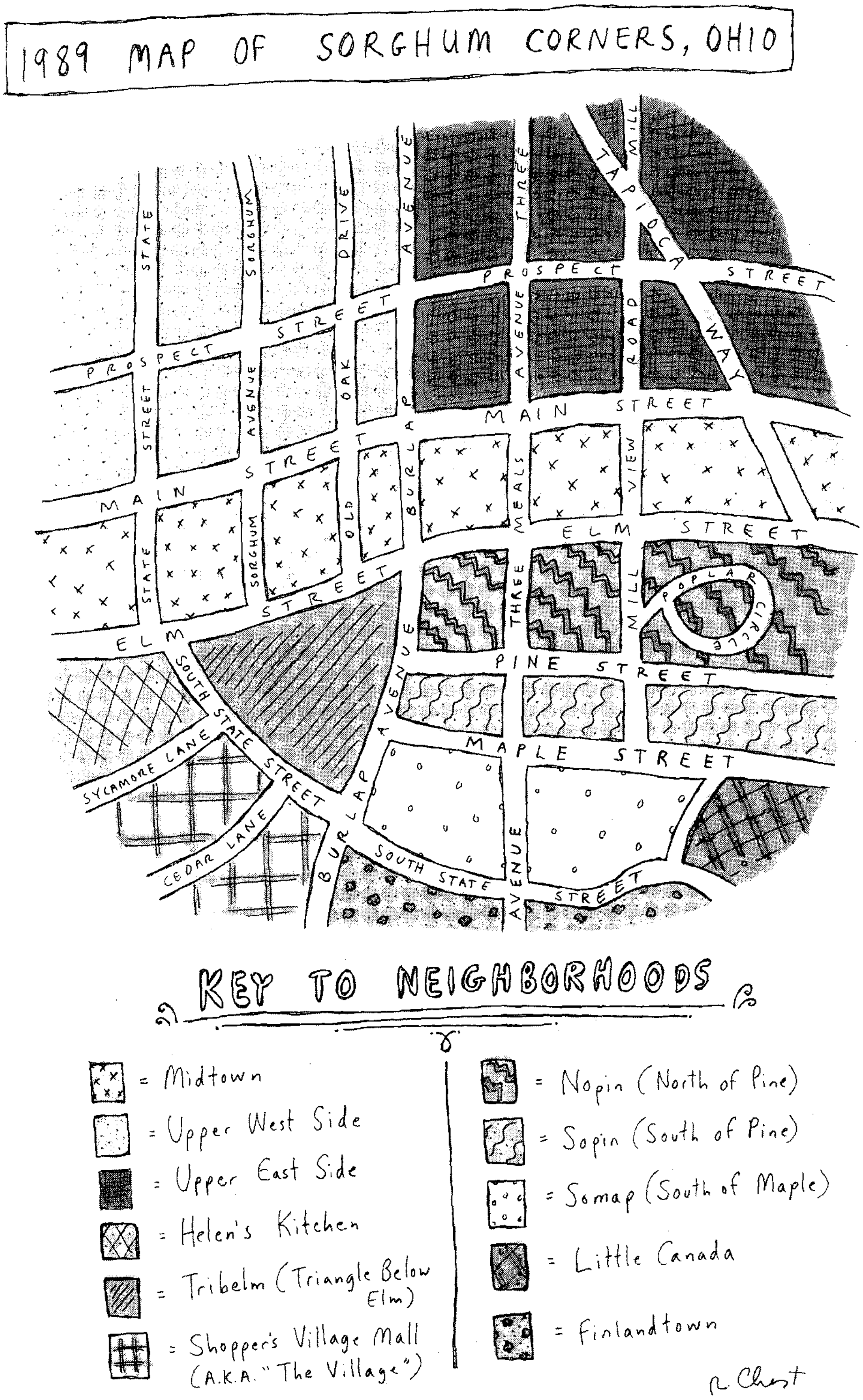
And then it was Rosy's turn to laugh. She threw her head back and hooted at the swing. "That dope?"

"Then who do you like?"

She gave him a sly, furtive look. "I like you. Why?"

She may have liked Barry, but Rosy and Scott were an item from the time they were eleven years old until Scott joined the Army at eighteen and married Janet six months later. The funny thing was, those years in the back of the room during civics when Rosy passed notes to Scott but kept her eyes on Barry, when she danced slow dances with Scott, her chin digging into his shoulder but with her eyes on Barry, he wondered if maybe she did like him, if maybe she didn't think Scott really was a dope (which he was, in some ways). He wondered if it had been deliberate, that long adolescent dance with Scott Wentworth, a way of courting and teasing and seducing Barry Deemer without ever touching him, a slow angling, worth the wait—to let him know she was worth the wait. Or had she married him on the rebound when she heard about Janet?

He and Rosy had been married ten years. He wondered why he still wondered about these things. He wondered where she got the barrette. Did she steal the barrette, or did Scott give her the barrette?


1989 MAP OF SORGHUM CORNERS, OHIO
STATE
SORGHUM
DRIVE
AVENUE
THREE
MILL
TAPIOCA
WAY
PROSPECT STREET
ROAD
AVENUE
PROSPECT STREET
STREET
AVENUE
OAK
MAIN STREET
MAIN STREET
BURLAP
MEALS
VIEW
ELM STREET
STATE
SORGHUM
OLD
ELM STREET
THREE
MILL
POPLAR CIRCLE
PINE STREET
SOUTH STATE STREET
AVENUE
SYCAMORE LANE
MAPLE STREET
BURLAP
CEDAR LANE
SOUTH STATE
AVENUE
STREET
KEY TO NEIGHBORHOODS
= Midtown
= Upper West Side
= Upper East Side
= Helen's Kitchen
= Tribelm (Triangle Below Elm)
= Shopper's Village Mall (A.K.A. "The Village")
= Nopin (North of Pine)
= Sopin (South of Pine)
= Somap (South of Maple)
= Little Canada
= Finlandtown
R. Chast

Rosy is chewing at little bits of meat stuck in the grooves of a rib. She asks Scott which weapon he would use on badgers in the garden, and Scott says he figures his little .30-calibre Luger would do it, but Rosy disagrees; she'd use a .45 or nothing. "Isn't that right, sweetheart?" she says.

"You want to be sure," Barry says.

"Unless you're right up on them. If you're close enough to get a starburst, then a Luger would work," Rosy says.

Janet asks what a starburst is, and Rosy, who has always taken an avid interest in police work, explains that it's a gunpowder-residue pattern from a bullet wound. The pattern will change depending on the distance from weapon to target, stability, and bullet path. They analyze the residue pattern to help reconstruct the circumstances of a crime, she says. A starburst indicates close range, so every suicide is a starburst.

"Although the starburst does not always limit your options, does it sweetheart?" Rosy goes on. "There are factors you can't imagine. Dust. Corrosion on the inside of the barrel. This guy shot his wife from a distance of twenty feet, but they only knew because the guy confessed later. At first they thought it was a suicide, because there was a clear starburst pattern. It turned out that the gun had been sitting around for forty years—forty years of accumulated crud went with the bullet and happened to form a starburst." Rosy pushes her plate away and smiles at Janet. "You can't be sure about anything unless you can duplicate the exact circumstances of a crime."

Scott asks Janet if she didn't make a lemon pie for dessert. Janet is watching the sprinkler in the back yard. It is sputtering—a tiny fountain in the middle of the lawn; she's staring as though this were a fascinating object. Janet is twenty-eight but looks eighteen. Her skin is that ivory white, without a laugh line or blemish; she looks like she'd bruise if you put thumb pressure to her, and she has watery blue eyes, clear in the whites, because she doesn't drink. "Barry, she's a dancer," Scott had told him over the phone the night before he married Janet. "She's got everything." And she moves like a dancer. And the clothes she wears—short denim skirts with tennis shoes, and thin little sleeveless cotton blouses unbuttoned halfway down, so you can see a lace camisole where if Rosy wore blouses like that you'd see a bra. And you can talk to Janet. She has been nothing but nice about the barrette.

Rosy is studying the side of Janet's

face. She says, “Did you know, Janet, that the police investigating team uses cadavers to duplicate the exact circumstances of a crime?” Rosy looks at Barry. She is lying. They don’t do that anymore, and Rosy knows it.

Barry looks away. He watches the table move. Scott’s leg is jumping up and down—he’s got this nervous habit, and the picnic table twitches with the leg. Janet’s index finger, white-nailed from pressure, holds on to a fork. Janet would probably rather not hear talk about shooting holes in cadavers, which is why Rosy goes on about it. She knows Janet gets squeamish.

“What they do is dress a cadaver like the victim,” Rosy goes on. “Say a victim is wearing a sheepskin coat. You dress the corpse in sheepskin of the same thickness, duplicate the ammo, and whammy.”

A bald-faced lie. She has them completely conned. And when she isn’t making things up, she’s got this trick of making you wonder. Barry thinks of the first time he saw Rosy naked. It was clear they were going to sleep together, and she excused herself and went into the bathroom and came out naked. Maybe it was a stupid thing, because she got that funny, confused look she gets, but he said, “That girl’s bare-assed naked.” That was all. It had been a good first night, a fine first night. But the next day he saw the line in a notebook she’d left conspicuously open on her desk, just the one line with that day’s date: “That girl’s bare-assed naked.” What did she mean by writing it down? He couldn’t get it out of his head. And what was in his head at the time he said it, and what was in hers? He couldn’t get the notebook out of his head, which made him realize right away that Rosy would be an asset to any interrogation team, the way she had him guessing and made him think he was a chump for even paying attention.

Barry pushes away from the table, picks up his empty plate, and carries it into the house. He heads upstairs, where the bathroom is, and switches on the light, but he does not go into the bathroom. The Wentworths’ bedroom door is ajar. He walks down the hall and opens the door. The room is over the deck and the window is open, so Barry can hear Rosy clearly, almost as if he were standing on top of her. She is saying that the cadavers are usually prisoners who die in jail. She sounds like an authority; she sounds delighted with herself. Barry moves straight to the bureau. There are two jewelry boxes, one at each end of the bureau, and Barry opens the box on the left. There’s nothing but rhinestones, which surprises him—rhinestone pins and earrings and two necklaces. Barry rifles through the colored glass. As far as he can see, Rosy got the pick of the lot. Then he opens the box on the right and is surprised again. This stuff looks real. There’s a pearl necklace, a ring with red stones, maybe rubies. The ring looks old. Rosy was just trying to be cute. She didn’t take anything valuable. Rosy was just trying to be funny.

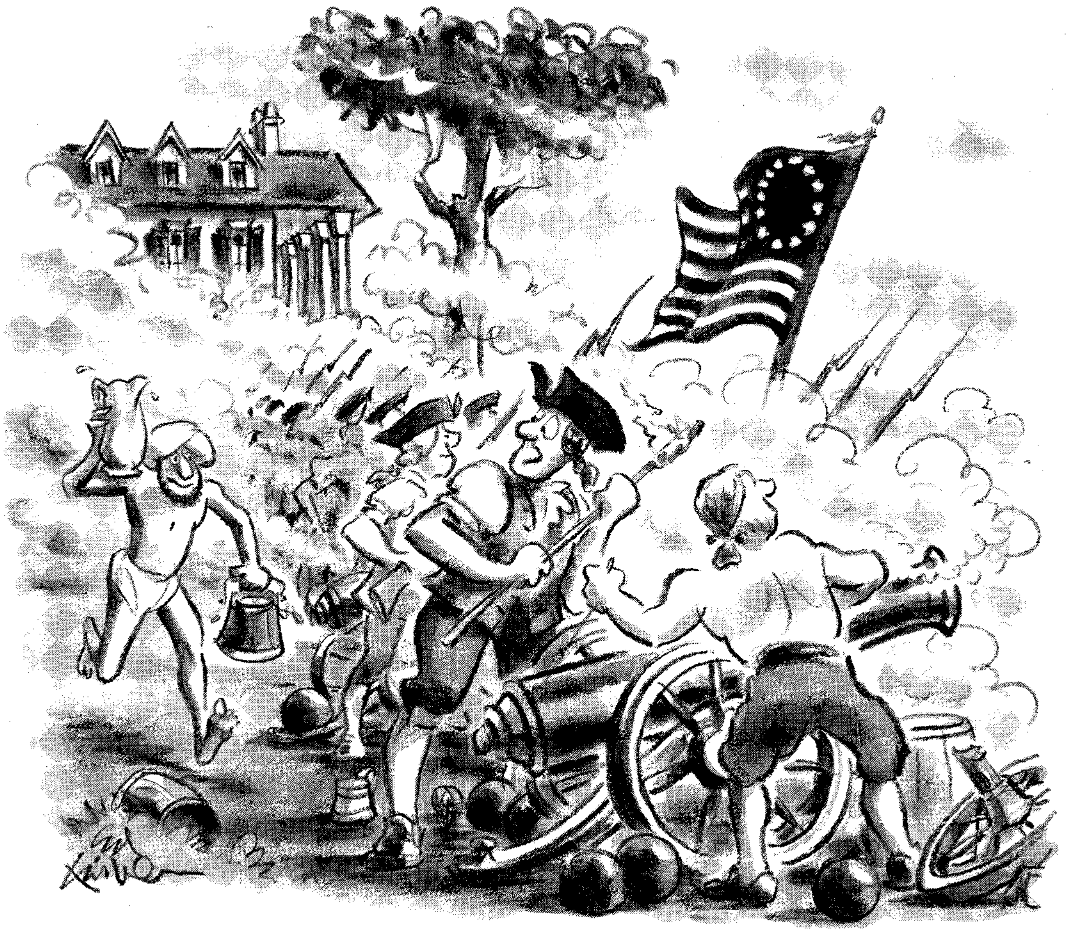
Unless Scott gave her the barrette. Why would Scott give Rosy junk when there was this?

Barry hears Scott ask Rosy how they could simulate a moving target.

“They put it on rollers,” she says. “Silhouette rollers, like the kind they use at shooting ranges.” Another lie. Rosy took that barrette. Scott didn’t give her the rhinestone, and the only question is why she took junk.

Barry closes the jewelry box. He opens the top bureau drawer. It is Janet’s underwear drawer. Silks, mostly, from what he can tell. Spaghetti-strap silk undershirts and matching bikinis. Some lace stuff, strips of lace—G-strings; stockings with sequins. No contest—definitely a more interesting drawer than Rosy’s.

Barry takes from Janet’s lingerie drawer a pair of blue underpants; they feel like silk. He walks over to the window. Rosy is leaning across the picnic table, telling Scott and Janet more lies about what the police do. Barry wants her to look up. He wants her to see him looking at her.



“Where’s Molly Pitcher? And who in tarnation is this Gunga Din?”

"And this is the reason I know you shouldn't shoot badgers with that little Luger," she is saying. "See, sometimes, instead of using a cadaver, what they'll do is try to find a live animal and shoot it. Say, a jackrabbit, and—"

"You're kidding," Janet says. Her face is flushed. Barry crushes the underwear, then lets his fist relax. He rubs the grooves in the waistband, then traces the elastic around the legs. He imagines Janet in the blue silk.

"And what they found," Rosy says, "is that even after ten shots from a gun the calibre of your Luger a jackrabbit won't always drop. But if you use a Colt .45 or a Winchester, you'll drop it in three. This only applies if you don't hit a vital organ first."

"You're kidding!" Janet says again. "That makes me sick." Barry feels for her, the way Rosy will push and push.

But then Rosy leans back, and when she speaks her voice is different. "Oh, Christ," she says. She has dropped an octave. "Of course it makes *you* sick, Janet."

"They're just killing those animals!" Janet says. She does not look at Rosy. Janet looks at the ground. Rosy stares at the side of Janet's face; she looks exasperated. She can't believe that Janet is buying this.

"How else are you going to simulate?" Rosy asks.

"Who would want to?" Janet says.

"Hey, calm down," Scott says. He gets up and walks to the barbecue; he begins scraping the grill with a spatula.

Rosy continues staring at the side of Janet's face, but Janet doesn't look up. Nobody looks up. On the deck no one speaks. Rosy begins peeling bits of label off the ketchup bottle. She looks tired. Behind her the Laramie bluffs are turning blue, and the sun rests on the plain. Barry knows it is her least favorite time of the day. She says that the day feels too close at dusk, as if the scenery were moving in—you go outside and the air has the feel of your own breath.

Barry holds the underwear loosely—it's like tissue, hardly any weight at all—and he wonders if Rosy has ever worn silk. "It doesn't matter what you wear," she said once. "Within fifteen minutes of getting dressed in the morning, your body no longer feels your clothes. You get numb." Barry closes his eyes. On the inside of his lids, he sees moving red suns. He opens his eyes. Rosy is studying Scott's face like it's a problem. Scott watches his plate.

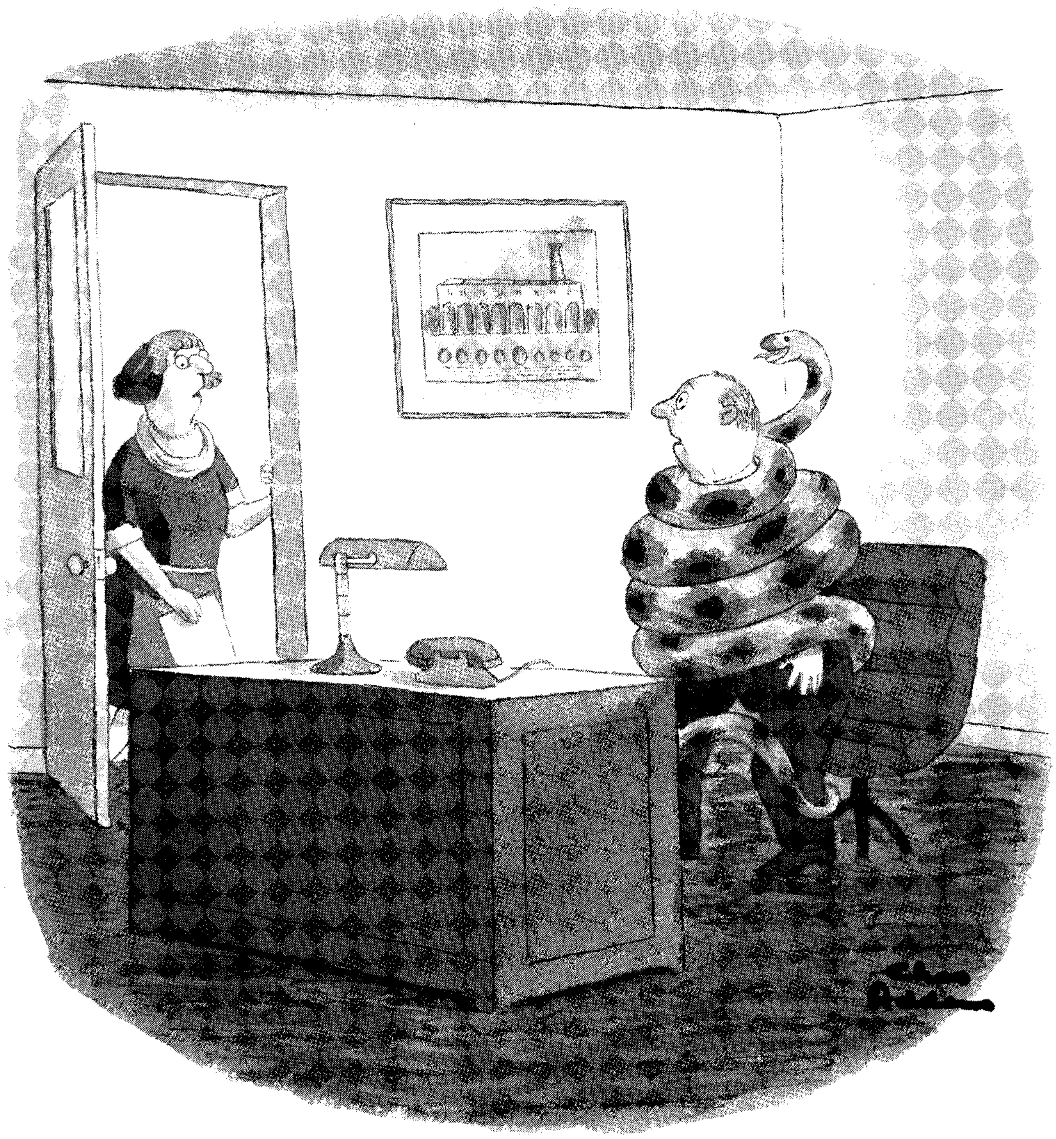
"So," Rosy says at last. She leans halfway across the table. "So are you going to be the gorilla or what!" Scott laughs and looks at Janet. Janet is watching the bluffs. "Come on, it'll be fun."

Scott stares at his wife for a minute. Finally he shrugs. "Hell, I guess I'm game," he says.

Rosy laughs. "Good. You'll come, won't you, Janet?" Janet says no. "You'll be sorry," Rosy says. "It'll be a gas." She grins at Scott. Then she says, "I wonder where Barry's gotten to."

Barry steps away from the window. He walks to the dresser, where the lingerie drawer is still open. He drops the underwear in the drawer. He stares at it for a minute. Then he picks it up again and puts it in his pocket. He shuts the drawer and goes downstairs.

THE Top Deck is dark except for the neon beer signs. One of the band members directs a red spotlight onto the stairway. The drummer has muffled his snare to make it sound like



"Miss Fleming, would you mind dialling 911 for me?"

• •

a tomtom, and the female singer shakes a rattle. The first thing Barry sees is the bouquet of balloons, multicolored, floating up the stairs. Then the spot widens to include the gorilla. A female voice in the room says, "Oh, God," and a group at one of the tables laughs.

The gorilla looks fierce enough in the red light—the widow's peak, the pronounced nostrils, the mouth like a blunted, downturned snout—and Barry can see the canines, probably bigger than a normal gorilla has.

"He should bend over," Rosy whispers. "He should stomp or something. He's walking up the stairs like a homo sapien."

A second spotlight comes on—a white one that shines on a girl who is probably just twenty-one. She wears jeans, a red tank top, and has long hair with three little braids on the right side. Maybe she's not even twenty-one. She's laughing hard and keeps saying, "How embarrassing!"

Scott walks stiffly across the floor. "He looks ridiculous," Barry says, and Rosy laughs.

The gorilla bows to the birthday girl and offers her the balloons. She smiles at him. Rosy laughs again. The gorilla offers his hand, and the two walk to the dance floor. The band begins to play an Ann Murray song, the vocalist sings, and everybody in the room cracks up:

> Can I have this dance for the rest of my life,
> Will you be my partner every night?

After a while, other couples join the two on the floor. Rosy asks Barry if he would like to dance. Barry wouldn't.

> When we're together it feels so right,
> Can I have this dance for the rest of my life?

The song ends. Scott takes his mask off and dances a second time with the girl. Scott is a fair dancer. They country-swing to "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight."

Rosy says, "You know, a guy's got an obligation to ask a girl to dance."

Barry doesn't say anything, and Rosy begins shredding the label on her Michelob bottle.

They watch through the set. Scott takes turns dancing with all the women at the birthday girl's table. He looks like he's having a terrific time.

"I could dance with Scott," Rosy says.

"Go ahead," Barry says. Rosy continues peeling the label.

Barry props his feet on the chair next to him. There is a distinctive odor to this place. It's a metallic smell of liquor gone stale and of cigarettes, a smell that lingers long after everybody leaves the room—that lingers permanently, as if smoke and stale beer are varnish for the furniture; it's a smell Barry usually doesn't notice unless he's in a bar sober during off-hours—a scent with a texture, like poor-quality wet aluminum that you can tear with your fingers. An alcoholic sweats this smell after a while. Barry has smelled it on winos after they've been on a three-week binge with no bath, and it seems funny to him how a human being at his most human, a human being ungroomed, will come to have that almost clean smell of cheap metal.

"My support group told me to go to hell."

Barry is a little tired but is not inclined to go home. Rosy doesn't seem inclined to go, either. In the dim light, the rhinestone barrette looks like a band of black hair bisecting her silver streak. She seems to have forgotten it. She plays with bits of paper from her beer bottle and watches the dancers. After a while she says, "Where'd you go tonight?"

"Tonight?"

"While we were eating, where'd you go?"

Barry puts his hand in his pocket. He says, "Where did you get the barrette?"

Rosy grins, like she's been waiting for somebody to ask that question all night. "I found it," she says.

"Yeah?" Barry says. "You want to know what I found?"

"What?"

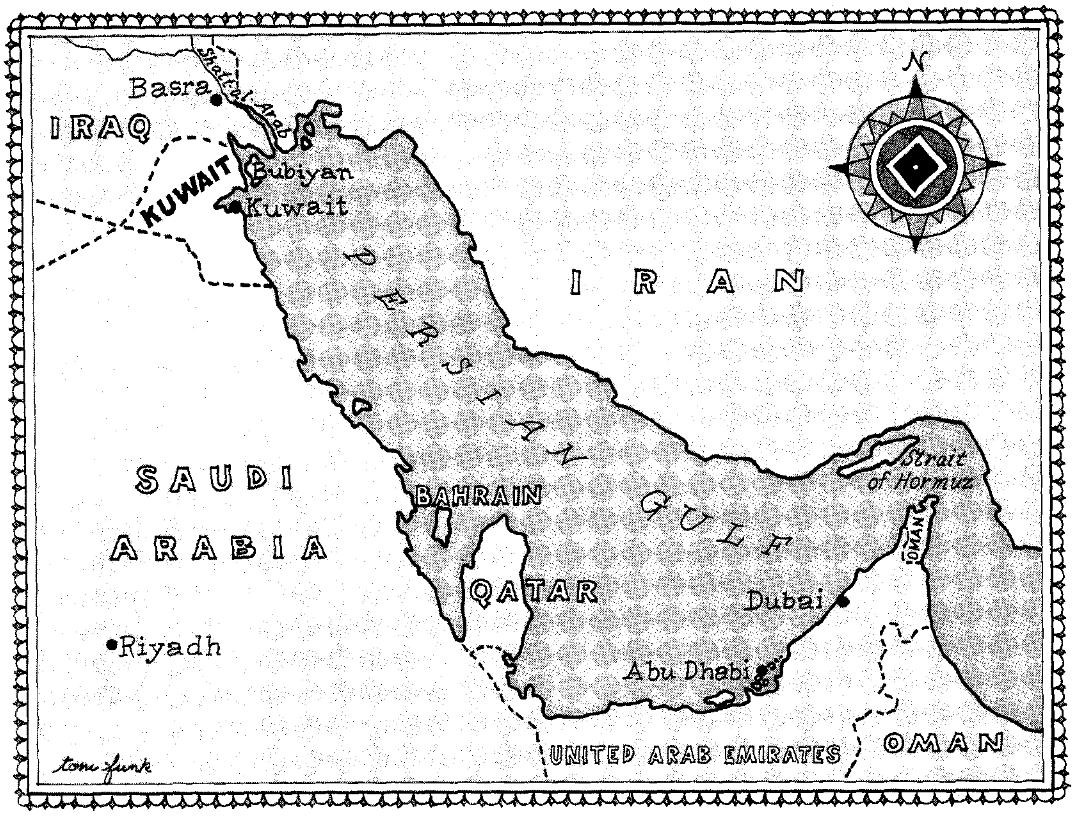
He says, "You didn't find that barrette."

Rosy puts her arm around Barry and her chin on his right shoulder. She whispers, "So are you going to bust me?"

Barry looks out at the room. Nobody sits at the birthday table now, but Scott's gorilla head scowls from the table center at all the empty beer bottles. Barry laughs. "Now that's one mean monkey," he says. In his pocket, Barry's fingers twist around the blue silk. Then he pulls it out and drops it on the floor. He thinks maybe later he will tell Rosy that he stole a pair of Janet's underpants, then left them for the barmaid; Rosy will appreciate that. But now he pushes his chair back from the table and stands up. Barry and Rosy join the dancers. —Ann Cummins

A REPORTER AT LARGE

OUT OF THE DESERT



Kuwait, which admits to being too rich for its own good and too weak to defend its frontiers, is also too clever and too self-possessed to tie its future to the policies of other nations. A segment of desert roughly the size of New Jersey, Kuwait has beneath its surface one of the world's largest reservoirs of petroleum. Last year, its native population of seven hundred thousand reaped the benefits of more than six billion dollars in oil revenues and four billion dollars from international investments, or almost fifteen thousand dollars per capita. But, lying in the vortex of the eight-year war between Iraq and Iran, both of which have coveted it at various times in the past, Kuwait knows that it is vulnerable. When it became a manifest target of the Iranian revolution, the Kuwaiti government set out in search of a patron, and, exhibiting diplomatic skills rare among Arabs, it found one. Today, an American fleet patrols the narrow waters of the Persian Gulf, challenging Iran; at the beginning of this month, it escorted its forty-ninth convoy through the Gulf. In safeguarding the Kuwaiti lifeline to the outside world, Washington implicitly proclaims a resolve to maintain Kuwait's independence. Still, Kuwait insists that it is faithful to a policy of nonalignment, and keeps its distance from its American protector.

Officially, Kuwait contends that its new relationship with the United States has more to do with commerce than with security. The initiative was taken not by the state but by the Kuwait Petroleum Corporation, a government-owned entity responsible for the country's oil operations. In December of 1986, the Kuwait Oil Tanker Company, a K.P.C. subsidiary, instituted procedures with the United States Coast Guard to place eleven of its tankers under the American flag. "We'd been thinking about doing this for years," Abdul Fattah al-Badr, the K.O.T.C. chairman, told me early this year, in his office in downtown Kuwait. "We already had a lot of our money invested in the United States. We looked at our fleet, and decided to create a new company that could serve as a means for future expansion of business between the two countries." The K.P.C. founded the Chesapeake Shipping Corporation—which an American official described to me as a post-office box in Delaware—as the tankers' owner of record. It was only later that the Kuwaitis notified the American Embassy in Kuwait that procedures were under way to place K.P.C. tankers under the American flag.

Saoud al-Osaimi, Kuwait's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, was willing to go a bit further than the K.P.C. official in acknowledging the political ramifications of the reflagging decision. (Osaimi attained a certain international renown last month by appearing in Algiers as head of the Kuwaiti delegation negotiating with the hijackers of the Kuwait Airways jetliner.) We talked last February, in his office in the Foreign Ministry—part of a complex of sand-colored buildings stretching along the seafront and dominated by the Seif Palace, which is the working quarters of Kuwait's emir, Sheikh Jabir al-Sabah. Fortresslike in design, the complex is checkered with courtyards and gardens. Two machine-gun posts face out across the water, but otherwise there are few signs of security; I was told that prior to May, 1985, when a band of terrorists made an attempt on the life of the Emir, the palace was scarcely guarded at all. Osaimi was dressed in the traditional *dishdashah*—a floor-length robe, of white cotton in summer and muted shades of wool in winter—which is invariably worn with the flowing headdress known as the *kufiyah*. Kuwaiti officials almost never wear anything else. In the Arab manner, Osaimi played self-consciously with the tails of his *kufiyah* while he talked.

"The story opens in 1983, when

"I don't love you anymore, Lucille, and I'm dropping you off at your mother's house."

• •

the Iraqi Air Force started doing serious damage to Iranian shipping," he said. "Iran responded with talk of closing the Gulf, insisting that the Gulf would be for everybody or for nobody. In April, 1984, Iran began to attack neutral shipping, including our own. Remember, we export all our oil through the Gulf, and oil revenues represent ninety per cent of our income. Almost all our food comes through the Gulf. At first, we thought Iran was trying to put pressure on us to persuade Iraq to let up, though we have no power over the Iraqis. We talked to the Iranians in an attempt to get them to change this policy. We talked directly, and we used intermediaries. We worked through the Islamic Conference, through the Nonaligned Movement, and, finally, through the United Nations. We got the Security Council to pass Resolution 552, which called on Iran to stop attacking the harbors and boats of countries uninvolved in the war. But none of these efforts worked. In fact, for us things became worse at the end of 1985, when Iran began singling out Kuwaiti ships, especially our tankers, for attack."

Osaimi, curiously, made no reference in our talk to attacks inside Kuwait attributed to Iran. The first was the bombing of the American and French Embassies, in December of 1983, by Lebanese and Iraqi Shiites—Muslims of the same sect as Ayatollah Khomeini. In the attacks, six people were killed and eighty wounded. (It was the seventeen men convicted of these bombings—three of them still under a sentence of death—whom the hijackers of the Kuwaiti plane tried to liberate.) In the past two years, pro-Iranian Shiites from Kuwait itself have been arrested for acts of terrorism, the most recent being the sabotage last year of installations in the K.P.C.'s oil fields. Kuwaitis, sensitive to the involvement of their own nationals, do not like to talk about these crimes. I attributed Osaimi's silence to a disposition on the part of officials to say nothing that might aggravate tensions between Kuwait's dominant Sunnis and the minority Shiite community.

I also found some disingenuousness in Osaimi's protestations of Kuwait's non-involvement in the conflict between Iran and Iraq. Notwithstanding its official neutrality, Kuwait is clearly important to the Iraqi war effort. It has provided Iraq with financial assistance since the war began; though the figures are a tightly guarded secret, the amount is estimated by outsiders to be at least a billion dollars a year. Kuwait provides an ad-

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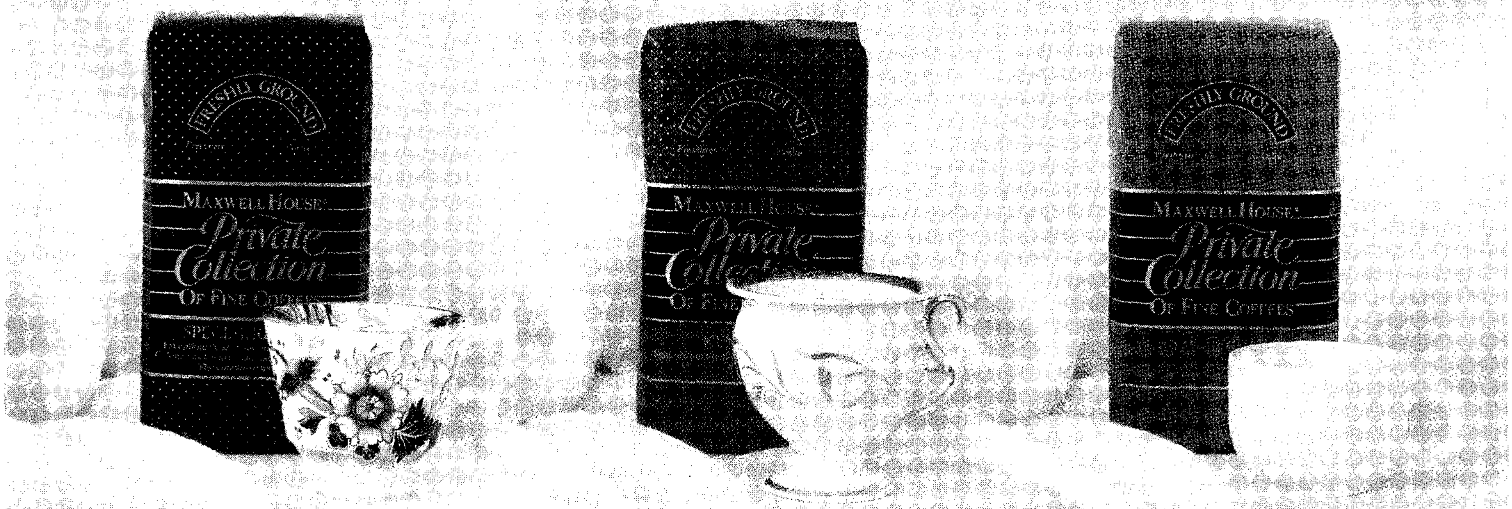

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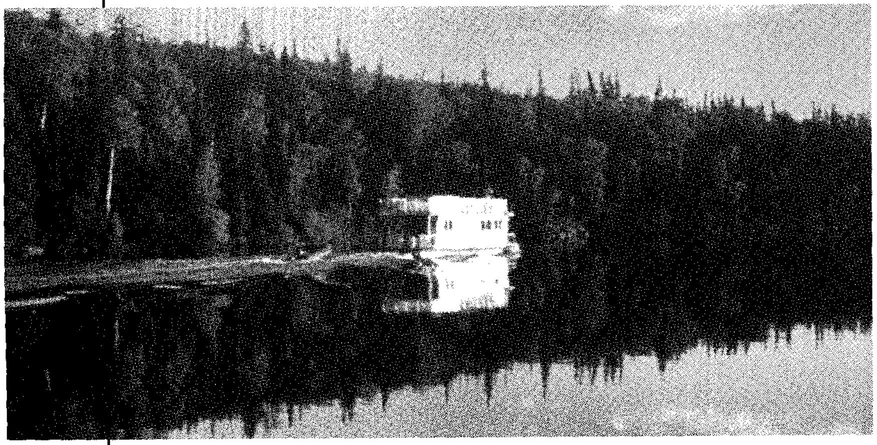

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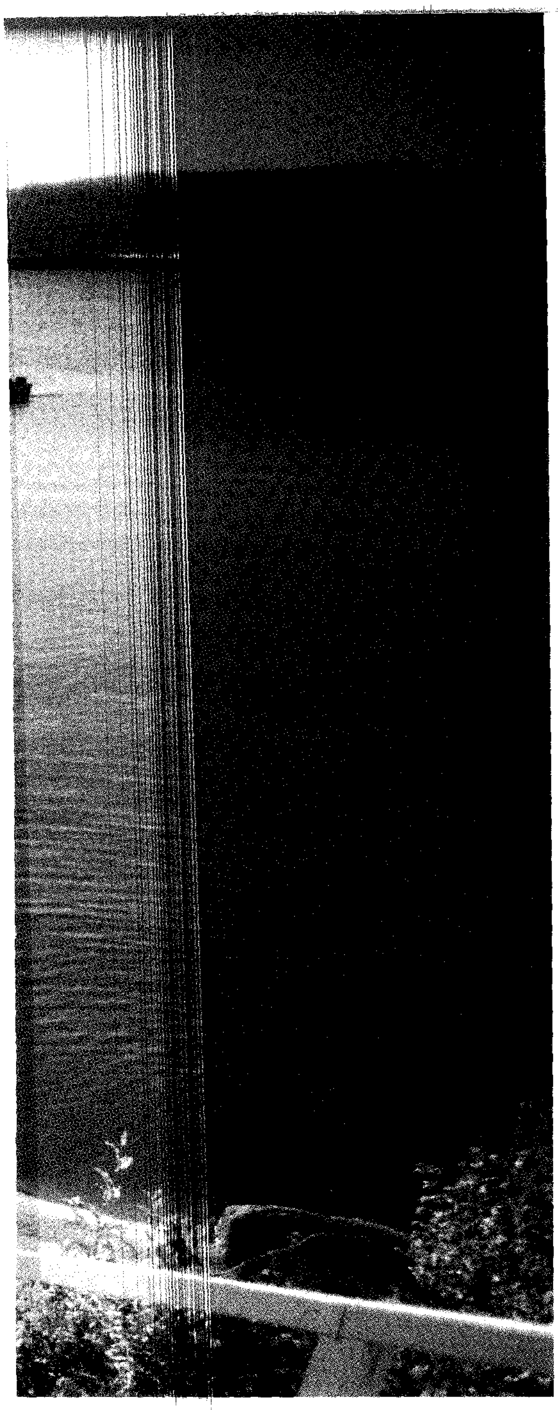

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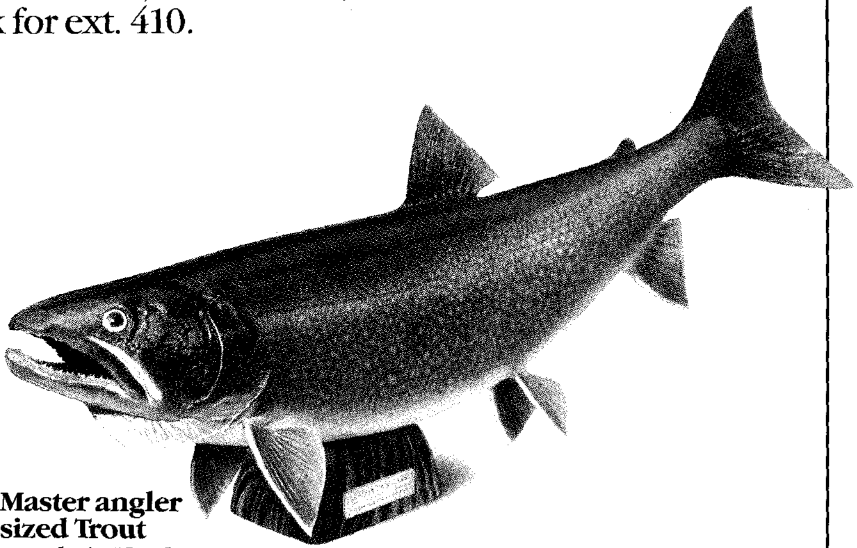

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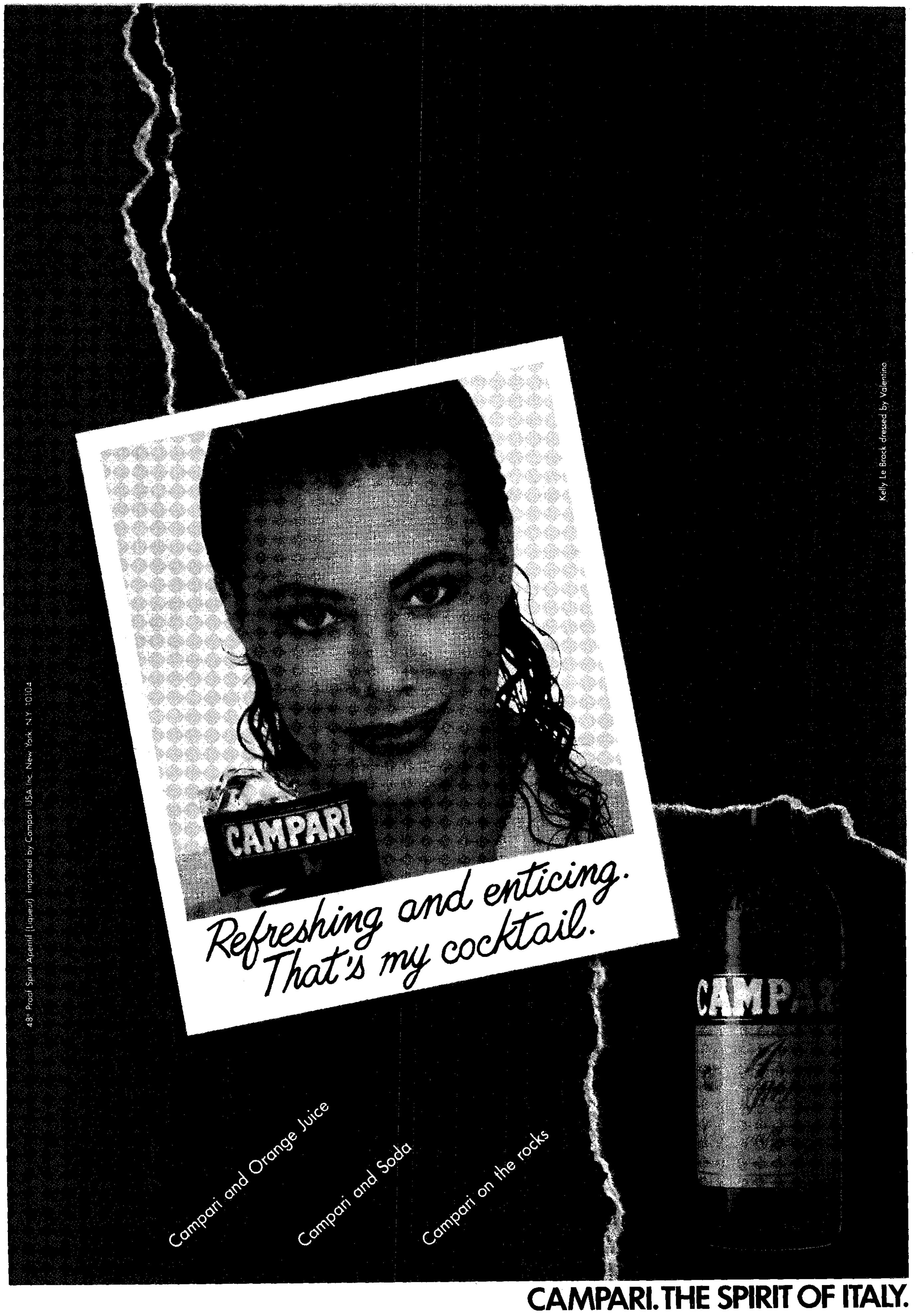
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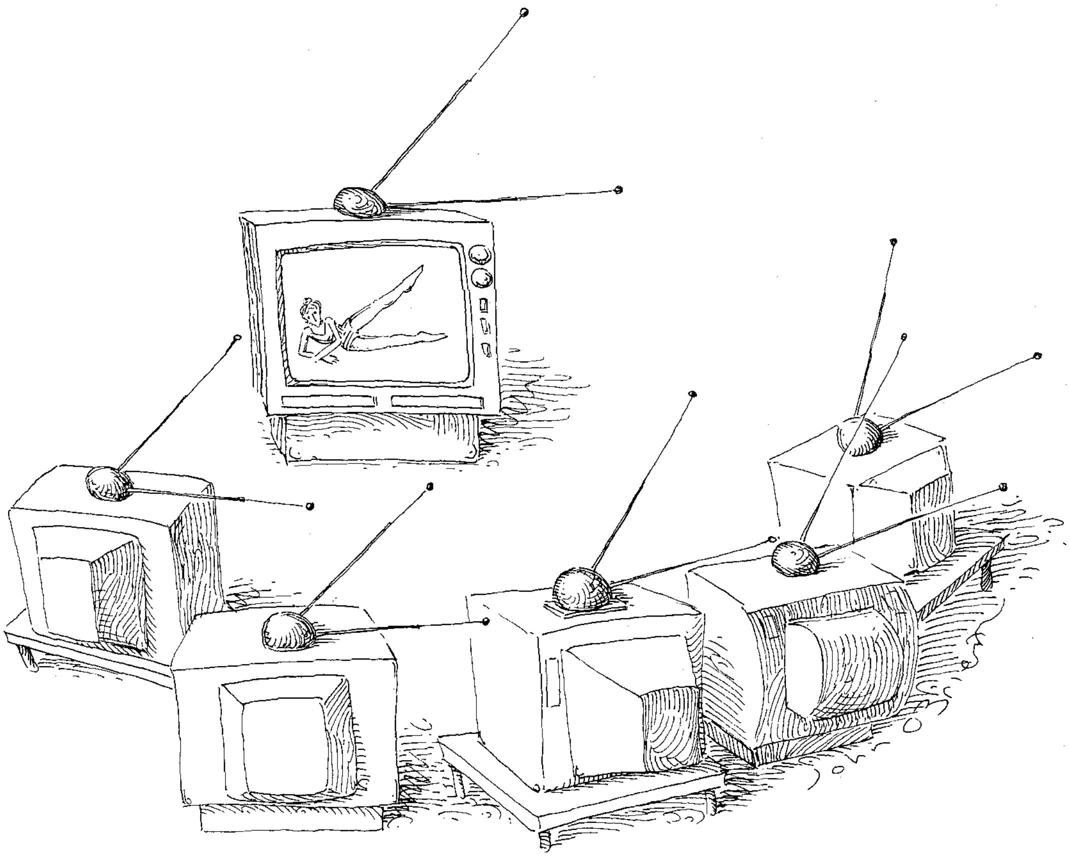
ditional subsidy by marketing several hundred million dollars' worth of oil each year—presumably to be repaid one day—on Iraq's account. This help was particularly important in the early years of the fighting, when Iraq ran out of money after the destruction of its port facilities on the Gulf; the construction of a pipeline network now permits its oil exports to bypass the Gulf completely. Kuwait, furthermore, maintains an overland supply route that carries to Iraq substantial quantities of military and civilian goods, which are routinely unloaded at docks just a few miles from the Seif Palace. Much of this cargo arrives aboard Soviet ships.



"Iran takes our help to Iraq out of context," Osaimi said indignantly. "We are giving aid to sixty-four Third World countries. Why not Iraq? Does Iran attack the Soviet Union, which supplies ninety per cent of Iraq's arms? Besides, it would be a surprise if we did not help Iraq. We are all Arabs. Our membership in the Arab League is accompanied by treaty obligations."

By the second half of 1986, Osaimi said, Kuwait had come to recognize that it could not deal with Iran by itself—that it would have to "internationalize" its efforts. In November, it brought its argument for collective action before the Gulf Coöperation Council, a body consisting of the Arab sheikhdoms bordering the Gulf—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrain, Qatar, Oman, and the United Arab Emirates. The Council was formed in 1981, shortly after the start of the Iran-Iraq war, to shape common security policies. But Saudi Arabia had not assumed the leadership in dealing with Iran which had been expected of it, and Oman and the Emirates showed more interest in maintaining their Iranian trade than in responding to any Iranian threat. In war or peace, Iran was the region's most powerful nation, and the G.C.C., unwilling to invite a confrontation, failed to act on Kuwait's plea. After this rebuff, Kuwait turned its attention to powers outside the Gulf.

• •

"We decided to go to the five permanent members of the United Nations Security Council, to facilitate their task of keeping peace in the world," Osaimi said. "After all, the Gulf is considered an international waterway, where the rights of free navigation are confirmed in international law. Part of the responsibility for keeping the peace is to keep international waterways open. That is not the task of any single nation, or even of the G.C.C. It is the responsibility of the Security Council, and particularly of its permanent members. So toward the end of 1986 we opened talks with them, beginning with the Soviet Union."

Kuwait's decision to go first to the Russians by no means indicates a pro-Soviet bias. It is true that for several decades Kuwait alone among the Gulf states maintained diplomatic relations with Moscow, but the two countries have never been very friendly. The Kuwaitis turned first to Moscow because they felt pressed for time and knew that the Soviets could act more quickly than the Americans. Moreover, at that very moment the news that the Reagan Administration had secretly sent arms to Iran was breaking, and Kuwaitis were suddenly uncertain whether the United States, though ostensibly pro-Iraq, was in reality promoting the military designs of Iran.

The arms-for-hostages dealings with Iran succeeded only in adding confusion to an American policy that had lacked clarity for several decades. America's strategic interest in the Gulf—to assure the availability of the region's petroleum resources—has been unchanged since the Second World War. But serious American involvement did not begin until 1971, when Britain withdrew its last troops from the region after dominating it for more than a century. At that time, the United States took over Britain's naval station in Bahrain and used it as a support facility for a few small ships to steam around the Gulf showing the flag, and Washington named its first resident Ambassador to Kuwait. These moves established America's presence in the region, but not its power. For that, Washington turned to the Shah of Iran, promising to send him whatever arms he fancied in return for his safeguarding of Western security interests in the Gulf. The arrangement worked satisfactorily until 1979, when the Shah fell and the Soviet Union invaded neighboring Afghanistan. These events signalled a twofold collapse of American policy: not only did the Russians appear to be on the march toward the Gulf but Iran, which had been groomed to deter precisely such a move, was no longer available to stop them. In his last State of the Union address, on January 23, 1980, President Carter responded to the danger with a warning to Moscow that came to be called the Carter Doctrine. "An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America," he declared, "and such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force."

The United States, however, had no military force to repel an assault by the Soviet Union on the Gulf; it still does not. Luckily for Washington, Soviet troops became so thoroughly tied up by the resistance in Afghanistan that, whatever Moscow's design, they did not have the option of moving on the Gulf. Washington was not nearly as lucky with the regime that replaced the Shah. Khomeini's revolutionary state not only was committed to spreading its stern Islamic ideology throughout the Gulf region but also vowed to strike a blow at the West—especially the United States, which it accused of having corrupted Iran under the Shah. Yet Washington was slow to take a stand against Iran, or even to shore up the defense of its interests, after the Gulf war began. Though fifty-two Americans were being held captive in Tehran, the United States announced when the fighting started that it would maintain strict neutrality. It gave the first sign of a shift only in 1982, by extending credits to Iraq—with which it had had no formal relations since the Arab-Israeli war of 1967—to buy American agricultural products. The following year, it announced that it would seek to persuade its allies to stop shipping arms to Iran. In 1984, Iraq and the United States reëstablished diplomatic relations, and in 1985 Washington openly proclaimed its preference for Baghdad, on the ground that, as the State Department put it, "unlike Iraq, Iran is adamantly opposed to negotiations or a mediated end to the conflict." By now, American policy toward the war seemed unmistakably in line with Kuwait's.

Nevertheless, the Kuwaitis remained wary. Third World peoples tend to believe that superpowers can accomplish anything, and the Kuwaitis held that Washington, if it really wanted to, could put an end to the Gulf war. After all, it was no secret that the Israelis wanted the war to continue indefinitely, and to that end were supplying arms to the Iranian regime. Few doubted that these deliveries had American endorsement. Washington had sent its Air Force to bomb Libya in response to alleged Libyan-supported terrorism, but it had conspicuously refrained from retaliation against Iran for the attack on the American Embassy in Kuwait. Nor had it shown any taste for using coercion to regain the American hostages seized in Lebanon by the Ayatollah's agents. Throughout 1986, the United States stood by and watched as Iran intensified its attacks on Kuwaiti shipping. All this led the Kuwaitis to suspect, when the Iran-arms scandal broke, that Washington's real policy in the region was to bring about an Iranian victory.

In January, 1987, after receiving the formal Kuwaiti notification of the reflagging procedure, President Reagan restated Carter's pledge to preserve freedom of navigation in the Gulf, but he extended no explicit offer to watch over the Kuwaiti tankers placed under the American flag. In February, Kuwait let it be known that Moscow had volunteered to protect the K.P.C.'s entire tanker fleet. Soviet involvement made up the President's mind, and Washington informed the Kuwaitis of its willingness to provide protection for the K.P.C.'s eleven reflagged tankers. The Kuwaitis formally thanked the United States, and in April they reciprocated by announcing that they would limit their dealings with Moscow to the chartering of three merchant ships. Though Washington's policy had already been decided by May 17th, the date of the inadvertent Iraqi attack on the U.S.S. Stark, the President used the incident to justify to a somewhat puzzled American public an unprecedented role for the United States Navy in the Gulf.

WEST END SUPERETTE
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WEST END SUPERMARKET
Westman

Kuwaiti officials deny that the invitation to Moscow to dispatch a fleet to the Gulf was meant to smoke out the United States. But the Kuwaitis have a long history of playing big powers against one another, and, whatever their misgivings about American policy, they did not want to be left alone with the Russians. Reluctant as they were to become an American client, it was important to them to have Washington play a major role in the events in the Gulf—not simply to protect Kuwaiti shipping but to put American weight behind ending the Iran-Iraq war.

"You should know that we never asked the United States for protection," Saoud al-Osaimi said to me. "You will find no document making such a request. It is left to the country of record to decide whether or not it wants to defend its own flag. The United States, like the Soviet Union, was fully aware of what was going on in the Gulf. It didn't need any advice from us."

By early 1988, though the Iran-Iraq war was still far from over, both Kuwait and the United States were willing to pronounce the reflagging policy a strategic victory. It had been a remarkable achievement of Kuwaiti diplomacy: the United States had taken full responsibility as benefactor without Kuwait's losing any of its prerogatives. Furthermore, Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium had all followed the American lead by sending warships into service in the Gulf, widening the internationalization that Kuwait had sought. The only real Kuwaiti opposition to these developments came from confirmed pan-Arabs—Nasserites, as they are still called—who regard Washington's policy toward the Israeli-Palestinian conflict as sufficient reason to have no relations with the United States at all. Even they were silenced by the months of more or less normal maritime operations that followed the damaging of the K.P.C. reflagged supertanker Bridgeton by a mine during the first convoy, last July. The relative calm during this period persuaded the Navy to reduce the flotilla from its initial strength of thirty-four ships to about twenty-five, but in March Iran signalled a change in pol-

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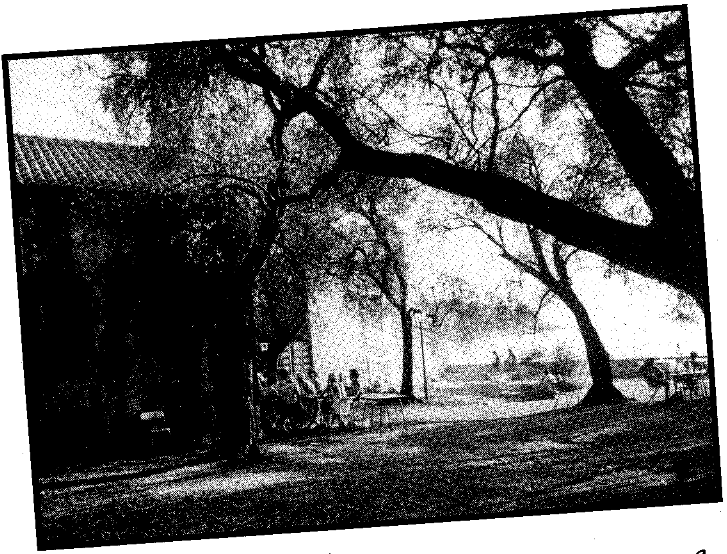

Two weeks ago (or was it six decades?) it took us to gemutlich Zagreb, where storks roost on tall chimneys. We sipped sweet, inky coffee and traded rounds of slivovitz, burning with essence of plums, with some local artists and came away only a few dollars poorer.

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icy by firing on Kuwaiti defense forces on the island of Bubiyan. Last month, Iran resumed the mining of convoy routes, and on April 14th the American frigate Samuel B. Roberts hit a mine. In response, the Navy destroyed two Iranian oil platforms and, in the air and sea battle that followed, crippled or sank six Iranian ships. An American helicopter was lost, with two aboard, and the following day an Iranian Scud missile struck an American-operated oil field in Kuwait. Kuwaitis breathed a sigh of relief when, in the same week, the Iraqi Army retook the Fao peninsula, two miles across the water from Kuwaiti territory, and they were further gratified by the White House announcement that it had widened its role in the Gulf, ordering American warships to aid any neutral vessels under attack.

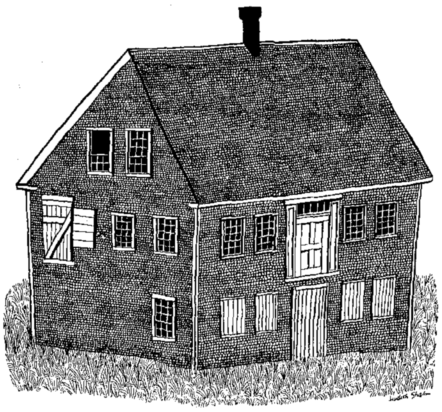
I asked Osaimi whether Kuwait would call on Washington for further protection if Iran went from targeting its ships to targeting its territory, noting that although Iran might now be too weak to invade Kuwait, strategists had not ruled out the possibility.

"We don't know what the United States would do if Kuwait were invaded, and we have never asked," he replied. "Right now, the United States is not defending Kuwait; it is defending its own flag. I don't want to talk about something that we hope will never happen. Frankly, we have never discussed our security affairs with the United States. I know that the subject of a long-term military relationship has come up in your newspapers, and your congressmen have mentioned it during visits here. But we've had no official discussions on the issue, much less on such specific questions as bases in our territory, docking rights, and the pre-positioning of arms. In principle, we are not willing to see the Gulf full of foreign navies—or more than are required—on a long-term basis. After the Iran-Iraq war, we don't know what the Americans will do. We plan neither to discuss it with them nor to interfere in their decision. The guiding principle of our foreign policy is nonalignment, and that is what it will remain. We don't think that reflagging has in any way changed it."

An American diplomatic official who insisted on anonymity contradicted some of Osaimi's assertions. He told me in April, after my return to Washington, that American and Kuwaiti strategists regularly discuss the security problems of the Gulf states together, and have been doing so in an atmosphere of increasing candor and intimacy.

THE Arabian desert has for millennia been the home of nomadic tribes, dependent upon the camel for a meagre existence, jealous of their freedom, and constantly at war with one another. In the seventeenth century, one of these tribes, the Bani Utub, began migrating northeast toward the Gulf, under pressure from marauding rivals. The Portuguese, the first of the great mercantilist nations, had already established trading posts in the Gulf, and by the time the Bani Utub reached the coast the British, the French, and the Dutch were also calling at Gulf ports, in competition with the Portuguese. The opportunities for trade introduced by these foreigners offered the Bani Utub a new way of life, and early in the eighteenth century they chose a site—a natural harbor in the northwest corner of the Gulf, where earlier inhabitants had found fresh water—and built a fort; the name Kuwait comes from the local word for "fort." The tiny settlement had long been a crossroads for traders from Syria, Iraq, and Persia and caravans on the way to Mecca for the annual pilgrimage. By all accounts, the Bani Utub adapted well to a settled life, creating a society based on seafaring, pearling, and trade with the Bedouin tribes that had stayed behind in the desert. Until the oil boom, this society remained intact, with remarkably little change in its character.

In order to cope with their new social and economic relationships, which were far more complex than those of the desert, the Bani Utub established a unique political system. As nearly as historians can make out, the three chief families of the tribe negotiated a contract shortly after settling in Kuwait which provided for a division of labor. The Khalifas were to take responsibility for commerce and the Jalahimas the leadership in the seafaring trades. The third area, administration of the state, was assigned to the Sabahs. Historians disagree on whether this assignment should be attributed to the Sabahs' preëminence, to the good relations they maintained with the potentially threatening tribes of the interior, or to the indifference in which the money-makers held affairs of state. Kuwaiti legend holds that the Sabahs, never warriors, were known even then for their diplomatic skills—a talent they demonstrate to this day. Whatever the explanation for the arrangement, it meant in practice that the Sabahs had to bargain constantly with the other families of the tribe to acquire the funds needed to rule the domain. Having created an oligarchy of competing interests, Kuwait was, in effect, ruled by popular consent. A kind of primitive constitutional monarchy with circumscribed powers arose, providing the Kuwaitis, alone among the peoples of the Arab world, with a foundation for building a democracy. The contract between the three families was the seed of a democratic tradition that has persisted for nearly three hundred years, and of which Kuwaitis remain extremely proud.



Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Sabahs skillfully manipulated the great powers of the Gulf region so as to maintain the independence of Kuwait. Rarely did the Kuwaitis fight, and then only in brief skirmishes; to keep the peace, they relied on a policy of calculated neutrality, tilting now toward one power, now toward another. To the southwest, in the Arabian desert, the austere Islamic reformers known as the Wahabis had converted the powerful Saud tribe, which launched a politico-religious crusade that ultimately established Saudi dominance over most of the peninsula. But the Sauds did not get Kuwait. Because Persia in this period was in a weakened condition, concerned chiefly with defending itself against the rising power of the czars, the long-standing threat to the Arab world from the east remained in abeyance. The principal danger to Kuwait's independence in the nineteenth century was the empire of the Ottoman Turks, who

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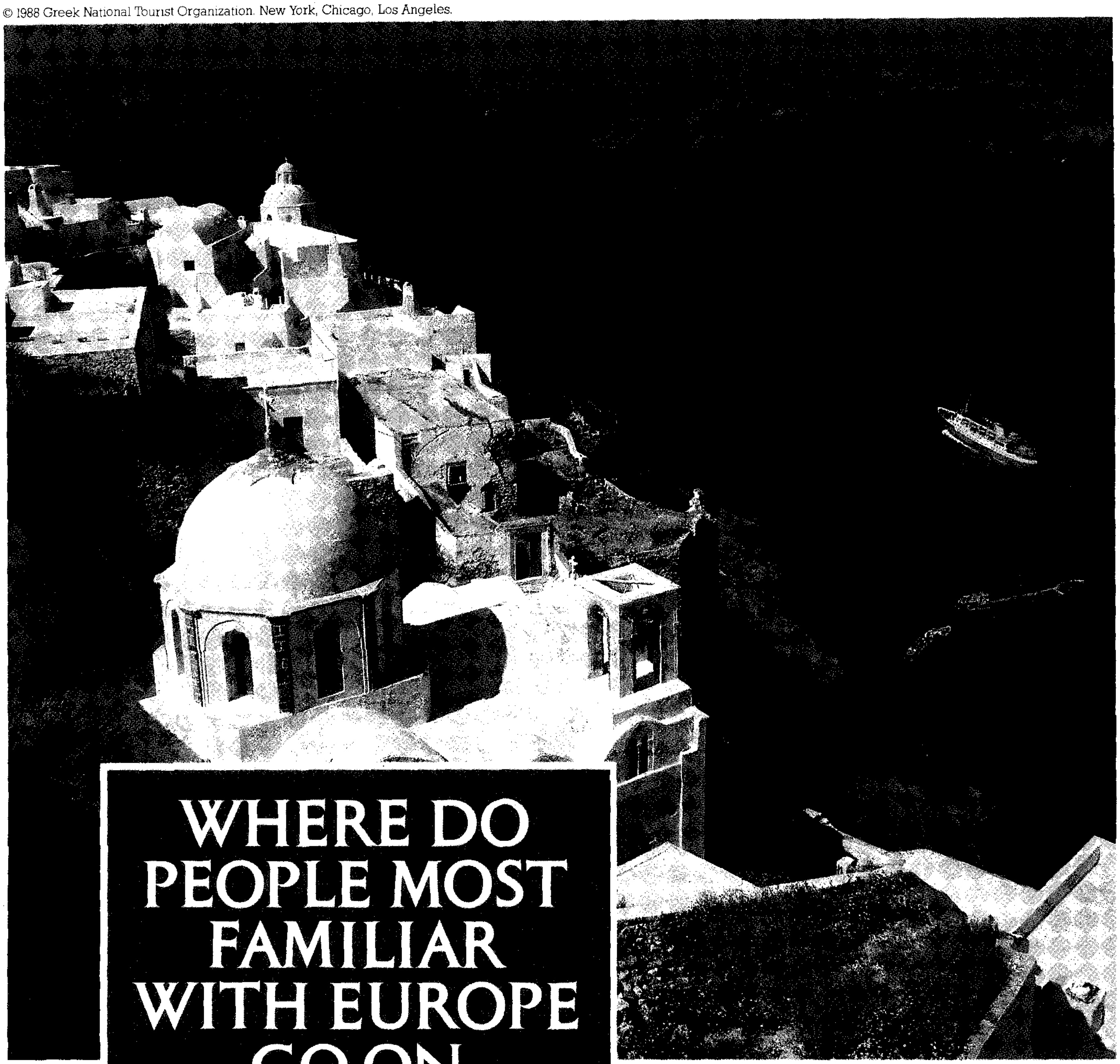

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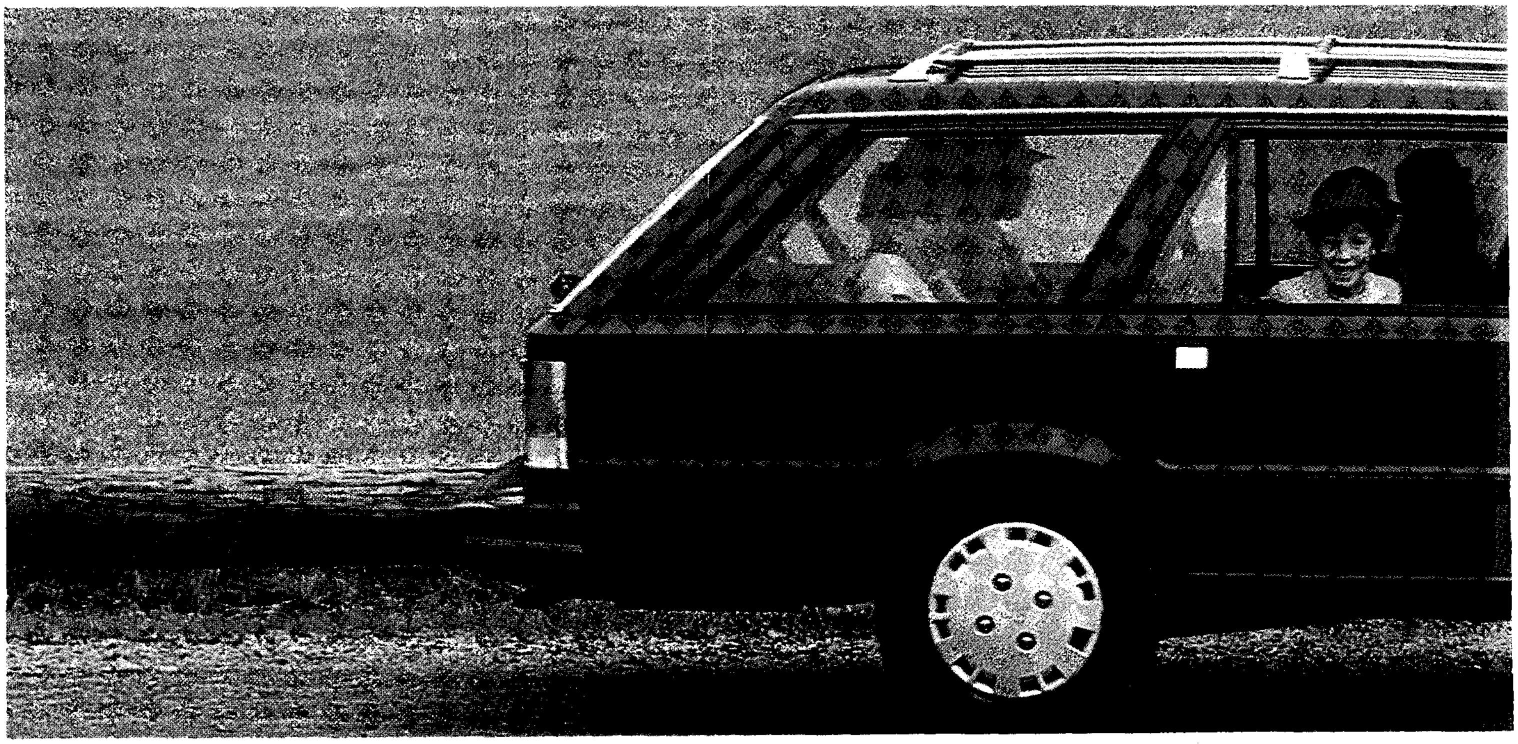
controlled the entire region to Kuwait's north and claimed sovereignty well beyond it to the south. Kuwait depended for much of its wealth on the Ottoman port of Basra, on the Shatt-al-Arab—the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates—and, consequently, had long gone out of its way to maintain amicable relations with the Turks. But in the late eighteen-nineties, when the Ottomans began talks with Germany on building an extension of the proposed Berlin-Baghdad railway, with Kuwait as the intended terminus, apprehension set in. At that point, Britain, long an interested bystander, came to Kuwait's rescue.

Committed to protecting lines of communication to India, British naval forces had first entered the Gulf in 1805, in order to counter threats from the French, the Wahabis, and assorted Arab pirates; a few years later, the British stationed a permanent naval squadron there, and in the following decades they established their preëminence in the Gulf. By mid-century, they had begun to worry that Russia intended to reach the waters of the Gulf through Persia and Ottoman Iraq, and they were determined to stand in the way. Keeping Kuwait, which controlled the top of the Gulf, in friendly hands became a strategic imperative.

In 1841, when Britain first contemplated installing itself in Kuwait, a British official sent the following dispatch to his government:

> Its harbour . . . is certainly an exceedingly fine one, capable of holding the navy of Great Britain, but so far as my observation goes, it possesses no other advantage. The country around is a salt and sandy desert, of the most barren and unhospitable description, with not a tree or shrub visible, as far as the eye can reach, excepting a few bushes which mark the wells. From the taste and quality of the water, I feel almost certain that it would not agree with the constitutions of either Europeans or Indians. . . . This town presents a singular instance of commercial prosperity. . . . The energy and courage of the people, who are closely united and free from feuds and factions, render them respected and feared by all the other Maritime Tribes. . . . The government of Shaikh Jabir is of a truly mild and paternal character. Both himself and his sons are perhaps among the worst dressed and most ill lodged residents in the place. Excepting a small duty levied upon the sales and purchases of the Bedouins who resort to his town, the Shaikh collects no taxes or customs. . . . This liberality, together with the utter absence of all pretension of outward superiority, renders Shaikh Jabir . . . most popular among his subjects, who are consequently devoted to [him] in an unusual degree.

The Sabahs, attentive as always to the concerns of their neighbors—and, perhaps, to the lucrative date-palm groves they owned in Ottoman territory near Basra—declined to consider a British proposal to establish a base in the town, and the British did not force the matter. But, recognizing a potential ally, they decided to cultivate friendly relations with Kuwait's ruling family, and doing so paid off a half century later, in the reign of Sheikh Mubarak al-Sabah, who acquired the throne in 1896 by assassinating his two half brothers. (Mubarak's bloody coup d'état stands out as an exception in a history virtually free of dynastic violence. Kuwaitis rarely discuss the murders, and would no doubt prefer to excise them from their collective memory—particularly since Mubarak's reign is otherwise regarded as illustrious.) When the Ottomans let Mubarak know that they might overthrow him as punishment for his crimes, he turned



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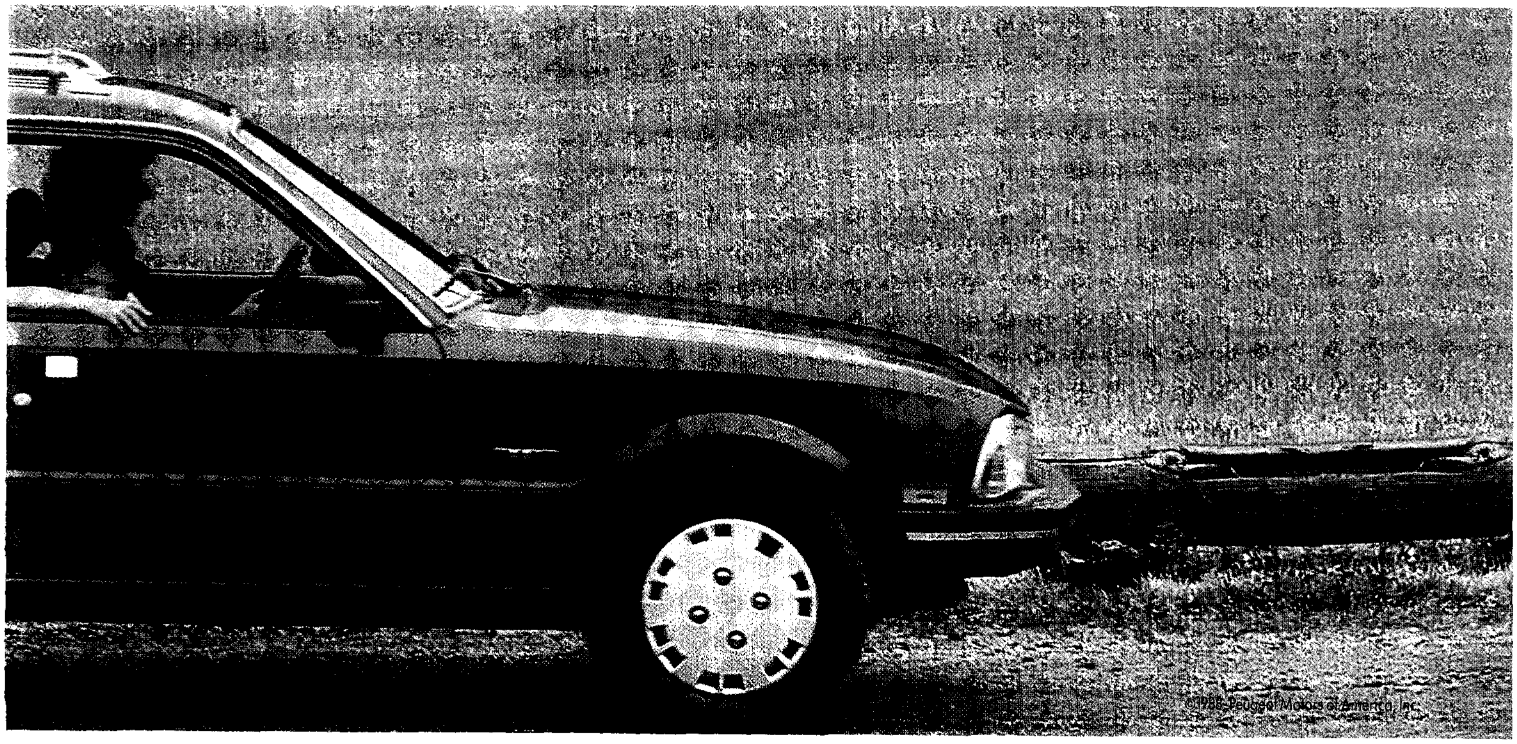
to Britain for help, and in 1899 he signed a treaty making Kuwait a British protectorate. The agreement secured Mubarak's power and provided Britain with a stronghold at the top of the Gulf. It also shifted Kuwait's political alignment away from the Ottoman empire, and opened a window to the West that has never been closed.

Under British influence, Mubarak undertook a series of major internal reforms. He established a customs office to provide an independent base of revenue for the operation of the state. He also created a civil service, authorized the establishment of the first schools and a hospital, and invited Westerners to work as doctors and teachers—and even welcomed them as missionaries. Soon after the missionaries arrived, a community of Christians assembled, most of them from Syria and Iraq. By then, a number of Persian and Iraqi Jews had settled, and the two communities thrived, but in time the missionaries departed, and today few Kuwaiti Christians and no Jews remain. Nevertheless, the tolerant tone set by Mubarak's administration did much to shape the modern Kuwaiti state.

BADR KHALED AL-BADR, a former Kuwaiti Ambassador to the Gulf states, reminisced for me about the days of his boyhood, when Sheikh Salim, who became emir of Kuwait in 1917 and was the ninth Sabah to rule since the founding of the state, routinely wandered through the souk on horseback. Badr was born in 1912, into a prominent merchant family. Since his retirement as Ambassador, he has published a memoir of his early life and begun work on a sequel, and he has acquired a reputation as both a historian and a storyteller. We talked on a chilly February afternoon, with an electric heater warming the living room of his house, which is in a modest middle-class neighborhood of the city. Badr wore a heavy sweater over his *dishdashah* and wool slippers on his feet. A small pot of Arab coffee, heavily laced with cardamom, stood beside a dish of Arab cakes and candies on a table before us. Periodically, he filled my tiny cup and urged a sweet on me.

"In the morning," Badr recalled, "the Emir worked in the Seif Palace, where he received visitors and mediated minor disputes. At the end of the morning, he made a tour of the souk, surrounded by a handful of retainers. He wore ordinary Arab dress. Kuwait was a small place then, and I think he knew most of the people. In those days—and it's still largely true—Kuwaitis felt like a family, or at least a tribe. Bedouins, drawn by our prosperity, continued to settle in the town, and they were quickly assimilated. So the people in the souk rose to greet the Sheikh, without class resentment, respectfully. There were no cheers, but they considered him one of themselves. Often, he rode with a junior member of his family, who would stay behind to listen to whatever the merchants had to say. After making his tour, the Sheikh usually went to a coffee shop in the souk named Abu Nashi—it's not there anymore—near the big mosque. Anyone could approach him there and talk to him. That was our tradition. But mostly he received his friends—distinguished merchants and other notables—and together they did the business of the state. The problems of



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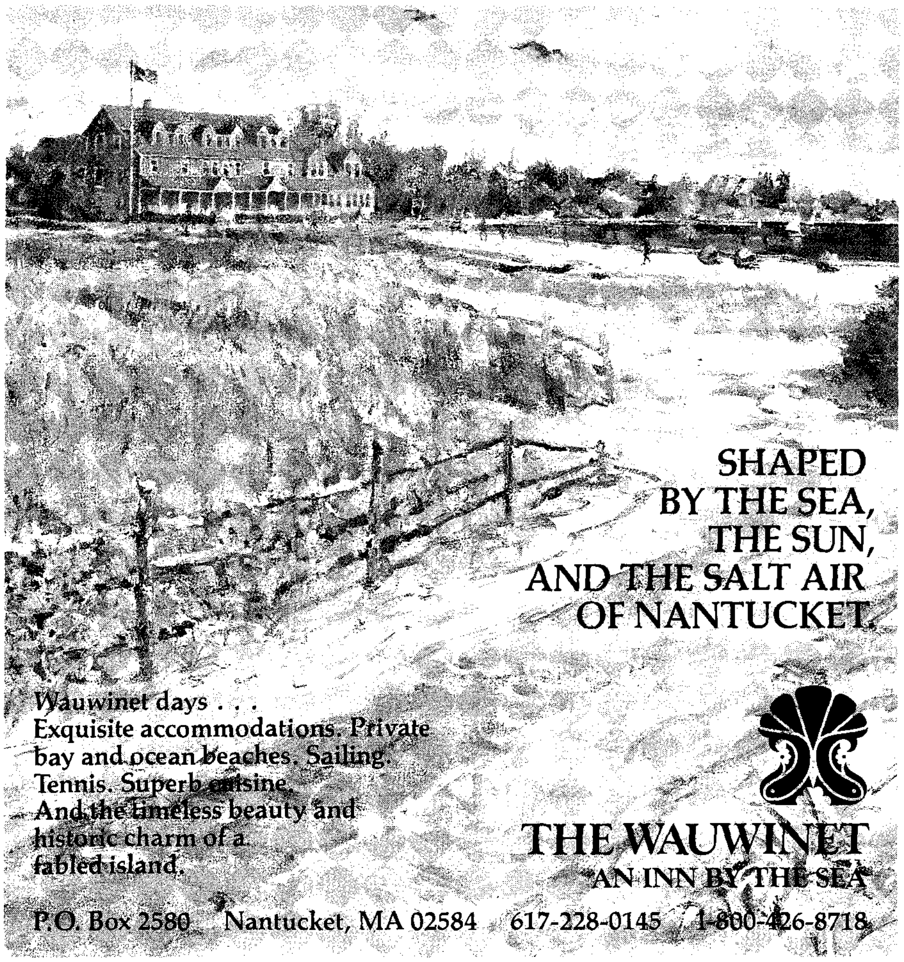
Kuwait didn't seem so serious then."

The souk, Badr recalled, looked much as it does today: it was the same labyrinth of shops shaded from the sun by flimsy roofs of whatever materials were available. Fresh fish was always abundant, brought in daily by local fishermen, he said—which led me to inquire why, since pearling in the Gulf was once a major source of income, one sees no oysters today in the souk or the local restaurants. Badr replied that Arabs never developed a taste for shellfish, and that even the pearlers, after shucking the oysters, invariably threw their catch overboard. Also absent from today's souk, he said, were artifacts of the era when Kuwait was a great builder of ships—of the graceful dhow, for travel inside the Gulf, and the similarly designed but larger *bom*, for plying the high seas. In his boyhood days, large sections of the souk were set aside for the sale of ropes, sails, nets, anchors, pulleys, and other accoutrements of the industry. Some of these products were imported from Europe or India, but Kuwaitis were skilled craftsmen and made many such items in local workshops.

Since Kuwait was both a caravan crossroads and a port, Badr said, the souk was cosmopolitan, with merchants bringing in goods from all parts of the Gulf region and beyond. Many traders from Persia settled in Kuwait, adding to the Sunni society its first Shiite Muslims; some of them became extremely rich, but few ever penetrated the élite ranks of the old families. In those days, the souk still had a Jewish section, which specialized in imported fabrics and was patronized by the stylish ladies of the town. The Jews from Iraq spoke Arabic and those from Iran spoke Persian, Badr said, but they prayed together in one synagogue, just outside the souk. Alone among the Kuwaitis, the Jews were permitted by the Emir to make an alcoholic drink—the product of fermented dates—but they were forbidden to sell it to Muslims. As for the patronage of the souk, there were—besides the Kuwaitis and the caravans of traders—crowds of Bedouins passing through on migrations from as far away as the Baghdad and Damascus regions; most arrived after the spring rains, Badr said, when the desert was green and the animals were fat.

"For me, as a young boy, the last day of the pearling season—usually the end



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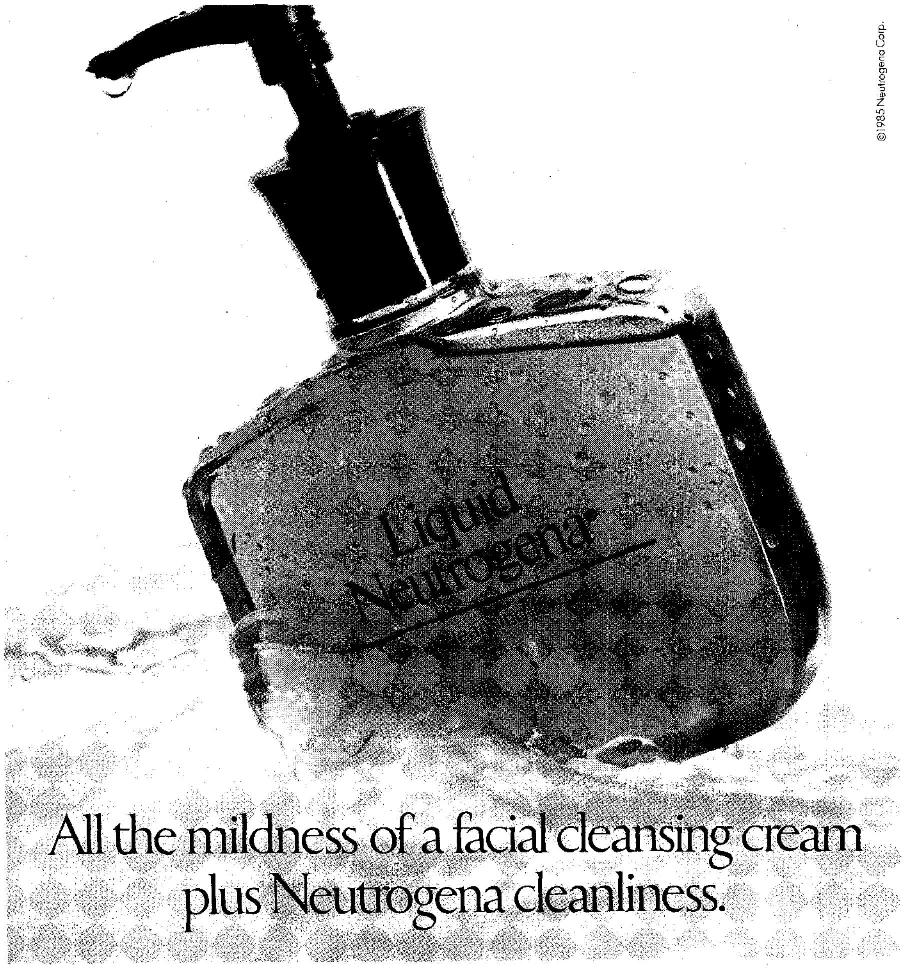

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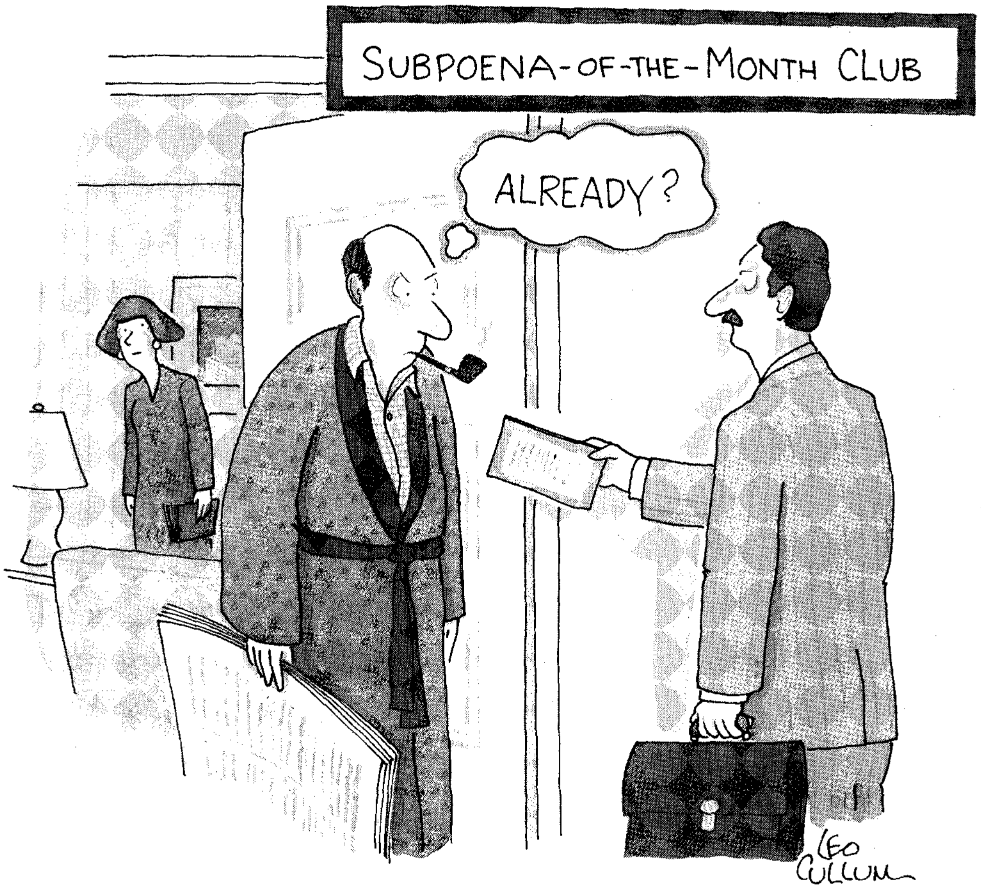


of September—was the most exciting day of the year," he recalled. "The captains of the major ships would agree in advance on the day and send a courier home from the sea to notify the town. All the women waited on the shore with their children to greet the fleet. As it came in sight, the flagship fired its guns to signal that the year's work was done. It was the end of four months of hard work—of diving from dawn to dusk, with breaks only to sleep, eat, and say prayers. In the year I was born, eight hundred ships went to sea for pearl fishing, averaging thirty-five men per ship. It was a coöperative venture, with each crew member receiving a share of the take. When the fleet arrived home, the pearl brokers were waiting in the souk to bargain for the catch, which they generally sent on either to Bombay or to Paris. And when the men came ashore their earnings were waiting for them, and they joined the townspeople in a huge celebration that lasted all day long."

Badr told me that his grandfather had been the captain of a trading vessel, as had several generations of forebears. The merchantmen, built in Kuwait of Indian teak, followed a regular circuit. It began in Basra, where they picked up dates to carry to India or East Africa. From there they returned with cargoes of piece goods, lumber, and spices, which would be sent on by caravan to Baghdad, Damascus, and other cities of the interior. Goods from the local market were carried by dhows, which went out with the wool and the animals that the Bedouins brought from the desert, and returned with tea, coffee, tobacco, sugar, and rice—staples of the Bedouin diet. Those were golden days for Kuwait; its shipbuilding, pearling, and maritime commerce all thrived. Thanks to a steady influx of Bedouins, the population had risen from ten thousand in the mid-nineteenth century to about thirty-five thousand by 1910. Badr remembers camel-drawn carts routinely rumbling across the arid flats beyond the city wall to the oasis village of Hawalli to bring back water for the city, though the demand had by then exceeded what the wells could provide. To make up the difference, some fifty large dhows left Kuwait daily on a voyage to the Shatt-al-Arab, returning with fresh water in wooden casks. Kuwait continued to obtain its water in this manner until 1953, when the country's first desalinization plant opened—one of the early benefits of the oil boom. But Kuwait was to suffer hard days before the oil revenues started rolling in.

THE period roughly spanning the two World Wars, characterized internationally by economic stagnation, was one of particular privation for Kuwait. The Japanese discovered how to produce cultured pearls, and the British made the sail-powered dhow all but obsolete in the Gulf with their steam freighters. (The dhows that survive are engine-powered.) These technological changes ended the long era in which Kuwait's merchant and pearling fleets had made it the maritime queen of the Gulf.

Meanwhile, the reforms wrought by Sheikh Mubarak intensified the rivalry for power between the Sabahs and the merchant élite which history had built into Kuwaiti politics. This élite was now educated, well travelled, and sophisticated, though in composition it had changed remarkably little from the few families that came out of the desert with the Sabahs. In 1921, six years after Mubarak's death, the merchants took it upon themselves to organize a twelve-member advisory council, seeking to institutionalize—much as the nobles did under King John—their ancient rights. The council disintegrated in bickering within a couple of months, but, in the years that followed, the merchants repeatedly challenged tax increases decreed by successive emirs. The British remained officially neutral, since the disputes did not jeopardize their position in the Gulf, but they sympathized with the merchants' promotion of governmental reforms. In 1936, the merchants managed to expand and improve the school system, and a year later, after taking control of the Kuwait municipality, they enacted a series of health, social-welfare, and public-works projects. In 1938, they confronted the Emir head on, electing from among their number a legislative assembly and inviting a dissident Sabah prince to head it. Among the new assembly's first acts was the passage of a law declaring the source of authority in Kuwait to be the people.

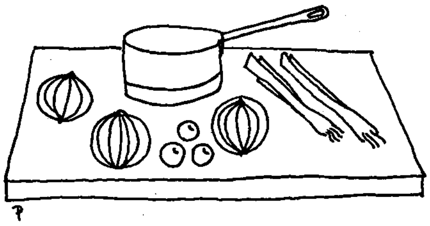
The merchants' goal was to establish a constitutional monarchy, and they drew popular support both by identifying themselves with the nationalism then beginning to sweep the

Arab world and by advocating a social program of wide-ranging benefits. At first, the royal family's response to what it regarded as usurpation was temperate; the Sabahs showed no disposition to remake Kuwait in the authoritarian image of Saudi Arabia. With little fanfare, they extended a range of liberties—for example, to women, who threw away the veil and established themselves in business, finance, and education. Concocting no claim to divine right, the Sabahs continued to rely on history to sustain their legitimacy, and the emir, Sheikh Ahmad, vowed his fidelity to the consultation process, stipulating that power-sharing was intrinsic to Kuwaiti culture. Kuwaitis began referring to their system of government as a democracy.

In the six months following the assembly's election, however, Sheikh Ahmad and the merchants were continually at loggerheads—over the assembly's role in making the budget and over its proposals for establishing an independent police force, reducing onerous fees and taxes, and removing corrupt royalist officials. Unprecedentedly, the Sabahs used arrests and beatings to discourage their opponents; finally, when the members of the assembly barricaded themselves in a chamber in the palace, the Emir sent his tribal militia to dislodge them. In the course of this showdown, two members of the assembly were shot, one fatally. There was no civil war; the assembly was dismissed by the Emir and failed to receive the support it had expected from the people, the British, and various royal dissidents. A whiff of grapeshot had been enough to put it to flight, and the nation remained with the Sabahs.

What the rebels did not know—though perhaps they sensed it—was that the power struggle had already, in effect, been decided. In 1934, Sheikh Ahmad had signed an agreement with the British which gave a countrywide oil concession to the Kuwait Oil Company, a consortium made up of Gulf Oil and British Petroleum. The terms of the agreement treated Kuwait as if it were the private property of its emir, and provided that all the income from the concession would go directly to him. Apparently, the merchants failed to grasp the full significance of this contract and never really challenged it. For all practical purposes, the oil agreement emancipated the royal family, and guaranteed that any future sharing of power would be the product not of negotiation between partners—as it had been for two centuries—but of Sabah largesse.

The Kuwait Oil Company dug its first exploratory well in 1936, and two years later it discovered one of the largest oil fields in the world. Production was suspended during the Second World War and resumed only in 1946, when Kuwait received its first oil revenues. In that year, the state's oil income was seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars, a figure that by 1950 had risen to sixteen million. Though not yet rich—annual revenues rose more than a thousandfold in the ensuing decades—the state already had plenty of money to carry out its functions, the responsibility for which was increasingly placed in the hands of Sabah family members. Sheikh Abdullah, who succeeded Sheikh Ahmad as emir in 1950, dispensed funds lavishly to his relatives, and within a year more than two hundred male Sabahs were on the government payroll, including descendants of Mubarak's murdered half brothers. Abdullah was only slightly less accommodating to the merchants, paying their debts and lowering their customs duties. In the late nineteen-fifties, when work began on a hastily drawn plan for economic development, he required foreign contractors to take Kuwaiti partners, which created dozens of millionaires almost overnight. When the frenzied building activity and attendant corruption sent costs rising far beyond estimates, Abdullah turned for loans to the merchants. In return, he pledged that the Sabahs would keep their hands off the vast profits that lay ahead in the private sector, and the royal family has since invested the bulk of its funds abroad, leaving domestic Kuwaiti business—most notably construction and consumer imports—in the hands of its old rivals, the merchant élite. As the city grew, Abdullah showed still further generosity by paying inflated prices to the merchants for their real-estate holdings. The huge sums earned in the early years of the boom conspicuously weakened the dedication of the old élite to constitutionalism and democracy.



Abdullah also reached out for the support of the Kuwaiti masses. The ultranationalism of Gamal Abdel Nasser had struck a sympathetic chord throughout the Arab world, and in Iraq revolutionaries were extolling the virtues of a variety of radical ideologies. Political demonstrations, though illegal, became commonplace in Kuwait in those days. To control them, Abdullah enlarged and centralized the state security forces; more important, by the mid-nineteen-fifties he had set in motion a generous social-welfare program, concentrating on basic services—roads, water, electricity, hospitals, schools, mosques. Within a few years of his accession, some twenty-eight thousand boys and eighteen thousand girls were in school, compared with only six hundred boys two decades earlier. Health care, like education, was free. Electricity was sold at a fraction of cost and was extended throughout the country. Most effective of all in spreading the wealth, all Kuwaitis, even the illiterate, were guaranteed a government job at a decent salary. The only condition was citizenship, for which strict requirements were imposed. Abdullah placed a premium on being Kuwaiti, attaching to citizenship an exclusivity that gave the recipients a vested interest in the political and social status quo.

His domestic house in order, Abdullah was ready to bid goodbye to the British, and in 1961 he signed a treaty of independence, bringing to an end the protectorate that Sheikh Mubarak had negotiated in 1899. In the following months, he founded an army, chiefly of Bedouins, on which he began spending heavily. In fairness, it should be noted that not all of Kuwait's new wealth was spent in Kuwait. During this period, Abdullah established the practice of bestowing generous foreign aid; most of it went to Arab countries, but at a level—as a percentage of the donor's G.N.P.—far higher than that provided by any Western country. It was also Abdullah who, in 1960, negotiated an agreement with Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Venezuela to form the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), which was instrumental in ending the domination of the international oil market by Western interests.

In his most dramatic move, Abdullah gave the country a constitution, which included provisions for a free press and the election of a fifty-member national assembly. The constitution, however, banned political parties, limited the franchise to male Kuwaiti citizens, and carefully circumscribed the assembly's authority. In short, it was designed to convey the illusion rather than the substance of power-sharing, in order to avoid the irritations created by the merchant-dominated body of 1938. Yet the first assembly, elected in 1963, wound up with a dozen noisy Nasserites in opposition, and, despite heavy gerrymandering, the assemblies that followed in 1967 and 1971 both showed a surprising spirit of independence. In 1975, the fourth national assembly launched an attack, with strong popular and press support, on the royal family's favoritism to the rich in the distribution of oil revenues. Sheikh Sabah al-Salem, Abdullah's successor, was dismayed by this audacity, and in 1976 he dissolved the assembly, suspended the constitution, and imposed a gag on the press. Four years after the dissolution of the assembly, the war in the Gulf broke out, subjecting Kuwait's governing institutions to still further tensions and raising the question of whether Kuwait's democratic ideal had become unattainable.

"FEW cities in history have burgeoned with the same momentum and rapidity that Kuwait has," an urban visionary wrote in 1964. He continued:

> The impact of revenue on landscape is, in Kuwait, perhaps more dramatic than anywhere else. . . . The Kuwaitis have chosen so far to build . . . everything urban . . . *en masse:* roads, houses, schools, hospitals, mosques, warehouses, public utilities. . . . To get this huge job done, Kuwait recruited engineers, technicians, white-collar workers, and laborers literally by the thousands, till the corps of employees engaged in the building of Kuwait exceeded in number the armies of many an Arab country. This large force itself instigated a large buildup for its own housing, servicing, and upkeep. . . . The developmental craze had reached such a high pitch by June, 1960, that . . . urban suicide was incipient, at least in the old city. . . . Kuwait literally exploded from a small village into a fast-urbanizing regional metropolis. . . . Townscape here is baffling, scale overwhelming. . . . The streets—more like superhighways—are wide and long, and buildings rarely bear any architectural relationship to them. The art of walking has been lost. . . . The speed of this unique urban explosion, the momentum propelling it into a chain of explosions, the ambitious drive behind the fast urbanization, and the vast revenues making all this possible are, perhaps, unprecedented in urban history. They are certainly unprecedented in any harsh desert locus. . . . Millions of cubic metres of sand have been removed from the city, exchanged for "sweet" soil and planted, until several areas in and around the city have been transformed into parks, gardens, and green strips. The effort expended on confronting the desert in Kuwait is a gigantic, ruthless, unrelenting, courageous, and determined effort: a unique Arab effort. A drama—a great drama—is still being enacted over the sands of Arabia.

These words are from a memoir by Saba George Shiber, an architect and city planner, who was born in Palestine and educated at universities in Beirut, Cairo, and the United States. In 1960, the Kuwaiti government, acknowledging the mistakes of the past and anxious to repair them, called on him to guide the city's continuing growth. When Shiber first saw Kuwait, he was both exhilarated and appalled, and he noted in his diary that if he accepted the government's offer he would "check all the parasites profiteering from too rapid growth" and "create the renaissance city of the century." Shiber, who died in the late sixties, did succeed in imposing reasonable standards of urban planning. But he never quite brought the renegade practices of the land speculators and the building contractors under control, and slowing the momentum of growth proved to be beyond him. In the final judgment, his not inconsiderable achievement may have been to keep the disorder from becoming worse than it might otherwise have been. What is remarkable is that the description Shiber gives of Kuwait in 1964 applies just as well to the Kuwait of today.

Modern Kuwait, as Shiber suggests, is a land created for the automobile and the air-conditioner. At its core is the old town, once squeezed between the sea and a half-moon-shaped mud wall of which nothing but the gates remains. The old town is the site of the Seif Palace, a new Grand Mosque, a mélange of multi-storied bank and government buildings, and much empty space temporarily serving as parking lots. It also contains what is left of the souk. The adjacent downtown neighborhoods mix luxury hotels with shabby, low-lying buildings that have shops on the street level and offices or apartments above. The apartments were built for upwardly mobile

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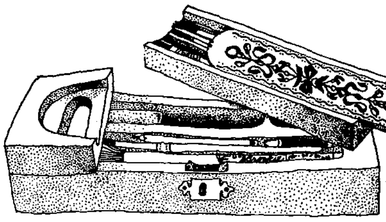
Kuwaitis in the early days of the boom, and now house foreign workers and their families. Only one thoroughfare in the downtown area—Fahd al-Salem Street—was designed for walking, and Kuwaitis long ago left it to workers from the Indian subcontinent and Southeast Asia, who shop beneath its once elegant arcades for cheap shoes and ready-to-wear, records and videocassettes, fast fried chicken and kebab, and airline tickets home.

Following the contours of the old city wall in widening half circles are sequentially numbered ring roads, which intersect in the desert with superhighways radiating outward like spokes. Since Kuwait's downtown remains its commercial hub, the ring roads and the superhighways are jammed in the mornings and evenings with white-collar workers in air-conditioned automobiles. They are today's Kuwaitis, living in villas of various degrees of sumptuousness, in mile after mile of monotonous suburbs as much as half an hour's drive from old Kuwait on the sea.

In recent years, the Kuwaiti government, having completed the nation's infrastructure, has put its mind to providing amenities, but that is not easy in a culture committed not only to the rather austere version of Islam that the Bani Utub brought from the desert but also to the functional segregation of its citizens from its foreigners. The few concert halls, theatres, and cinemas in Kuwait are patronized nearly exclusively by foreigners. Kuwaitis themselves have almost no sense of participation in, much less of contributions to, the arts. They have bookstores, but only a shallow literary tradition. There are a few important private collections of Islamic art, but little interest in other forms of art. The bland programming on the local television stations, and a range of Western and Arabic videocassettes, take up a large proportion of the average Kuwaiti's time—if only because television can be watched in the sanctuary of the home, where foreigners cannot intrude.

The city has spent increasing amounts of money to build and maintain parks, and these efforts have had a clear impact on the private sector. Kuwaitis have acquired a fascination with lawns and flowers, and spend a good deal of their own money on imported turf, seed, and plants. An American woman married to a Kuwaiti told me that for her the biggest change in the city in her twenty-five years of residence has been its transformation from an ugly, depressing brown color to a cheerful, almost European green. The government is currently in the final stages of an ambitious renovation of the corniche, along which many of the Sabah princes have splendid homes, and which rich young Kuwaitis favor for late-night drag racing in their European and Japanese roadsters. The project has provided attractive promenades, playgrounds, air-conditioned restaurants, and outdoor cafés along the seafront. If the sandy beaches go unused, it is only because Kuwaitis are reluctant to appear publicly in swimsuits; they swim in private, at their weekend chalets at the seaside. The government has also built an Arab version of Disneyland and a network of sports clubs, but a more popular entertainment for Kuwaitis seems to be camping in tents in the desert, where they are said to feel at one with their roots. There is an active dinner-party circuit—particularly among the many Kuwaitis who have been to school in the West—known for fine cuisine and expensive whiskey bootlegged in from Bahrain. But, as the Kuwaitis themselves note waggishly, their favorite pastime is shopping, which they do in air-conditioned supermarkets and indoor malls filled with luxury imports from around the world, many of which display ultra-chic labels and command premium prices. The malls are crowded day and night, the year around.

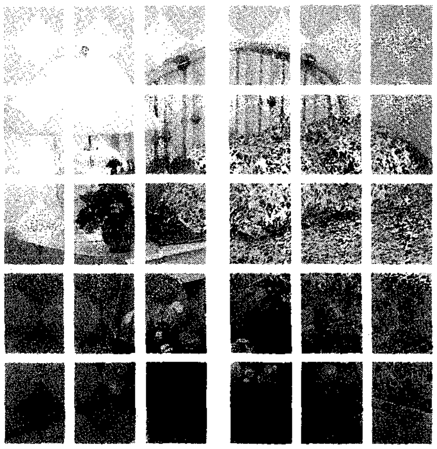
A uniquely Kuwaiti diversion is the *diwaniyah*. It is a kind of men's club, a relic of desert life, which meets at scheduled times—normally, one morning or evening each week—in a building that serves no other function, usually near the host's home. The word applies both to the meeting ("My *diwaniyah* is tonight. Please come") and to the place in which it is held ("I built this *diwaniyah* last year"). The institution is ubiquitous in Kuwaiti society; I have even heard of teen-agers with *diwaniyahs*. The host conventionally serves coffee and tea, occasionally cakes or snacks, and, in rare instances, dinner. "A *diwaniyah*," an Arab scholar wrote a decade ago, "will tend to embrace members of similar social standing, religion, and even age. Thus a man cannot really choose to 'join' a *diwaniyah;* he is born into one. . . . One can be invited to a *diwaniyah*, or eventually become part of it, but subtle and longstanding ties among the members generally characterize *diwaniyahs*."



In theory, the *diwaniyah* is an open house—a concept rooted in desert culture—and welcomes whoever chooses to come. In reality, however, it is an occasion for members of an extended family, their friends, and their business associates to relax, exchange gossip, make deals, and be seen. Some subjects—women and sex, for example—are said to be taboo at *diwaniyahs*, but politics is not one of them. Kuwaitis are generally freewheeling in their political talk, and are not at all hesitant about speaking out against the government. Some Kuwaitis maintain that the *diwaniyah*, as a forum for criticism, is a pillar of their democracy. My own observation is that the *diwaniyah*—at least, as the rich and powerful use it—is an important instrument for fostering the cohesion of the ruling class.

During my stay in Kuwait, I attended a half-dozen *diwaniyahs*, of which the most high-powered was that of Sheikh Nasser, the Minister of Social Affairs and Labor and a member of the royal family. Like the others, it was a jolly affair, at which the arriving guests—all middle-aged men wearing the inevitable *dishdashah*—were greeted by the Sheikh and the seated guests with a rousing "*Sabah al khair*" ("Good morning") or "*Salam alekum*" ("Peace be with you"). As each man entered, he walked directly to the roly-poly Sheikh, whom he embraced and who beamed amiably in return, but there was clearly a hierarchy—though it was too subtle for me to understand—because some "*Sabah al khair*"*s* were shouted more enthusiastically than others. In the old days, the guests took seats on cushions on the floor, but now the *diwaniyahs* have chairs backed against the walls, on which the guests sit shoulder-to-shoulder to talk. Sheikh Nasser's *diwaniyah* is the size of a squash court, its floor covered by several bright-colored Persian rugs, but it was not the largest I saw. The Shayas, a family of rich merchants and landowners, have a *diwaniyah* the size of a basketball court, but they reserve it for holidays; their *diwaniyah* for ordinary use, much smaller in size, is across an inner courtyard from it. In contrast, Abdul Aziz Hussein, a former Minister of Education, received me in an intellectual's modest *diwaniyah*, its walls lined with books. He is the third generation to preside over it, he told me. On the night I attended, the formal sitting ended at about ten, after which Hussein and his friends descended to the floor for a rousing game of cards.

"People here are leaning more and more toward Kuwaiti architecture, talking more and more about their traditions, trying to get closer to their cultural origins," I was told by Ibrahim al-Shaheen, the American-educated head of the National Housing Authority, which has the responsibility for building the homes that are filling out the suburbs of Kuwait. "In the nineteen-sixties, everyone wanted to build a Western-style villa. In the seventies, people began to ask for old-fashioned Islamic arches and traditional Arab lines. Now the trend is to return to Kuwaiti-style buildings—simple houses, with the rooms giving on a courtyard, and with small openings to keep out the sun. In all our new houses, something in the décor is recognizably Arab. And every house has a detached *diwaniyah*. Admittedly, some people use it for a children's room or a TV room—or even rent it out to foreigners, which is illegal—but, still, the *diwaniyah* remains surprisingly popular. Though most Kuwaiti families now live Western-style—that is, the men and the women do not have separate lives—the prevalence of the *diwaniyah* suggests that there is some drifting back to an earlier order of values. Not so much among the older generation—most of them are glad to have left a hard life behind. But the younger people think that something has been lost. Like the new taste in architecture, the rise of fundamentalism is a reaction to that loss. Fundamentalism is showing up in our universities, in the clothes the women wear to conceal their bodies, in the shift of control in the student unions from leftists to fundamentalists. Moreover, the Iran-Iraq war has spread a feeling of danger. Such a situation produces extremists, and that is unfortunate, but



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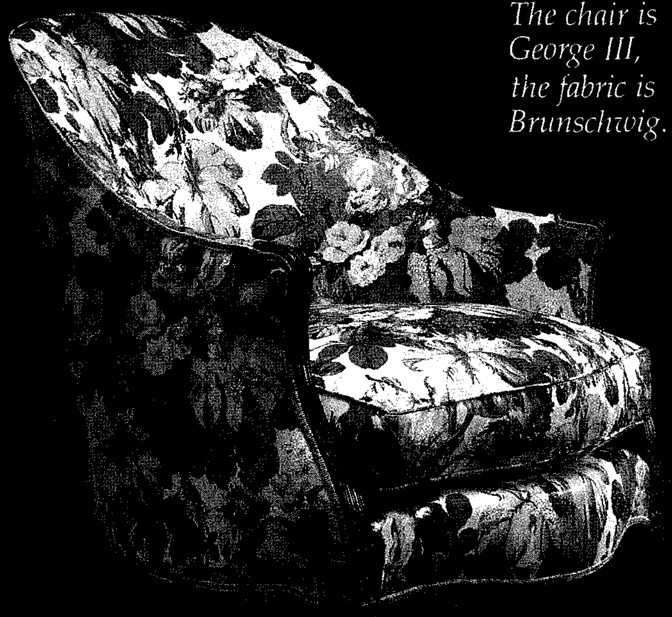

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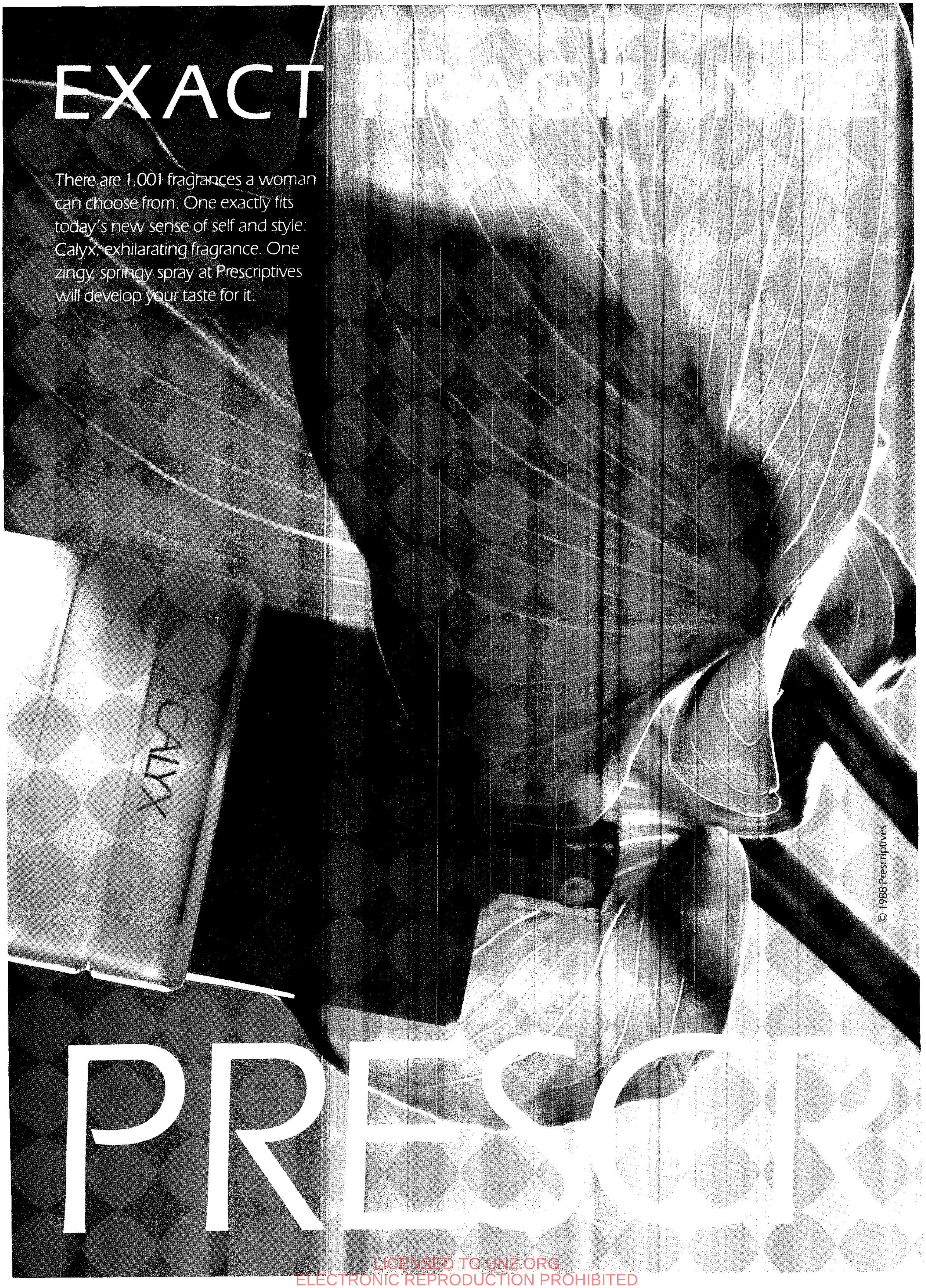
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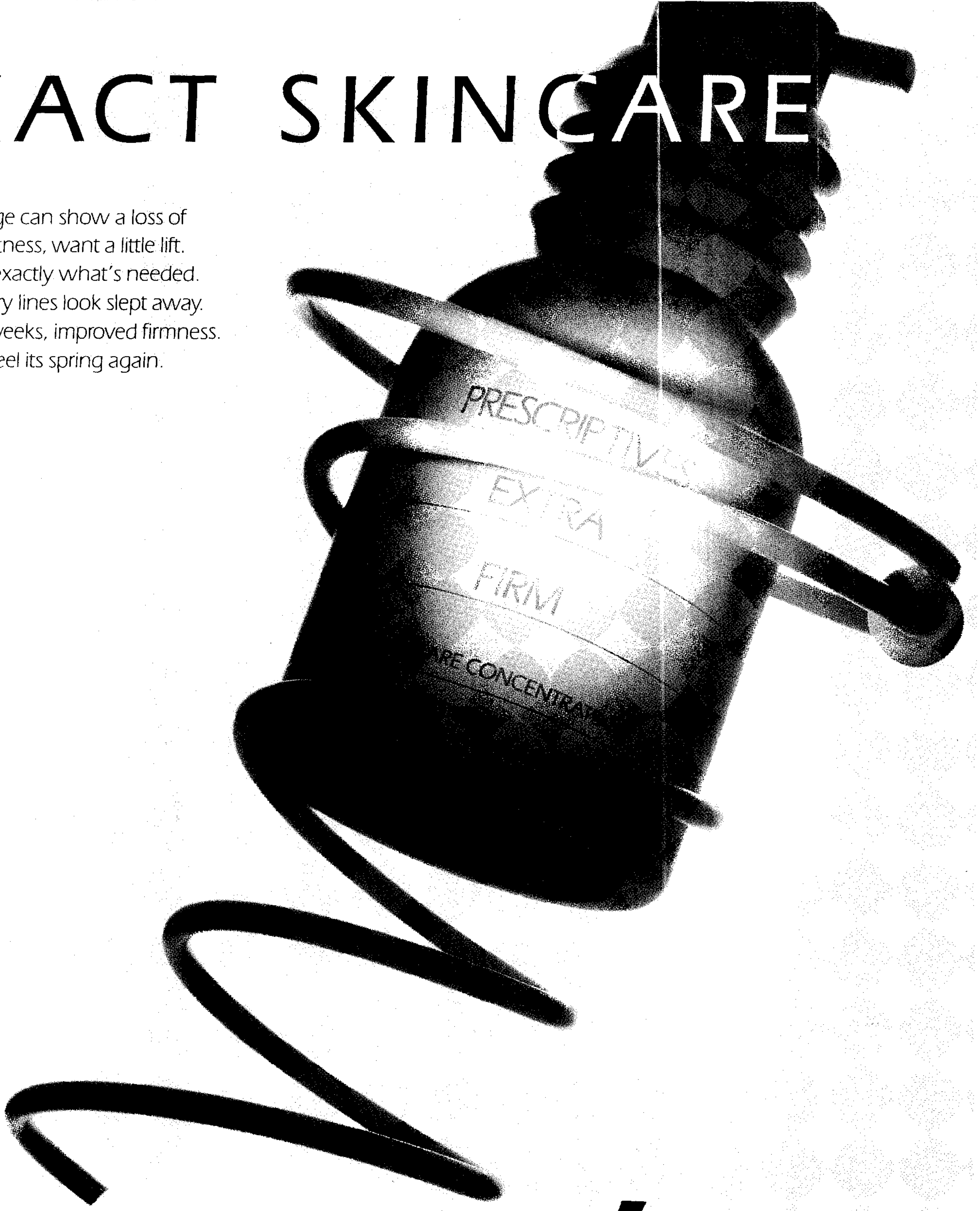
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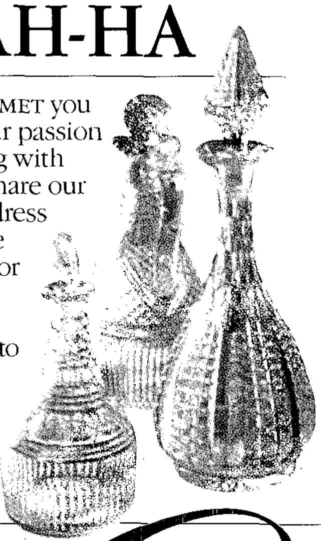

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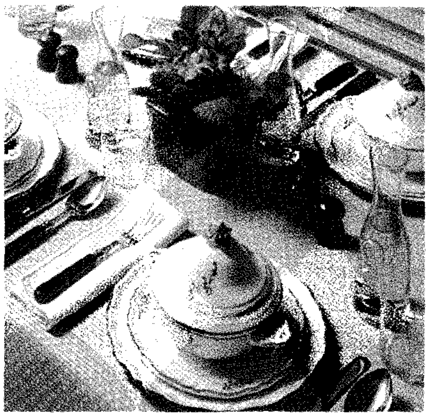

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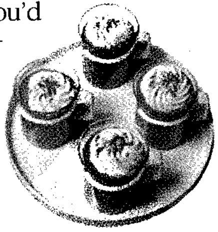

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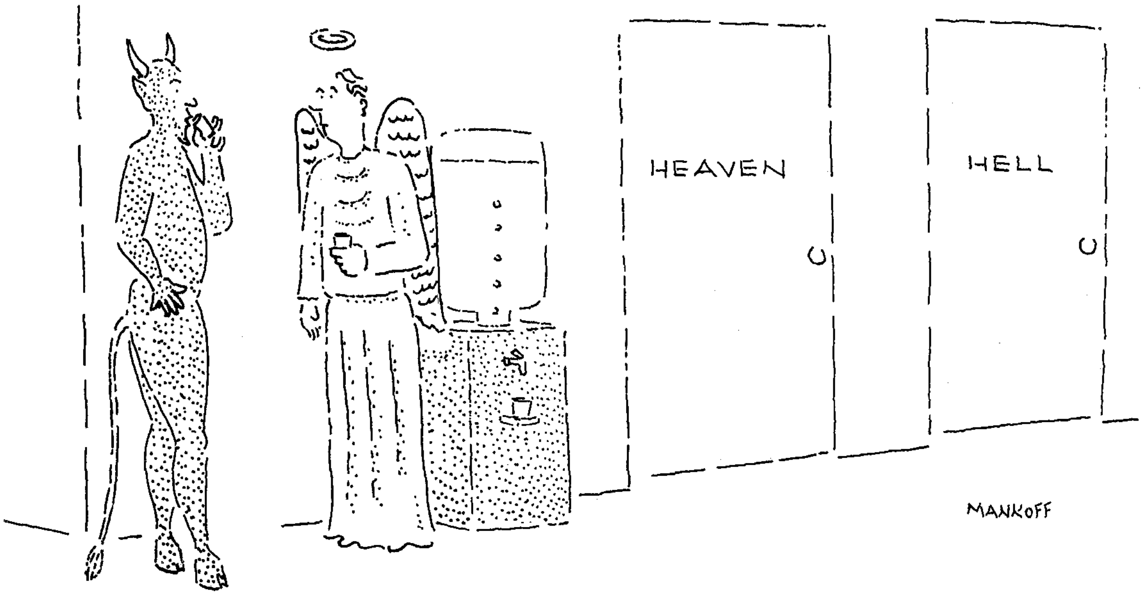
that is how a closed society reacts to danger. I don't think the new emphasis on heritage is a fad. I think it is real, and useful. But this notion of returning to our roots is also a system of defense against outsiders."



Shaheen said that Kuwait's "complete welfare system" has probably substituted psychological problems for the society's old economic problems, and they are much harder for planners to deal with. Since the days of Sheikh Abdullah, Kuwaitis have come to take the economic benefits of their citizenship for granted—housing, a guaranteed salary, free education and health care, subsidized food and utilities, no taxes. Upon getting married, a Kuwaiti couple acquires the right to a ready-built house—two living rooms, five bedrooms, five bathrooms, a maid's quarters, a kitchen, and, of course, a *diwaniyah*. Alternatively, they are entitled to a free plot of land and an interest-free loan, if they want to build a grander house. Nine out of ten employed Kuwaitis are on the government's payroll, and economists point out that even if Kuwait never pumped another barrel of oil the income from the eighty billion dollars that is estimated to have been invested abroad would provide every Kuwaiti with a decent income forever. "The young Kuwaiti has no idea of what income or savings are," Shaheen said. "He has forgotten how to work. Even if he has a job, he certainly has no idea how to compete."

Saba George Shiber, though he was a drawing-board kind of planner, long ago sensed that Kuwait's wealth created the risk of a significant social problem. "When everyone in Kuwait owns a villa or two, four cars or five, and has more than enough of all that the U.S.A., Europe, and Japan manufacture, what then?" he wrote in 1961. "When all the schools and hospitals, fire and police stations, the corniche and the government center, as well as the regional highway network and . . . the international airport are all built, what then? . . . By then, there probably would not be a single poor or derelict Kuwaiti. Indeed, by then, every Kuwaiti would be very rich, well established in business and/or a government position . . . with few pecuniary worries about housing, health, education, pension, and the future in general. . . . What will happen then?" Being perceptive with the questions, however, was not the same as being good with the answers. Shiber advocated opening Kuwaiti citizenship to a wide range of non-Kuwaiti Arabs, but the royal family would not hear of it, and he never offered them a plan that they were willing to endorse. Instead, he gave way to wishful thinking. "One cannot help but firmly believe that the authorities are conscious of the post-1970 era," he wrote. "And one cannot help but believe that they will act wisely, in the near future, to lay the sound cornerstones of an expanding Kuwait."

The problem, planners today agree, is not that Kuwait's authorities have acted unwisely but that they have not acted at all. Shiber believed that a wider citizenry would enlarge Kuwait's economic base and create a healthy diversity. Influenced by patterns of growth he saw in the United States, he argued for a cosmopolitan city of three million, "a great oasis" of the Arab world. But conventional Kuwaiti wisdom held that enlarging the economic base would dilute the benefits of existing wealth, and that diversity would only cause political problems. If there is a consensus among Kuwaitis, it lies in rejecting Shiber's vision. But there is no consensus on a vision to adopt in its place. The fundamentalists are arguing that Islamic law will solve all Kuwait's problems, but there is still strong backing for a secular society. A decade ago, Kuwaitis seemed to agree on the advisability of reducing the people's dependency on the state, and increasing individual competition and risk-taking, but since the start of the Iran-Iraq war the trend has moved the other way: there has been a shrinking private sector, and more intrusion by government not only into the economy but into private lives. The war, a former official said, has moved Kuwait into a survival mode.

In its public pronouncements, the government's planning establishment is less pessimistic—though only slightly less. Kuwait has a master plan, which calls for Kuwaitis to rise from their present level of thirty-nine per cent of the total population to fifty per cent by the year 2000. But since citizens currently hold only nineteen per cent of Kuwait's jobs, most of them sinecures, the real challenge is how to put Kuwaitis to productive work so that foreigners can go home. The government accepts the Kuwaiti aversion to blue-collar labor, and has therefore decided against a policy of heavy industrialization, which would simply add to the number of foreigners needed to run the economy. Instead, it stresses getting thousands of Kuwaitis out of government and into skilled labor and middle management in the private sector—a goal it will try to achieve through training programs in administration, computers, and related fields. But, as economists point out, replacing a non-Kuwaiti with a more highly paid Kuwaiti will inflate salary levels, and so raise prices in an already high-cost economy. This assumes, of course, that Kuwaitis are willing to work at all.

“Kuwaitis have neglected to work for more than thirty years,” said Fuad Mulla Hussein, the secretary-general of the government's Higher Planning Council. “In the fifties and sixties, we could afford the luxury of employing others to execute our massive development programs, which in any case we could not do by ourselves. But now—though we realize that our oil income is neither unlimited nor permanent, and we are already running a budget deficit—we persist in the same practices. Kuwaitis have become spoiled children. They want a job only if they can be directors or managers. We would like to make hard work socially acceptable again. We have got to have Kuwaitis repairing cars, running retail shops, operating computers. The government has a plan, but at best it will take time to transform our consumer culture, our *rentier* society. And, even if our most optimistic projections work out, Kuwaitis in the year 2000 will be half the population but will still hold only twenty-five per cent of the jobs. The truth is that we're not sure we know how to get Kuwaitis back to work. How do you motivate someone who has everything?”

AS the prosperous hub of a region of poverty, Kuwait has long attracted migrants, not all of whom have been readily absorbed into the local population. The Bedouins who came in from the desert beginning at the turn of the century—Arabs by language and culture, Sunni Muslims by religion—became integrated rather easily, even though few ever achieved the social status of the early inhabitants. But the Shiite Muslims, who began migrating from Iran in the same period, remained a group apart, perpetually sensitive to their separateness. Today, nearly a third of all Kuwaitis are Shiites; a few of them have grown very rich, but most are laborers, many of them in the oil fields. In the nineteen-thirties and forties, a handful of Palestinians and Egyptians came to Kuwait to organize the civil service and the school system. But not until the fifties did Kuwait open its doors to the huge numbers of immigrant workers needed to build the modern state. By the mid-nineteen-sixties, they made up the majority of the population.

Foreigners in Kuwait have almost no legal rights, no matter how long they remain in the country. A foreigner cannot own a house, or a plot of land, or more than a minority share of a business. A foreigner cannot obtain either a working or a residency permit without a Kuwaiti sponsor, to whom he remains beholden, and though immigrants with high-paying jobs are permitted to bring wives and family they must leave Kuwait promptly—even though they may have served faithfully for decades—when they retire, when their contract expires, or when they otherwise lose their employment. They do receive free medical care, but are entitled to none of the other social benefits available to Kuwaitis, and they and their children have severely limited access to the public schools. Their pay is set by international supply and demand, which means that they receive a fraction of a Kuwaiti's pay, and though in some circumstances they are provided with government housing, they are usually forced to seek lodgings on the free market, with the result that many live in slums.

Last November, the *Arab Times*, a local English-language daily, departed from the press's usual silence on the tribulations of foreign workers to report that some two hundred and fifty Bangladeshis, living ten to a room and sleeping on bare floors, had not been paid in nine months, and that some two thousand Filipinos employed by an engineering firm had been threatened with expulsion for refusing to waive claims to back pay. When the government complained about the articles, the paper dropped the subject—including an unpublished report of a scuffle over back wages among nine hundred Chinese employees of a contracting company, in which a supervisor was injured and a police van stoned. The company belonged to a member of the royal family. It is true that foreigners have recourse to the courts, but in disputes like these their testimony seems to carry less weight than that of Kuwaitis. And though they are not often harassed by security police, they go about their daily business with a degree of caution. The constant threat of expulsion is the instrument for insuring compliant behavior, and it keeps them in a permanent state of insecurity. Yet they keep coming, because what is offered to them in Kuwait—most notably a job—is better than what they can find at home.

The first foreigners to arrive in large numbers were Palestinians. Just when Kuwait needed them, they were an available labor pool, crowded into the refugee camps set up in Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Egypt in 1948, after the first Arab-Israeli war. Some were professionals, others were trained administrators and teachers, many had the skills needed for construction, commerce, and light industry. Kuwait was grateful to have them, and the Palestinians, in turn, found its easygoing monarchy a welcome contrast to the harsh regimes in the countries they had left. It was not by chance that Yasir Arafat, an engineer trained in Cairo, gravitated to Kuwait, where in 1958 he joined with other Palestinian exiles (among them Khalil al-Wazir, also known as Abu Jihad, who was killed by Israeli commandos in a raid on his house in Tunis last month) to found al-Fatah, the first Palestinian resistance organization and later the central body of the P.L.O. The Palestinians prospered in Kuwait while they dreamed of regaining their homeland. In time, their community numbered three hundred and fifty thousand—it is the largest population group in the country, after the Kuwaitis themselves—and they became the most generous supporters in the Arab world of the Palestinian cause. The only tax that Kuwait's government now collects is a three-and-a-half-per-cent “liberation tax” imposed on the salaries of its Palestinian employees. The proceeds are turned over to the P.L.O.

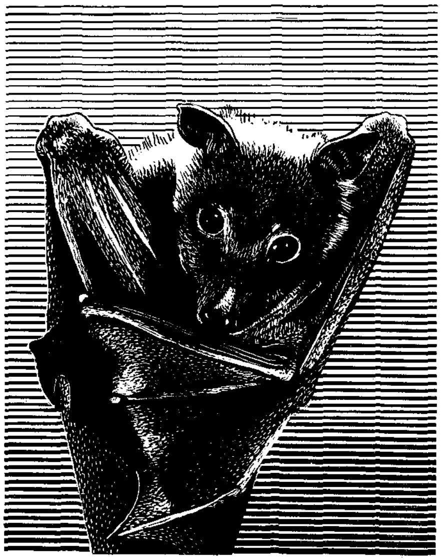
The former oasis of Hawalli, three or four miles across the desert from the Seif Palace, has been the center of Palestinian life in Kuwait since the early nineteen-fifties. Other migrants have settled there as well, but with its small shops and its low-lying apartment buildings, the paint peeling from their sides and laundry hanging from their balconies, Hawalli conveys the feeling of the Palestinian city of Nablus on the West Bank. I made a visit one afternoon to the community center, a shabby building that the P.L.O. shares with professional organizations of Palestinian engineers, lawyers, doctors, and architects. As at other such centers I have seen in the Palestinian diaspora, the walls were covered with snapshots of Arafat and nostalgic depictions of the Dome of the Rock and other Jerusalem sites.

On the day of my visit, parked buses crowded the narrow street outside the headquarters, while an auditorium inside was jammed with women wearing Palestinian folk costumes and singing Palestinian songs. The gathering was meant as a declaration of solidarity with the uprising in the West Bank. To the same end, a small band of rambunctious Palestinian students at one of the campuses of Kuwait University had tried earlier that day to conduct an unauthorized parade. The police stopped them and arrested a few of the marchers. Kuwait imposes on the Palestinians only one hard rule: Stay out of Kuwaiti politics. The rally in the auditorium was within the rule; the parade, by seeming to encourage domestic disorder, was not. The leadership of the Palestinians in Kuwait, unwilling to jeopardize their welcome, made clear by its silence that it had no sympathy with aberrant youths.

Since the late nineteen-sixties, there has been a gradual shift in Kuwaiti migration policy—away from Arabs, in favor of Asians. Officially, the Kuwaitis insist that they were only following the labor market. Having skimmed the available skilled workers from the Arab world, they say, they turned to Asians, who are better qualified and will accept lower wages. The market was certainly a factor in the shift, but the suspicion remains that the Kuwaiti government considered the continued influx of Arabs dangerous. Inside Kuwait, the Sabahs and the national assembly were at odds; outside, the Arab world was in turmoil. A campaign of Nasserites to offer citizenship to non-Kuwaiti Arabs threatened to transform both the character and the politics of Kuwait, and it was reaching a peak. The last major group of Palestinians to arrive was the refugees of the Six-Day War, in 1967. After that, of Arab populations, only the Egyptians—considered the most malleable—were admitted in substantial numbers. Today, Arabs still constitute the majority—fifty-seven per cent—of non-Kuwaitis in the country, but that figure was once almost eighty per cent.

It was natural for Kuwait to turn for labor to India, which for a century was the principal trading partner of the merchant élite. Under the British protectorate, Kuwait used the Indian rupee as its currency, and when the British management of the Kuwait Oil Company opened its first wells it brought in Indian technicians to run them. In 1965, Kuwait had an Indian population of twelve thousand. Today, it has more than a hundred thousand, working at every level of the economy and sending home two hundred million dollars a year. According to a high Indian official, who asked not to be named, those working as professionals or in management jobs are treated well, but laborers are routinely abused and cheated. "Sometimes, they are not paid for three or four months at a time, and are told that there is no available currency," the official said. "The Kuwaitis have plenty of money, of course, but it's all invested in foreign countries, and they don't want to pull it out." Most Indians return home unhappy, which is a strain on the long friendship between the countries. Young Indian women working for Kuwaitis have been so often physically and sexually abused, the official said, that the press and parliament back in India seized on the issue, and the Indian government will no longer permit women under thirty-five to come to Kuwait. "The Kuwaiti government is rather thick-skinned about our criticism," he said. "But, then, we're a bit thick-skinned about the abuse, because we need the money."

Kuwaitis do not deny that the abuse of young women who have come to Kuwait to work—especially in private homes—is a problem. The newspapers regularly refer to it in articles and letters to the editor. Recently, Southeast Asian women have been replacing Indians, and Kuwaitis have been volunteering to help their embassies process complaints. No one in Kuwait presumes to say whether the problem is universal or is particularly acute in Arab culture, where male-female relations are habitually stressful. Like India, the Philippine government recently imposed a



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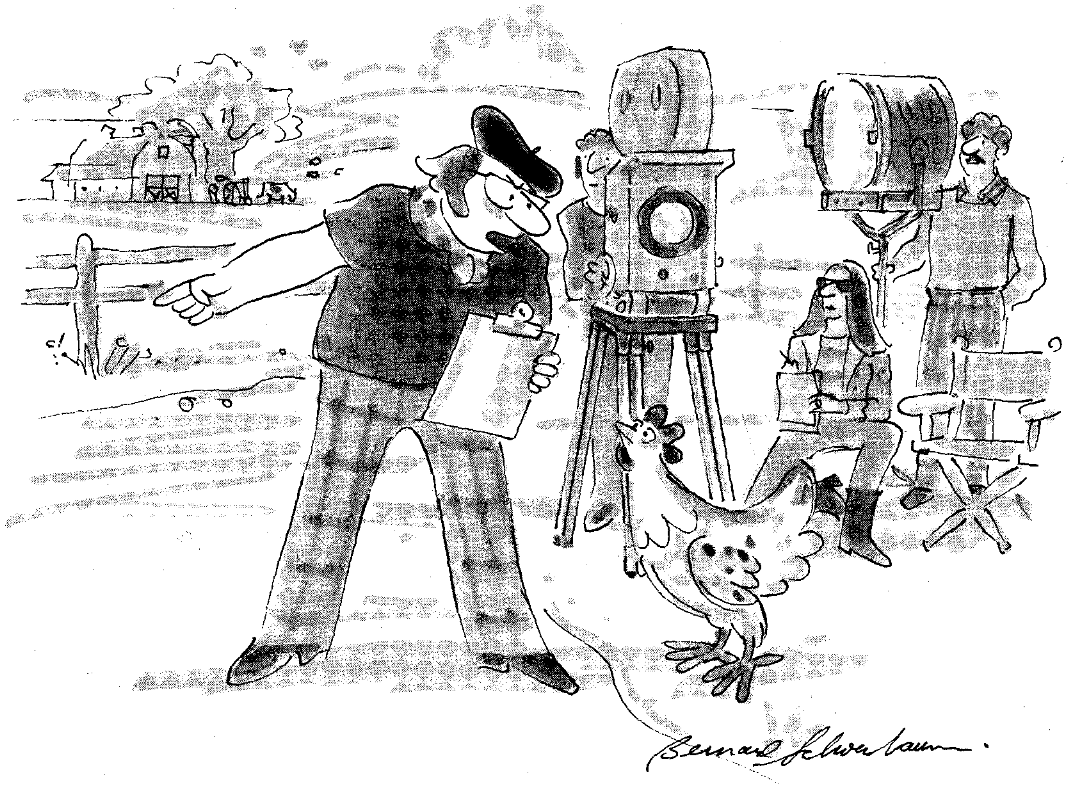

"Why? You cross the road because it's in the script—that's why!"

ban on further acceptance of domestic work in Kuwait by young women, and more of the new arrivals are from Sri Lanka. But, according to the Philippine Embassy, there are still seven thousand Filipino women working in Kuwaiti homes, and the trouble continues. "If a woman is abused, the Kuwaiti authorities might arrange a transfer to another sponsor, but, according to the rules, if the abuse takes place before a year is up she can be sent home at her own expense," David Kong, the Philippine labor attaché, told me. "Very few can afford to leave. So they keep quiet, or they come to us for moral support and ask us to keep quiet. If the police learn of an actual crime, they prosecute, and some Kuwaitis have been sent to jail. I know from our records that Saudi Arabia is worse; Kuwait is relatively liberal. But I know of no move to change the system, based as it is on accepted traditions of Middle East law."

Yet the tribulations of daily work in Kuwait seemed distant when I visited the Holy Family Cathedral, the spiritual haven of the émigré Catholic community, on a sunny morning in February. Unlike the Saudis, the Kuwaiti government places no ban on non-Muslim worship. The day was quiet; Masses are held on Fridays, when Muslims and their employees are at rest. People of many races and colors filled every seat and overflowed outside onto the steps and into the front yard. The cathedral, a simple sandstone building, occupies a handsome site near the sea. Its bishop is Maltese. The Mass was in English—one of three, I learned, that are said each Friday by Indian priests. In addition, there is one by a Filipino, in English, and two by a Lebanese, in Arabic. On one Friday each month, a Mass is said in Tamil for Sri Lankans. The atmosphere that morning seemed appropriate to a day of rest. The women looked pretty, in saris, jeans, and colorful dresses; most of the men wore sport shirts. The few Westerners I saw appeared, from their more formal dress, to be diplomats or businessmen. Children played on swings in a side yard during the service, and when it was over the congregants mixed easily on the sidewalk, smiling warmly at one another, like old friends at a reunion. The Sabah family donated the land and provided an interest-free loan to build the cathedral, which opened in 1956. The Masses held there are among the few large meetings of non-Kuwaitis that, since the start of the war, the government routinely tolerates.

NEARLY every Kuwaiti agrees that the Gulf war has created significant tensions in a society that has normally been at peace with itself. Kuwait's Defense Minister issued a statement during my visit in which he called the ten-thousand-man Kuwaiti Army "the nation's sword" and vowed that it would confront aggression on all fronts, but neither the Kuwaitis nor the Western diplomatic community took him seriously. "Kuwaitis are not fighters—it's as simple as that," said a European military adviser to Kuwait's forces, and he added that even such an elementary step as building fortifications on the northern frontier, a few miles from the battlefields of the Iran-Iraq war, had never been taken. Kuwaitis acknowledge that they are better negotiators than fighters; the rejoicing last month over the return of the Kuwait Airways hostages was accompanied by a sense of vindication over the fact that this had been accomplished by diplomatic means rather than by the use of force.

When the United States entered the Gulf as escort for Kuwait's reflagged tankers, the sense of immediate danger from Iran was reduced, but many Kuwaitis fear that the reflagging will become enmeshed in American domestic politics—particularly in an election year—and that if American casualties become numerous the Administration will suddenly order its forces home, as it ordered the Marines out of Lebanon in 1984. Sheikh Nasser expressed Kuwaiti apprehensions to me in a conversation after his *diwaniyah*. "Right now, we are getting along fine with you, but Kuwait can't depend on you Americans," he said. "No country can. We read history, and we know. You abandoned Marcos, Sihanouk, Haile Selassie, the Vietnamese, the Shah of Iran. If the going gets rough, we don't believe we can count on your assistance."

The concern that Kuwaitis feel stems not only from Ayatollah Kho-

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meini's dynamic revolution over the horizon but from his impact within their own society, and the internal danger is much harder to assess than the one from abroad. Before 1979, Kuwaitis say, Kuwait's Sunnis and Shiites were gradually coming together; the mutual animosity imposed by Islamic history was fading. When Khomeini overthrew the Shah, most Kuwaiti Shiites—joined by some forty thousand Iranians in the foreign work force—identified with him and openly celebrated his victory. Even some right-wing Sunnis were attracted by the Islamic character of his revolution, but their approbation vanished when the new regime's objective began to look like familiar Persian imperialism wrapped up in Islam. Khomeini's goals became apparent in the growing combativeness of the Iranian workers in Kuwait, several of whom were killed in clashes with the police. Soon it was apparent that Kuwait's Shiites were deeply split. Most remained faithful to the government, but there was evidence indicating that an unknown number had thrown in their lot with Iran. Kuwait's response was to deport several Shiite leaders and begin surveillance of the Shiite community.

"Most Sunnis believe that the Shiites represent a fifth column," a prominent Sunni leader said to me. "Kuwait has always been the front line of the Sunni-Shiite conflict, but for years the government protected the Shiite minority. To some degree, that was because the Shiites were part of the coalition put together by the royal family to challenge the left wing—the pan-Arab nationalists. Before the Iran-Iraq war, the government bent over backward to admit Shiites into the political structure. Now the Sunni-Shiite dispute is once again very much alive. It is complicated by the fact that in Shiite dogma, deception and secrecy are accepted behavior. The government is not putting Shiites in sensitive positions in the military or the Ministry of Interior or the media. It is impossible for a Shiite to become an officer in the Army or the Air Force, and since the bombings in the oil fields the government has been restricting Shiite employment even in the private sector. Of course, the Shiites resent all this. Most are loyal to Kuwait. I feel that Kuwait is caught in a dilemma: it must be fair, but it must be safe. In terms of ordinary human relations, the security measures

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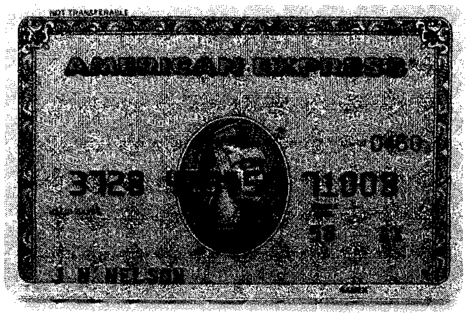

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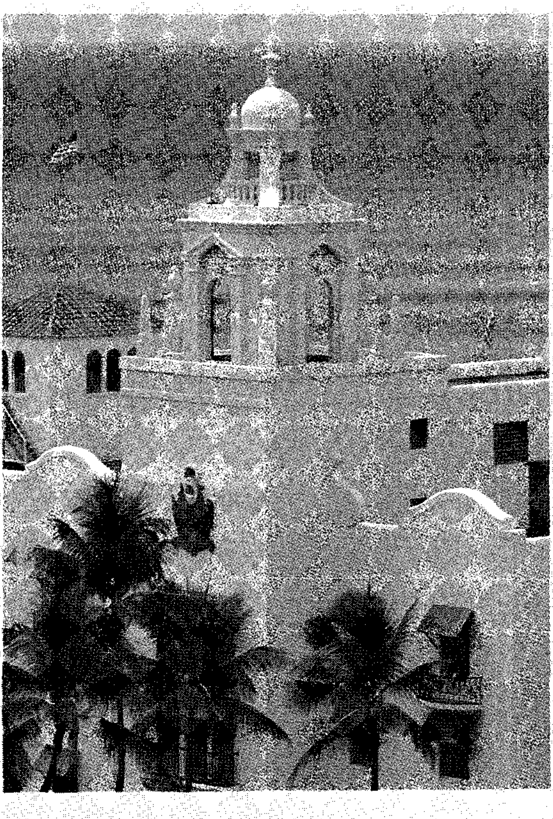
we have taken are subtle, but they have created great strains between the two sides of our society and have undermined our national unity."

One index of the internal strains produced by the war has been increasingly open conflict over constitutionalism and democracy. In 1981, the emir, Sheikh Jabir, reconvened the national assembly and dropped restrictions on the press, gambling that greater freedom would reaffirm the nation's solidarity. By careful redistricting, however, the government succeeded in rigging the composition of the new fifty-member body to exclude pan-Arab nationalists and all but four Shiites. The price it paid was domination of the assembly by Sunni conservatives, who were committed to shaping an Islamic Kuwait—a Khomeini-style regime that was anti-Khomeini. These people had political ties with the Muslim Brotherhood, a secret society of fanatics which had already raised havoc in Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere in the Arab world. Capitalizing on the rekindling of religious fervor, they challenged the government by advocating such measures as restoring the veil and banning Christian celebrations; however, the only victory they won was on a measure to tighten still further the ban on alcohol. Yielding tactically on minor issues, the Sabahs stubbornly resisted any major retreat, but it became obvious that fundamentalism's appeal was growing in Kuwait.

"Before 1980, we were underground, organizing cells," I was told by Ismail al-Shatti, an American-educated engineer who is the leader of a group whose name is translated as "Islamic Social Reform Society." It is the less radical of two fundamentalist groups that use social issues as a cover to circumvent the government's ban on political parties. "Starting with the 1981 election, we went the political route," he explained. "Though we won only four seats, our power, thanks to the popularity of religion, went far beyond that. We are in favor of establishing a modern state, like the United States or Britain, but Islamic in character. We want to make the *Sharia*—Koranic law—the law of the land, and reform the educational system to promote religious values. We oppose capitalism, but only because it reduces man to a cog in a machine; we want to make human beings the axle around which other values turn. We favor the equality of women and would like them to have the right to vote, but we give top priority to family values, and we think that a woman's first job is to be a mother. We don't have any objection to the Sabahs, but we would like to see a constitutional monarchy here."

Hard as the fundamentalists have fought for constitutionalism in Kuwaiti politics, many non-fundamentalists are skeptical of their commitment. "They're the best-organized politicians in Kuwait," said Ali Moussa, a Kuwaiti liberal and former government official who is now working for the Kuwait Petroleum Corporation. "The government has problems confronting religion. The old leftist, pan-Arab parties of the nineteen-sixties have fallen apart, and there is no secular force worthy of the name to replace them. Sure, the fundamentalists favor democracy now. But ultimately they oppose diversity and want a one-party state." One of the ironies of the movement, Moussa noted, is that its chief recruiting ground has long been



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the United States. Many young Arab students there, feeling lonely in an alien society, turn to old-time Islam and find their way to right-wing organizations that aggressively promote doctrines which would not be permitted by the authorities in Kuwait. In American democracy, Moussa said, the fundamentalists' anti-democratic ideas thrive.

Najat Sultan, who runs one of Kuwait's few art galleries, is equally skeptical of the fundamentalists' democratic commitment. A member of a prominent merchant family, she is also a feminist—a limited and perhaps declining species in Kuwait. "It's true that women have made a lot of progress here," she said. "They have moved in a generation or two from illiterate to having the right to hold good professional positions and choose the men they want to marry. But, unfortunately, those who have benefitted are not willing to fight to insure their progress. Kuwaitis deal with emancipated women in practice without subscribing to the principle. Both men and women are hysterical about the prospect of a movement to liberate women, which seems so challenging to the customs of both sexes. In contrast, religious women are highly organized and articulate their principles clearly, and I admire them for that. They are infiltrating the schools and the government, and they are making converts to Islamic politics. No wonder the fundamentalists want women to vote. They know that Kuwait can as easily go backward as forward, and that we could be back in the veil overnight, just like Iran. The paradox is that religious women are prepared to vote for men whose goal is to take their power away."

It was not religion, however, that precipitated the latest crisis between the Sabahs and the national assembly. It was the celebrated crash, in the summer of 1982, of the Souk al-Manakh, a speculators' stock exchange, whose loose practices the government had tolerated too long. In the heady days when the wealth from oil appeared limitless, nearly everyone, from members of the royal family to migrant Bedouins, was playing the Manakh to get rich quick. But by 1982 the Gulf war and the steady decline in oil income had produced a tightening of credit, then a sag of confidence, and in the attendant collapse some ninety billion dollars in paper assets disappeared. Rich and poor were wiped out, and the economy slipped into a recession. The government was still trying to repair the damage—a difficult task, certain to generate animosities by benefitting some at the expense of others—when the 1985 assembly election came along. Anxious to neutralize the fundamentalists, the government decided once again to modify the rules, and did so in such a way that its old left-wing antagonists, the pan-Arab nationalists, came out with a substantial victory. Sheikh Jabir named a Cabinet that was dominated, as usual, by Sabahs—the family normally retains the key portfolios of Defense, Foreign Policy, Finance, and Interior—but he issued a challenge to the assembly's new leadership by also including certain figures implicated in the Manakh scandal. Within weeks, the government and the assembly were locked in angry combat.

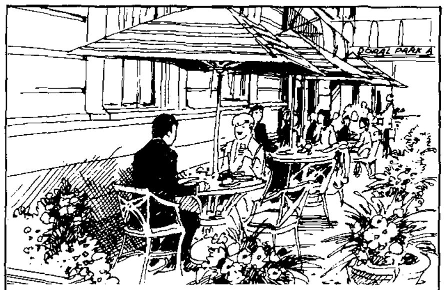
The assembly quickly forced the resignation of Minister of Justice Sheikh Salman al-Duaij, who was a member of the royal family and had been accused of directing a sizable payment to his son in the settlement of a Manakh claim. Its next target was Sheikh Ali al-Khalifa al-Sabah, the glamorous Minister of Oil, who was accused not only of helping a relative obtain some Manakh money but of grossly mismanaging operations of the K.P.C. At the same time, fundamentalist members of the assembly went after Minister of Education Hassan al-Ibrahim, whom they accused of being much too secular in administering the schools. Left and right thus formed a tacit coalition, the goal of which was to bring down the Cabinet and to pass legislation limiting the government's power. What was more embarrassing for the royal family, assemblymen engaged in strident criticism of the government's foreign policy on the assembly floor.

To the Sabahs, the assembly was out of control, and when it demanded documents from the Finance Ministry and the Central Bank to pursue its investigation of the Manakh collapse the government refused. The assembly's leadership sued, under a provision of the constitution, and after months of delay the court said it would hand down its decision in August of 1986. In July, Sheikh Jabir dismissed the assembly, reimposed censorship, and suspended the constitution. If the opposition had hoped for public demonstrations of support, it was disappointed. The streets remained quiet, as they had in earlier crises. In the ongoing struggle between the royal family and the assembly, the Sabahs had won again. The only question was whether there would ever be another round in the struggle.

KEEP OFF
R. Davidson

"The Sabahs cannot keep power. We remain quiet now because of the war, but we will fight for it," Jasim al-Qatami, a seventy-five-year-old member of the merchant élite and a longtime spearhead of the pan-Arab opposition in Kuwait, told me. Qatami's older brother Muhammad was the assemblyman killed in the parliamentary uprising of 1938. "My brother is the only Kuwaiti who ever died for liberty," Qatami said. "We are proud of him." Qatami told me that the leadership of the defunct national assembly holds an open meeting every week to put pressure on the government to authorize new elections. He said he argues the issue with his friends in *diwaniyahs* all the time. "I tell them that the Emir had no right to dissolve the parliament without setting new elections. It was contrary to the constitution. What we are doing now is legal, and they cannot stop us. We don't advocate force. My own relations with the Sabahs continue to be excellent. Kuwaitis are, after all, one big family. But Kuwaitis want democracy, and, to convince the royal family, we will get the signature of every citizen on a petition. It will not, however, happen as long as the war goes on."

"Psychologically, Arab politicians are not like Westerners in being able to shrug off public criticism," Faisal al-Marzouk, the editor of the pro-government daily *al-Anba* said to me during a discussion in his office about the collapse of Kuwait's democracy. "They are more likely to take any criticism of policy as a personal insult. The assembly members who got up to make speeches on foreign policy seemed to forget about that—and to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forget that Kuwait was at the center of a war. Kuwaiti assemblymen who were indulgent of Khomeini created resentment in Baghdad by questioning our close relations with Iraq. Those who were strong supporters of Iraq went out of their way to offend Iran. Some members attacked Syria for its pro-Iran stand, some attacked Jordan for weak support of the Palestinians, some attacked Egypt for Camp David. Many criticized the Saudis for their indecisiveness inside the Gulf Coöperation Council, and the Saud family is the last to understand the workings of a free parliament." (Marzouk did not mention it, but a few days earlier Kuwaiti police had arrested a professor of sociology at Kuwait University named Khaldoun al-Naqeeb for including a critical assessment of Saudi Arabian authoritarianism in his recently published book "State and Society in the Gulf and the Arabian Peninsula." The book is the result of years of research on the adaptation of tribal ways to modern bureaucracy—not only in Saudi Arabia but throughout the Gulf. No one knew whether the arrest was the product of Saudi pressure—which the Sabahs normally resist—or of a Kuwaiti effort to preëmpt Saudi anger. Naqeeb was held for a few days and released. This was the first political arrest of a Kuwaiti citizen in anyone's memory, and the first time the government had tried to suppress scholarship. Members of the university faculty held protest meetings, which the government ignored, and though the charges against Naqeeb were eventually dropped, the arrest sent a chill through the intellectual community.)

"You have to remember," Marzouk continued, "that the rulers in this region are very sensitive, very insecure. Kuwait was reaching a point where the assembly was creating enemies all around us. I am not saying that the royal family did not have other reasons for dissolving the assembly. I do not agree with those who believe that the dissolution is only temporary. I suspect we may not have parliamentary life again in Kuwait for fifty years. But I do think the Emir was looking over his shoulder at the impact the assembly was having on our neighbors, and he would not do that if there were peace in the Gulf."

A few years ago, on my first visit to Kuwait, I met a magazine editor named Muhammad al-Rumaihi, who is both a member of the establishment and a leading intellectual. He talked to me at great length then about Kuwaiti democracy. "The Arabs have tried almost every form of government," he said. "They have tried socialism and military tyranny and monarchy and Islamic theocracy. Now I think they're ready to try democracy—not necessarily Western democracy but a democracy that starts with the basic principles of human dignity. We Arabs have to recognize that our culture does not readily acknowledge diversity. It is hard for an Arab to say anything that departs from the unity of our society. In Kuwait, our way of acknowledging diversity—our experiment—is democracy. There are many complaints among the Arabs about the Kuwaiti press, about its freedom to criticize other Arabs. We publish what they ban. Our freedom makes the entire Gulf, and especially Saudi Arabia, nervous. Recently, I've come to believe that the Arab movement toward democracy is greater than I once thought—that it has begun to enter the dialogue on the Arab world. Kuwait is an important model—in the Gulf, and all the Arab world."

On my return visit this year, I found Rumaihi a chastened man. He was clearly not at ease when I asked him what had happened to the democratic dream. "The nationalists, the tribes, the fundamentalists—they are not very sophisticated," he answered. "And the government did not have the muscle to take responsibility for imprudent politicians who were endangering relations with our neighbors and with the Arab world generally. The assembly made itself unpopular, and, in the end, the majority of Kuwaitis were in favor of the dissolution. The Emir has said he still believes in democracy, and I think he will come up with a formula for the appointment of a working body to watch over the government's actions. It's not the same as elections, I know. But to have democracy a people has to have a democratic spirit. Perhaps we Kuwaitis don't have it yet."

—MILTON VIORST

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From a placemat of the Tidewater Inn, in Easton, Md.*]

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ANNALS OF HUSBANDRY

THE SWEET BEES—II

FOR fifteen years I have owned and operated a small commercial beekeeping and honey-producing farm in the Ozark Mountains of southern Missouri. I have three hundred hives, spread over approximately a thousand square miles of that wild rugged land in outyards away from my farm, so that the bees can find flowers enough to produce a honey crop for me. In the autumn, they make honey from late-blooming snow asters to feed themselves over the winter months, when no fresh flower nectar is available to them. After being away from the bees all winter, I miss them, and I find it hard to wait for the bloom of daffodils—the signal that it is time once again to begin the spring bee work.

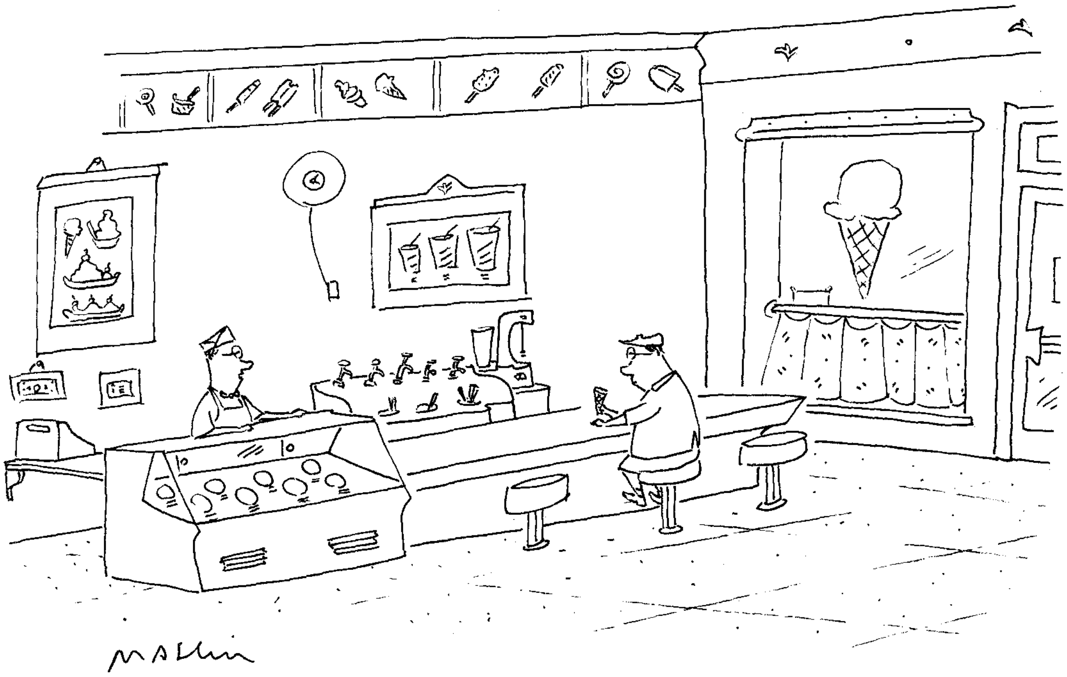
The daffodils finally do bloom. The golden blossoms surround my cabin, but they also march off in straight lines through the underbrush and scrubby sumac, wild cherry, and farkleberry that are the advance growth of the woods closing in around my place. The widow from whom I bought this farm laughed when she told me about those straight rows of daffodils. Some years back, she bought a burlap sack of bulbs and gave them to her husband to plant. "He tried digging holes for 'em by hand," she said, "but after a few he decided he weren't going to bother that hard, so he just hitched the cultivator to the mule and made him some long straight furrows and dropped in them daffodils. I thought they looked kind of funny, but I never did say anything, and now they make me think of him and his mule and that day and wish it were all now."

When I see those daffodils striding into the young woods, I like to try to create in my mind that day of theirs, too. I've come to the belief that we manufacture whatever immortal souls we have out of the bits of difference we make by living in this world. It seems no bad thing to have a soul of yellow daffodils in lines across an Ozark hilltop.

The several weeks right after daffodil bloom are the busiest ones for a beekeeper. I'll spend every day working with the bees, from early morning until the sun sets. If I had just a few hives, I could save the work for the middle part of sunshiny warm days. Bees are easiest to work with then, because most of the older bees are out foraging, and the ones that remain are young house bees, less likely to take offense at having their hives opened, less likely to sting. But because I have many hives to work through, I must risk irritating the bees and take some stings. I'll be opening the hives early and late, and on rainy days as well as fair ones. During the weeks to come, I'll visit every one of my beehives at least twice. I'll be checking to see that each of them is strong and healthy, and I'll medicate them to prevent disease. I'll be feeding those I must, and preparing some of the strongest hives for division into two. I'll be cleaning up any mouse damage I find, and replacing worn beehive parts, and combs that have become distorted and dark from use over the years. I want strong, populous beehives by the time the wild blackberries bloom. In this part of the country, blackberry blossoms provide the first major nectar flow with which bees can make extra honey. Before blackberries begin to bloom, the bees must use all the scattered nectar-producing sources to keep the colony going and to build up in strength. In other parts of the country, the first strong nectar flow is from other flowers, and a beekeeper must become something of a botanist in order to learn the blossoming patterns of flowers that represent significant nectar flows for his bees. This is one of the most enjoyable aspects of beekeeping, but it took me several seasons to convince myself that when I walked out into wild places with field guides to the wildflowers and shrubs, a notebook, and a picnic lunch (and, if I could persuade a friend to come along, a bottle of wine) in a knapsack, I was doing genuine productive work. It seemed too much like fun.

The day before I go out for my first trip to the beeyards, I prepare the medicine I'll need for each of the hives and the sugar syrup I may need for some.

Of the number of bee diseases that can have a debilitating effect on a colony, the most serious is American foulbrood. It can be prevented by medicating bees beforehand; it cannot be cured once they have it. The bee larvae become infected by eating food contaminated by *Bacillus larvae*, a strain of



"You look like you could use another scoop of mint chocolate chip."

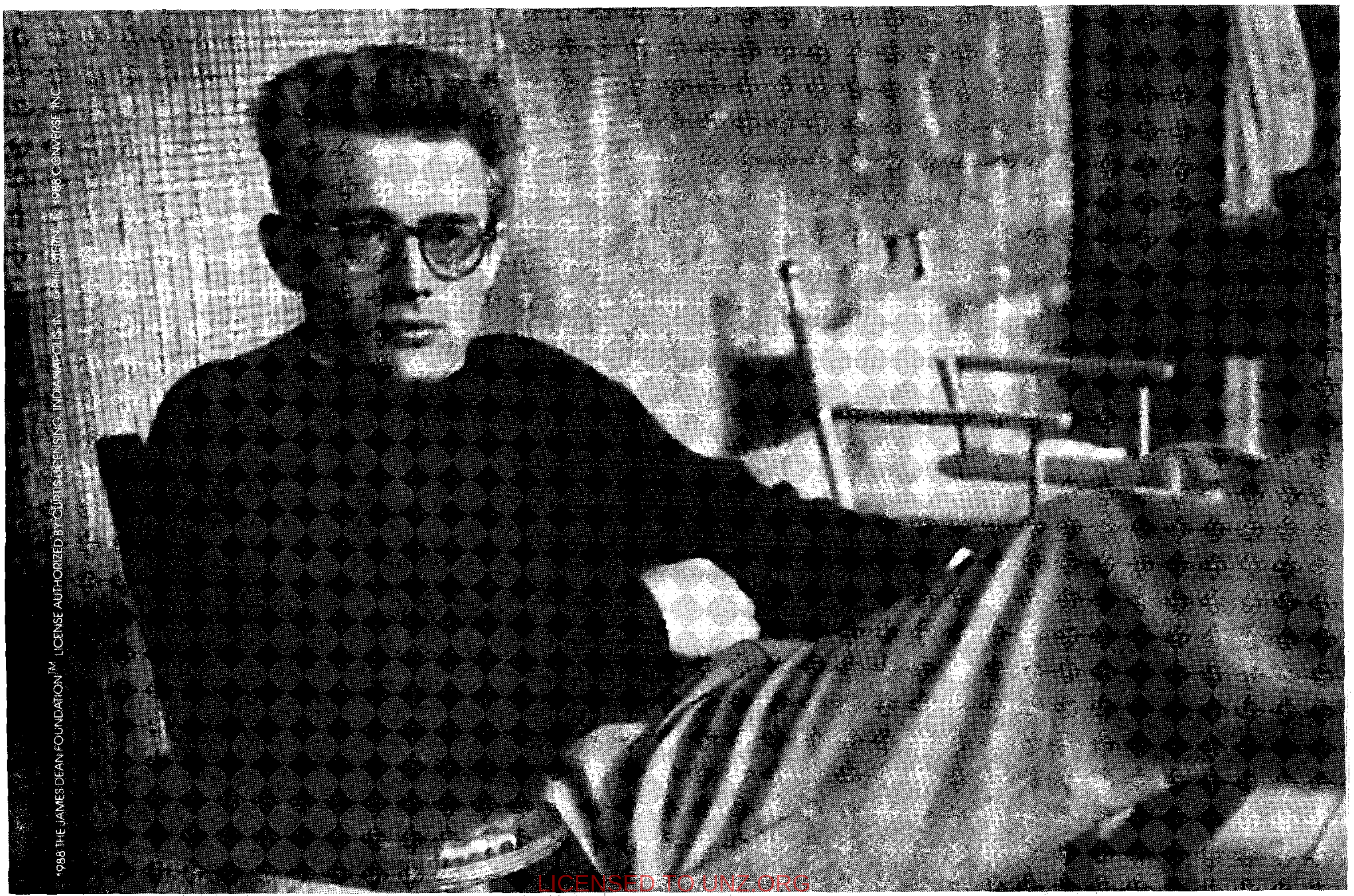
bacteria which forms spores that can remain infective for as long as fifty years. The only remedy for a hive with American foulbrood is to burn it—bees, honeycomb frames, hive parts, and all—for after the bees have died out in a sick colony, as they will almost surely do, any healthy bees put into the hive will become infected themselves. From time to time, bee breeders have worked to develop strains of bees resistant to American foulbrood, but so far a beekeeper's best defense is to medicate all his hives with Terramycin. I have medicated my hives each year, and have never had a case of American foulbrood in them, although it is common in this area.

European foulbrood is similar to the American type in some of its symptoms, but it can usually be cured by reducing stress in a colony and replacing its queen. Bees also succumb to diseases caused by viruses, protozoa, and fungi. In recent years, parasitic bee mites have spread into North America from Europe and Asia. They are harmful to bee colonies, and researchers are studying methods to keep them in check. Stephen Taber, an apiculturist in California, is investigating ways of developing a mite-resistant strain of bees—one of which is to crossbreed the European *Apis mellifera* (the honeybee) with the Africanized bee, a member of the same species. These so-called killer bees appear to have an inborn resistance to at least one of the parasitic mites—*Varroa jacobsoni*, which poses the biggest threat to bees. It should be said, though, that well-kept colonies of bees will generally not develop diseases of any sort.

Before heading out to my beeyards, I mix Terramycin with powdered sugar. I put the mixture in a big metal saltshaker and shake about a tablespoon of it on either end of the frame tops in each hive. The bees take it up rapidly. In ten days or so, I repeat the procedure, so that a trace of Terramycin is widely spread through the bodies of the bees in the colony. It is important to medicate bees very early in the season, weeks before adding the first honey supers—shallow units containing empty comb which sit on top of the hive and which the bees fill with extra honey—because no trace of Terramycin should remain inside a hive, where it might contaminate honey to be harvested for human consumption.

The sugar syrup I take with me on these spring bee rounds I make using five pounds of granulated white sugar per gallon of hot water. In each bottom hive body I have a plastic trough feeder, just the width of a frame of honeycomb. It holds nearly a gallon of syrup, and that amount will feed a colony for several days. Until the bees have built a crisscross of honeycomb in the feeders, which they will do in a few years of use, I always put bits of twig in them. The twigs float on the surface of the syrup when the trough is filled, and give the bees something to stand on while they are taking it up. Without a dry footing, they can drown in great numbers in the syrup—particularly on a chilly day, when they are less active. It is very sad to open a beehive and find masses of bloated dead bees floating in the syrup that was supposed to sustain them.

I feed sugar syrup only to hives that are completely out of honey from the previous season and have no fresh nectar. If I don't feed the bees, they will begin to starve, burying their heads in



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the cells as they search futilely for food. Some beekeepers recommend continuous feeding in the springtime, arguing that a steady source of sugar syrup tricks a colony into believing there is a nectar flow in progress, and thus stimulates the queen to lay a greater number of eggs than she normally would. I have tried it but found it unsatisfactory, and have concluded that it is impossible to trick bees. They know their world better than I do.

EARLY in the morning, after making a fire in the wood stove, I step outside my cabin while the coffee is percolating, to get a feel for the day in the darkness before dawn. There are no clouds in the sky, and the last stars are shining brightly. The day promises fair. It is too cool to have my coffee outside and watch the sunrise, so I sit near the wood stove, where I can see the eastern sky through the living-room window.

I have chores to attend to. The dogs, cats, and chickens must be fed and watered. I have two cases of honey to pack for shipment to Dallas. I decide I'll head down to my southern beeyards first, for although they are only thirty miles away, spring will have come earlier to them. They are in a different climate zone, and flowers bloom there two weeks before they do here. I linger over my second cup of coffee, itemize in my head the equipment I need to take, plan my route. The sun rises, glowing in the morning mist. It lights up the water droplets clinging to the remains of an old spiderweb outside the window. The drops turn gently in the air currents, flashing blood-red, green, violet, Shocking pink, each droplet a spectrum of light in the low rays of the sun.

After the chores are done, I load into the pickup what I'll need: the record book, smoker, hive tool, frame grips, fuel for the smoker. I toss in some extra boards to put under hives that need them. My record book has reminded me about several covers that should be replaced, and I have put the replacements in the truck, too. The jugs of sugar syrup are already there. The medicine is in a coffee tin in the freezer. I take it out, make lunch, fill a thermos with water, and I'm on my way.

I light my smoker when I arrive at the first beeyard, don my gloves and bee veil, and check the entrances of the row of hives. This yard is at the edge of a grove of post oaks, which protect the hives from the north wind in the winter and give shade from summer's sun. Bees appreciate a bit of open shade. Those in hives set in direct sun must spend more time fanning and cooling in the summer, and have less time for flying about and making honey.

The sun is now shining brightly on the front of the hives. I can tell immediately which ones are prospering. Bees are flying out industriously from all the hives but two. One of the two appears to have died out over the winter. A few bees from other hives are idly investigating its entrance, and in one corner of the entrance is a pile of wax, telling me that the colony has been plundered of its stores. There are a few bees flying in and out of the other hive, but the entrance is scattered with small dirty-white and blue flakes, which indicate that the colony within has had chalk brood. Chalk brood is a disease caused by the fungus *Ascosphaera apis*. Bee larvae infected by it die, shrink, and

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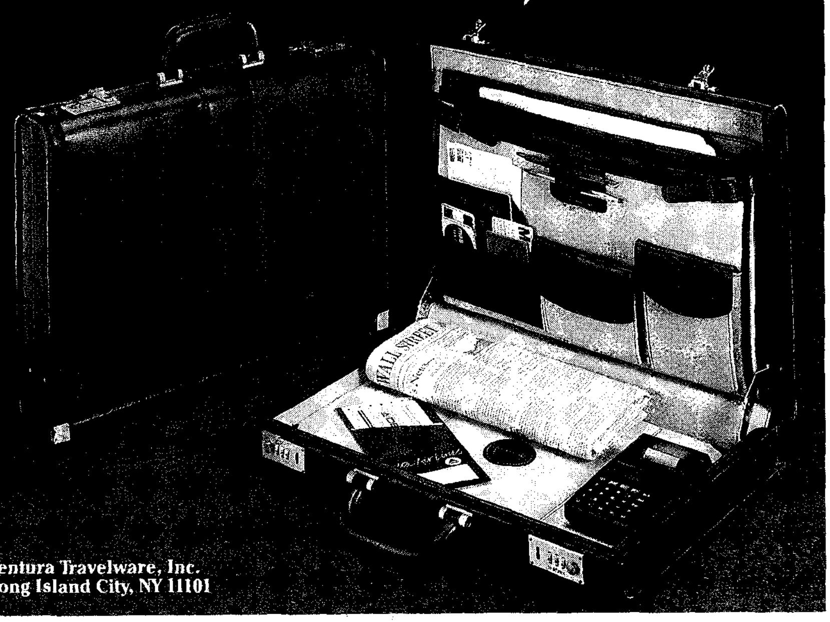

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become hard. As they do so, they darken, turning bluish or even black. The bees remove and carry away the dead brood. What I see at the hive entrance are bits of brood they haven't yet got rid of. Perhaps there aren't enough bees to clean the hive. I seldom see chalk brood except in the spring after a period of damp weather. It is not a serious bee disease and does not need to be treated, but the colony in an affected hive is sometimes weakened by the loss of young bees and may need some extra help.

After I've finished looking at the fronts of the hives and learned what I can, I go to the rear of the row and begin working. I smoke the entrance of the first hive and remove its telescoping cover and inner cover. There are probably more than a thousand bees boiling up between the frames. They are not cross but have simply left whatever work they were doing to investigate this intrusion into their home. Perhaps they were doing no work at all. Bees *look* terribly busy. An opened hive is the stuff of platitude, but the truth is that bees, like other animals (including human beings), spend a lot of time doing nothing at all. The *American Bee Journal* tells of an 1899 study carried out by a certain Professor C. F. Hodge, who marked bees and watched them from daylight to dark. He reported, "No single bee that I watched ever worked more than three and one-half hours a day." In the nineteen-fifties, a German entomologist named Martin Lindauer followed up on these observations. In a rigorous study, he tagged great numbers of bees and found that they spent a lot of time doing nothing, or very little. During a hundred and seventy-seven observation hours, one typical bee did absolutely nothing for seventy of them and "patrolled" the nest, as though looking for something to do, for fifty-six.

I puff some smoke across the top of the frames to make the bees go back down, because I want to remove a few frames and check the pattern of brood. I remove the two outside frames first. They still contain wax-capped cells of honey from last autumn. I check to make sure that the queen is not on either of the frames, and lean them against the side of the hive. Then I gently pry apart the remaining seven frames to space them, so that I won't squash any bees as I pull frames out. There is a scattering of honey, nectar,

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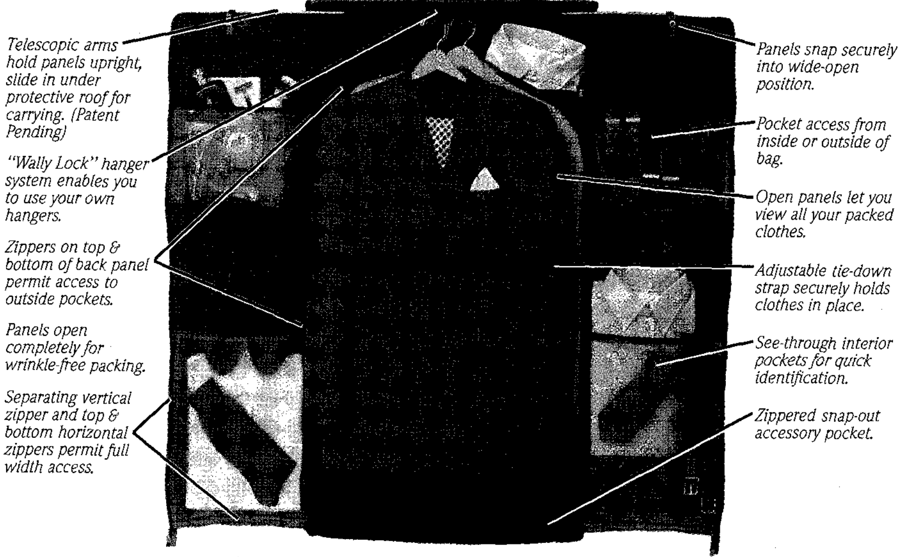
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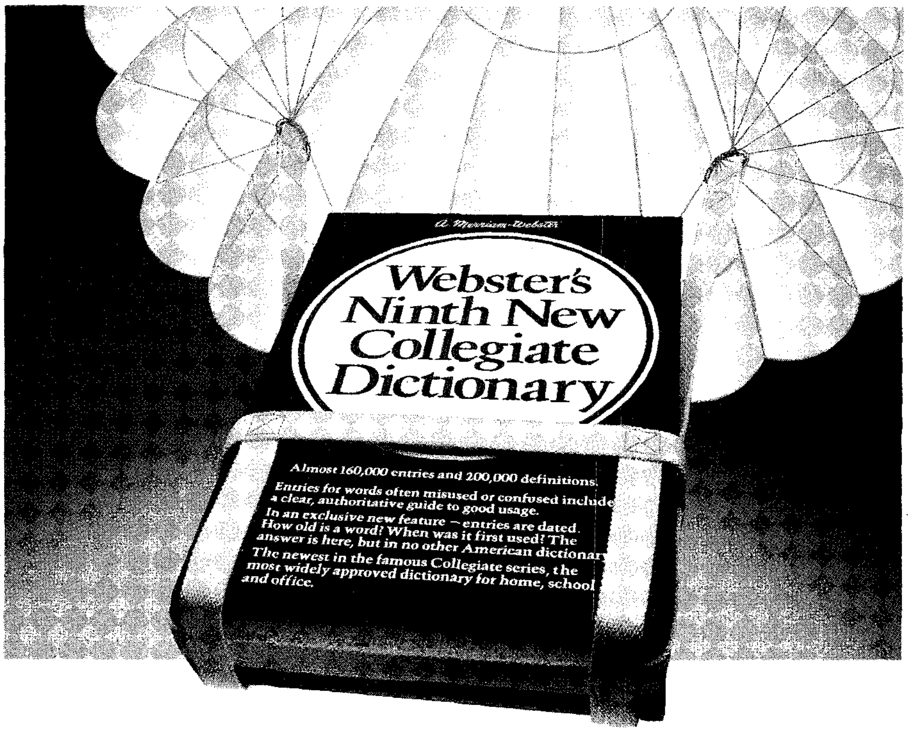
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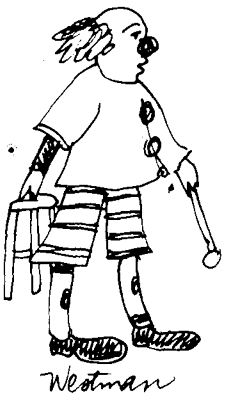
and pollen on the four outer frames. One has eggs in it. The three innermost frames are filled with brood, most of it sealed. On the center frame, the queen promenades sedately, unperturbed at being removed from the hive. I hold the frame in the grips and watch her. She is looking for an empty cell, and when she finds one she backs her abdomen into it and puts down a pearly-white egg. I replace her frame carefully and return the two other brood frames around her. The bottom hive body has only empty comb, but the bees down there are cleaning out the cells to ready it for use.

Generally speaking, the queen bee goes upward to lay her eggs, and will not fill the bottom hive body unless she is forced to. And, generally speaking, the queen is found on frames of brood. These generalizations, like all others in beekeeping, don't always hold true. I carefully checked the inside of both covers, for instance, when I took them off. Sometimes the queen is parading across one of them, and if it is put down beside the hive she may wander off in the grass, be lost to home forever, and die.

This hive has enough food to see it through, so I reassemble it, powder it with medicine, and close it up. If I had fewer hives to tend, I would do something more to it to prevent swarming some months from now. Swarming, from a beekeeper's standpoint, is not a happy event. A hive that has swarmed—raised itself a second queen and split in two, with one group flying away—is weaker and will produce less honey. Swarming is a perfectly ordinary procedure for bees—indeed, it is their way of increasing in numbers and spreading—but it is not good for their human keeper, who wants as many bees as possible to stay in place and produce lots of honey.

Nearly every beekeeper has his own pet way to prevent swarming. The method I prefer takes into account the bees' own tendency not to develop the swarming impulse as long as they have space available inside their hive. Since the queen likes to move upward to lay her eggs, one of the best ways to give her more space is to rotate the hive bodies throughout the springtime, placing the full upper hive body on the bottom and the empty bottom hive body on the top. In a month's time, the empty hive body will be filled with brood, pollen, and nectar. The brood in the other hive body will have emerged, the comb they were in will be empty, and the hive bodies can be rotated again. When the hive is full of young bees, their wax glands dripping with fresh, creamy wax that they urgently want to spend to build new comb, even more space can be made by pulling out several old combs that probably needed to be retired anyway and putting in their place frames that contain foundation sheets only. This not only gives the bees more space but also employs young bees in building up new comb. It is not a guaranteed method of keeping bees from swarming—there are no guarantees of anything with bees—but it does serve to keep the swarming impulse in check, for the most part. It is simple, and it takes into account the bees' own biology, and so it is the kind of method I prefer to the more hostile ways of preventing swarming, like killing new queens as they pupate.



However, I don't even follow this simple method anymore. When I had sixty or eighty hives, or even a hundred, I could afford the time and labor involved in rotating hive bodies and replacing comb. With three hundred, it became impossible. I now accept the fact that a certain number of my hives will swarm. The only thing I can still do is divide the strongest hives and provide plenty of supers at a very early date, in the hope that the additional space will keep the bees from feeling crowded.

I heft the next hive. Although it is lighter than it was in the autumn, it is heavy enough to tell me that the bees inside still have honey. They have been disturbed by the jostling of their hive, and when I open it they are in a defensive posture, their abdomens raised in the air in the sting position. I puff smoke along the tops of the frames to quiet them, and pry some frames apart to see down inside. There are more bees in this hive than in the first one, and they have five sealed frames of brood. I medicate the hive and mark it down in the book as one that could be divided later on. After I close it up, I disturb it again by lifting the back of the hive and pushing a board under it. The boards already there have settled, and the hive has assumed a backward slope. The new board returns it to a slightly forward tilt, which is the proper position for a beehive: any moisture that collects can now run out the entrance, and the inside of the hive will stay dry and clean.

I open up the hive that I suspected had died out, and find only robber bees, who are searching through the frames in a desultory way. In the center of the top hive body are four frames of starved bees, their heads plunged into the cells, where they desperately searched for honey to eat. Below, on the bottom board, I can see a heap of dead bees that fell away from the winter cluster and died of the cold. There was still honey in this hive when the bees died; the outermost frames in the bottom hive body contained honey very recently. I can tell that those frames have been ripped open by robber bees, because the wax cappings of the cells have been roughly torn away—a sign of the work of bees from a different colony. This honey, apparently, was too far from the winter cluster of bees, and they were never able to get to it. They must have starved during a stretch of weather too cold for them to move. I set aside the two hive bodies to take back home. Several frames in the bottom have holes chewed in them where a mouse who scampered out as I opened the hive has made her nest. She had dragged in bits of fluffy thistle head and leaves to cushion the holes she chewed in the wax. I scrape out the nest and dump the pile of dead bees from the bottom board. Cockroaches scuttle away as I clean up the hive. There are always roaches in beehives, but a strong, healthy colony keeps them in check; it is only when the colony becomes weak or dies out that they take over.

The next hive has few bees in it when I open it—only a fraction of the number I found in the healthy hives. I start pulling frames out to see what is the matter. They have a queen, for in the center frame I find a patch of sealed brood, developing larvae, and eggs. But the entire brood area covers a circle a mere four or five inches in diameter, and other frames have no brood at all. A few cells contain nectar, but the bees have no stored honey. I check my

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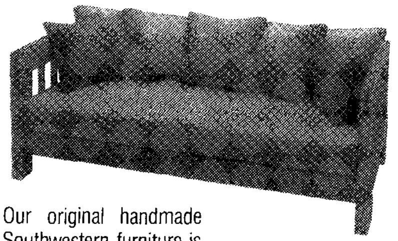
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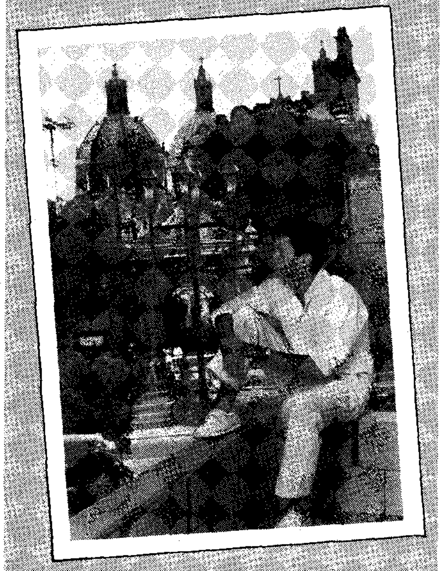

Haydon was startled when he realized who the man was.

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record book and find that this colony produced only one super of honey last year. The queen is a poor one, who needs to be replaced; because I fear that the colony will starve before requeening time, I fill its feeder with sugar syrup, medicate the bees, close up their hive, and ask them please to hang on.

It's silly to talk to bees—for one thing, they can't hear—but I often do anyway. I tell them encouraging things, ask them for help, and always thank them for doing good work. It is said that when a beekeeper dies someone must go and tell his bees about his death or they will fly away. In the West Country of England, custom also requires tapping on the hive three times and giving the news with each tap. If this ritual is not observed, someone else in the beekeeper's family may die within a year. I like the courtesy toward bees implied by the custom; I hope someone remembers to tell my bees when I die.

When I come to the hive that had chalk brood, I examine it carefully. The chalk brood itself has cleared up, and the queen is laying plenty of eggs. The new larvae are developing properly. There is little sealed brood, however, and because many of the adult bees are old ones, born last autumn, there will soon be a big drop in colony population. The decline is already beginning; stores are low in this hive. I feed the bees, medicate them, and close the hive up.

The rest of the hives are normal. All of them have at least three frames of brood, some have more. Stores in all of them are adequate.

I carry back to the truck the parts from the hive that died out, replace my smoker in its metal carrying can, gather up the rest of my tools, fill out the record book, pull off my gloves and veil, and leave. It has taken over an hour to work through these hives, but I will be able to work the other yards more quickly, because I have a good idea of what a typical hive should look like today, when the daffodils have just started to bloom.

Honey-Sales business has taken me away from my farm, and I am late in making the second round of the beeyards. I begrudge every day I'm away from the Ozarks in April, because these hills and riverbanks are so beautiful. I try to keep track each year of the succession of bloom of the wildflowers and flowering trees for the bees' benefit—and for mine—and am always struck by the abundance of white flowers in the early spring. My notebook, sketchily kept as it has been this season, lists harbinger of spring, rue anemone, pussytoes, spring beauty, toothwort, Dutchman's-breeches, bloodroot, hepatica, white violets of several species, serviceberry, and wild plum, all of which have bloomed before the first week of April, and all of which are white. I try to imagine I am a bee, and think of them as blue.

Bees' vision is different from ours. Not only are their eyes structured so that they see broken surfaces and movement easily and stationary objects less well but their perception of color is unlike ours. I was at a state bee meeting once at which a federal bee researcher of renown, Dr. Eric Erickson, presented a slide show comparing the way we see the colors of flowers with the way the bees do. Bees can see ultraviolet, which we cannot, but their eyes cannot receive the long wavelengths on the red end of the color spectrum. A flower that we call white looks blue to a bee. Brilliant ultraviolet nectar guides—straight lines pointing to the interior of a light-blue flower—shimmered in one of Dr. Erickson's slides of a bee's vision. It was a striking and elaborate flower in his slide. But when, in the next slide, he showed us the same flower as it is seen by a human being, it was a simple, unadorned white. The nectar guides were invisible to us. Since red is not perceived by bees, or by their kin with similar eye structure, plants with red flowers are bird- or butterfly- or moth-pollinated.

I allowed myself a walk out back yesterday afternoon when I returned to the farm. The air was warm, and fragrant with the perfume of flowers, and I hoped I wasn't too late to see the blooming of what Ozarkers call fire bush. All over these hills there are foundations of long-gone cabins—overgrown stone walls that show where families lived back in the days when the big timber was cut in this part of the country. Beside most of them, like the one at the back of my place, there are also flowers. Iris, bridal bush, and fire bush were planted, I like to think, by women who put them there to brighten their harsh homesteading lives. The fire bushes—tough shrubs that in other parts of the country are called quince (*Chaenomeles sinensis*)

—have spread, crowding out other plants. They do not bloom for long, but when they do they fill a sunny spot in the encroaching woods with a blaze of fiery pink. I try to keep the appointment with the one at the back of my place each spring. It has grown to house size, and yesterday the masses of blossoms were filled with bees wallowing in bright-yellow pollen.

On the second tour of the beeyards, I find several hives in which the bees are replacing their queens. Bees commonly do that at this time of year, and in my check of the remaining hives in the week ahead I expect I'll see a number of other colonies doing the same thing. Some beekeepers requeen their hives every year, killing the old queen and replacing her with a new one from a bee breeder. It is argued that hives with fresh queens are less likely to swarm, and that bees with a new queen will be more productive. I don't agree with this practice. Aside from the decidedly cruel aspect of routinely killing perfectly good queens, I have found that in the long run it is usually better to let the bees raise themselves new queens when they decide the time has come. They know their needs better than I do. As long as my hives produce well, I don't requeen them. There are many hives I haven't requeened in the fifteen years since I began keeping bees. They have requeened themselves, and are on their way to developing a strain of bees well suited to local conditions.

Queen bees, depending in part on how well they are mated, will be able to lay fertile eggs for one, two, or even more years. Their only purpose within the hive is to lay eggs. They cannot even take care of themselves. The queen's attendant bees feed, stroke, and groom her, and carry away her feces. The workers are, as a result, aware of her condition, and when she begins to fail in health or in ability to lay fertile eggs they raise a new queen—a process known to beekeepers as supersedure. To do this, they select a freshly laid fertile egg—one that would ordinarily develop into a worker bee—and instead of giving the larva that hatches from it the usual worker-bee fare, they float it in royal jelly, a food rich in B vitamins which is produced from their own glands. It is this food that turns the larva into a queen.

When the virgin queen, a long, elegant, wasplike bee, emerges from pupation, she roams the hive to murder any other queens that the bees may have raised. She has a stinger, which she will use against other queens, but a beekeeper, if he wants, may pick her up safely in his bare hand. The worker bees will not allow her to linger in the hive, because she has not yet mated. They urge her toward the hive entrance, and she flies out on what is called her nuptial flight, to mate with drones. It is the only time she will do so, because on her single mating flight she will acquire a lifetime supply of spermatozoa, which she will store within her body to fertilize her eggs as she lays them.

The workers and the queen develop from fertilized eggs and thus are diploid—they have a full paired complement of genetic material from both parents. But the queen can also choose to lay sterile eggs—eggs that have not been fertilized and so have only half the genetic material. Those develop into drones—male bees—and are haploid. Drones are bees who have grandfathers but no father, and who produce grandsons but no sons. Their only role in the colony is to mate with nubile queens. They are not physically equipped to collect nectar or pollen, nor can they defend the hive, for they have no stingers. They are big bees, with big eyes, and they hang out in groups, watching for a virgin queen. They are not very bright; their brains are small (but not as small as a queen's), and they have been known to try to mate with a swallow flying by or with an artificial queen trailed on a helium balloon by entomologists. When a drone sees a queen, he flies high in the air to mate with her. He mates by everting his penis into her sting chamber, which closes around it, causing it to rip loose from his body as he bends over backward and falls lifeless to the ground. Queens usually copulate a number of times on their nuptial flights, and when they return to the hive they trail portions of drone gut, which beekeepers euphemistically call "mating sign."

Drones are found in bee colonies during the spring and early summer, when the workers regard them with favor. Their presence may help to keep the hive temperature as high as bees like it during this sometimes cool season. But after the queens have mated,

Wednesday's photograph...

changed Haydon's theory about who was sending the pictures—and why.

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the drones are no longer needed, and they are a drain on resources, so when the nectar flow begins to taper off in the summer the workers banish the remaining drones from the hives, and they die.

Every winter, I place an order for queens with a Southern bee breeder and specify April shipping dates, trying to guess what the weather will be like then. The queen work is exacting, and I need mild days to do it easily. The queens are raised in Southern apiaries and captured there in their hives on sunny days. Each one, with a few worker bees to attend to her needs, is put in a three-inch-long wooden cage faced with a wire screen. Under a cover of cork at one end of the cage is a sugar plug, which the bees will use for food. The cages are stacked carefully in a neat bundle, with each screened opening against a wooden cage back. If the screened openings faced, the queens would sting each other to death. Separated, they are still aware of their rivals and fuss at them. The first thing I do when I receive my bundle of queens is pry apart the package and check to see that all the queens are alive and active. As I spread the cages out on the kitchen table, I can hear the queens testily challenging one another in a shrill, high-pitched *ze-eeeep zeeee-ep*.

The queens are shipped airmail, but even a few days in the mails are too many for a bee, so I try to get each queen into better quarters as quickly as possible, lest her health or egg-laying ability suffer. For the past several days, I have been assembling the equipment I'll need to make up fifty new hives. Each new hive will consist of a bottom board, a single hive body, an inner cover, and a telescoping cover. I staple the bottom boards to these hive bodies, because each nucleus hive—or nuc, as beekeepers call it—will be moved from place to place. Inside I put a feeder and eight good frames of fully drawn comb, and I screen the entrances.

Every year, I make up some hives of bees to sell to people who want to get started with them in the springtime. I also need a few new hives to replace ones that have died out during the previous year, and I need some additional hives for requeening. I use the same procedure for all three needs. There are a number of other ways to requeen, to be sure; these do not involve making up a starter hive but instead call for placing the queen directly in a colony and practicing a variety of subterfuges to get the bees to accept her rather than surround her in an angry mass and suffocate her—a process known to beekeepers as "balling." I have tried those other methods, with varying degrees of success and numbers of dead queens. But I have never had trouble getting bees to accept a new queen when I have taken the extra step of starting a queen in her own temporary hive.

On the morning of the day the queens are due to arrive, I take a nuc out to the hives in my home beeyard and pull three frames of brood from one of them, having first found its queen and made sure that she stays with her hive. I replace the frames I take with empty ones and put the brood frames in the nuc. Then I pick up my shipment of queens from the post office and check them at the kitchen table. I press all the acceptable queen cages into a queen frame—an ordinary frame without any beeswax in it but with two thin strips of wood running from end bar to end bar. These wooden strips divide the frame into the precise length of the wooden queen cages. I take the queen frame out to the nucleus hive and install it. The first nuc has become my queenery. The young bees who emerge from the brood frames I have put in there will immediately start to tend the queens in the wooden cages, poking their long tongues through the screened openings to feed them, and covering the screens to generate enough heat to preserve the queens during the cool spring nights. The queenery still does not represent natural conditions for queen bees, but it is better than what they have had for the past several days in the United States mails and will serve to keep them in as good condition as possible while I prepare permanent homes for them.

Each permanent home will start as the queenery did. It will be a queenless nuc made of three frames of brood which I have pulled from existing hives. In each nuc I place one queen in her mailing cage, after having removed the cover from the sugar plug. If I were to open up the queen cage completely, the bees in the nuc would ball her, because many of them still carry a chemical memory of their former queen and remain partisan to her. As it is, they cannot get to the new queen, because the screen protects her. She is of great interest to them, however, and over the next hours and days they will become acquainted with her and her unique pheromone as they feed her through the screen. In addition, they will chew through the sugar plug at her cage's end. Once the plug is gone, the bees are free to go into the cage, and the queen is free to come out. By this time, their hostility should be gone, and they should cherish and cosset her. If she has been well mated and has not been harmed in shipping, she will immediately start laying eggs when she comes out of the cage.

Sometimes, although a new queen looks perfectly fine to human eyes, bees will discover some flaw in her, and after she has been free in her own hive for a short time they will kill her and raise themselves a new queen from one of the eggs she has laid. Beekeepers call this "premature supersedure," and it is impossible to predict. Premature supersedure is often a problem, particularly with hybrid queens.

This past winter, I have taken orders for ten new hives of bees. In a few days, I have ten nucs in which the queens have a good egg-laying pattern. I feed each of the ten a full ration of sugar syrup and put a second hive body in place on each one. Every second day over the next several weeks, I'll feed those ten hives again. At the end of that time, the queen, responding to the bees' extra feed, will have moved up and begun laying eggs in the upper hive body. The bees, aided by the combination of extra feed and plentiful flower bloom, will have begun to store nectar and pollen there, too.

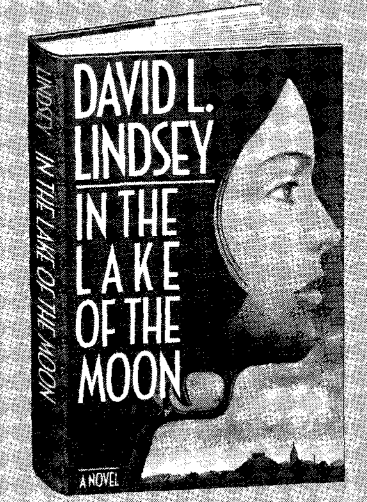
When I decide that the new young hives are strong enough to manage on their own, I will telephone the customers who bought them, and we will arrange an evening when they can drive out to pick up their bees. These customers are people new to beekeeping and need advice. I will tell them to feed the bees a time or two more while the bees are learning yet another new location, and to watch the weather and flower bloom in case they need to be fed later on. I will recommend a book about bees. I will tell them how to tilt the hives forward, to allow moisture to run out. I will advise them to face their hives toward the southeast, where they will get the earliest sun. I will tell them that the bees need nearby shade and water. New beekeepers usually have questions, and we often talk bees on into the evening.

Last spring, I began listening to myself talk, and noticed what I sound like. I sound like a mother relinquishing her firstborn to the kindergarten teacher. I sound like a writer handing her manuscript to her editor. I sound like a Republican tax assessor turning over the job to a Democrat.

I don't need to add hives, I remind myself. My bees already produce more honey than I can sell. I can't keep every colony of bees I start. I can't, but I want to.

THE second batch of queens came into the local post office on Tuesday, and that meant they had spent the weekend in the mails somewhere, so after I picked them up I worked fast with them. While they are temporarily imprisoned in cages, they are as dependent on me for their well-being as any domestic animals might be. My goal each spring is to have all hives in place at least half a week before the blackberries bloom—usually in the early part of May. The week has been a frantic one. I've been starting work earlier than usual in the mornings and staying out in the beeyards later than it's entirely comfortable to do with bees, working long past the time when the field worker bees have begun to come home for the day. I have not had a chance to go to the grocery store, and my refrigerator is empty. There are piles of dirty socks, and bee suits lie where I've stepped out of them. Late in the evening, friends telephone and say, "Where *have* you been? I've been trying to reach you all day," and then kindly invite me to dinner, because they suspect I'm not eating properly.

All the new queens are now in nucleus hives. Some of them have been prepared for customers; others have been used to set up permanent hives. But there will be no letup in my work until I get all the bees settled. And my job is further complicated because there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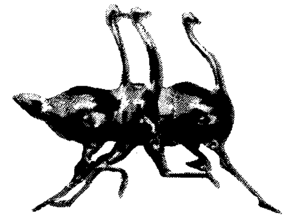

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has been a pause in the bloom of wildflowers of interest to them. The understory of my woodlot is filled with dogwood trees in thick white bloom, but, although they please me, dogwoods are ignored by the bees, because the nectar is too difficult for them to reach. The roadsides are covered with violets in all shades of blue and purple. My beeyard down on the river branch is carpeted with one of the violets' cousins, Johnny-jump-ups, but bees work none of the flowers in the violet family, either. I have been keeping my eye on some of the hives that built up quickly in the early part of the spring, because now they are crowded with bees and have an enormous need for food. In a week or so, the blackberries will be in bloom, and there will be plenty of nectar for all, with enough left over to make the honey I'll take at summer's end, but unless I feed some of those hives the bees will die before the blackberries are in flower. So I have been carrying jugs of sugar syrup with me as I move the new hives into the beeyards. I feed the nucs when I set them out permanently, to give them a start while the bees are taking their bearings, but I have also been checking the hives already in the beeyards and feeding those that need it.

Just after the sun came up this morning, a white-eyed vireo began to sing—the first I've heard this season. Once learned, its song, which my bird book lamely describes as *chick-a-per-weeoo-chick*, is impossible to mistake for any other, and I love hearing it, because it means that springtime is really here. We still have "blackberry winter" ahead of us. This is a few days of unsettled, sometimes cold weather that usually comes at about the time the blackberries bloom—a last reminder that steadiness is not a feature of the Ozark climate—but the days are growing longer, the sun heats even these hills for a greater period each day, and the white-eyed vireos are guarantees of warm weather on its way.

Soon after sunrise, I took my truckload of nucs to two beeyards. In the first of them, I needed a replacement for a hive that had died out during the winter, and one hive needed requeening. From a human standpoint, this is a pretty beeyard. It is on a knoll shaded by big oak trees, with a thicket of wild honeysuckle behind them. The bees don't make use of the honeysuckle, which has corolla tubes too deep for a honeybee's tongue, but they find useful the ladino clover that the farmer has planted in the pasture in front of their hives. This is one of my best beeyards because of that clover; the new bees should prosper here.

The hive that needs requeening in this yard produced only part of one super of honey last year. The colony did manage to make it through the winter, but the queen has not laid many eggs so far this year, and although all the other hives in the yard are full of bees, the population in her hive is a small one. I set it to one side and put a nuc in its place. I untape the ventilation hole in the nuc and take away the screen in front of its entrance, so that the field workers from the old hive can begin to mingle with this strong, feisty new group of bees. Then I take apart the old hive to find the queen. I have to find her and kill her, because if I were to unite the two hives without doing so she might kill the new queen. There is little brood in this hive, and the bees tending them are mild-mannered to the point of spiritlessness, and make no objection to my taking apart their hive. In such a small colony, the queen is not hard to find, and when I do, I kill her. Then I put together in one of the hive bodies all the frames that have brood or nectar and pollen in them, and give it to the nuc as a second story, after I have filled the feeder with sugar syrup. The morale of the original hive is so poor that the bees will not kill the new queen. This is as near to a foolproof system of requeening as I know. I have been using it for a number of years and, so far, have never lost a colony of bees when I did so.

I check the other hives to see if any need feeding. Several do; they are the most densely populated hives, and the bees have no stores left. One hive has even begun sacrificing the male bees—I can see dead drones strewn on the alighting board. I feed the hives and fill out my record book, noting the additions and changes I've made in this yard and the hives I've fed. I will have to keep a close watch on what is in bloom, and if the blackberries do not come along in a week, some of these hives may need to be fed again.

In the second yard, I repeat the process, requeening four hives and putting out four nucs as additional hives. This second beeyard is a wilder place; it is a weedy, abandoned spot, and the wild things are reclaiming it. The bees and I like it here, and I was pleased to see fat white flower buds on the dewberries—prostrate blackberries, which are among the first of the genus *Rubus* to bloom. The ground is too damp to sit on while I have lunch, so I sit cross-legged on top of one of the hives to eat, and watch bees fly out searching for flowers. Although there are not as many of them busy and intent in their flights as there will be in a week or so, I can see that some of them are returning heavy with nectar; they are finding flowers in bloom somewhere, and so after I have drunk my coffee I climb off the beehive and walk in the direction from which the bees returned. Back in the scrubby undergrowth, I find a patch of wild black-raspberry canes. Black raspberries are another early-blooming member of the *Rubus* genus. In two months, their fruit will be delicious to pick and eat, and will be enjoyed all the more because it will be a rare treat. There will be only a handful of berries here and there. Not enough black raspberries grow in this part of the Ozarks to provide a good supply of wild fruit for human beings or a major nectar source for bees, but today every greenish-white flower has a bee in it taking nectar. It is a welcome sight. I stand and watch, and once again I hear a white-eyed vireo sing.

I HAVE been putting out supers now for over a week, to catch as much good blackberry honey as I can from the bees. Today was the last of that work. By day's end, every one of my hives had a super on it, and the bees were hard at work in them.

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When I got near home, my neighbor stepped out in the road and flagged me down. He was excited. A swarm of bees had landed near his mailbox. Could I do something?

I walked over to the mailbox with him and looked. A mass of bees, twenty-five thousand or more, had alighted on the thin branch of a slender bush, and their weight had dragged the branch to the ground. I retrieved his mail for him, and told him that the bees would probably spend the night there and I'd come up in the morning to remove them for him. I explained that bees are in a benign mood when they swarm—they have no home to defend, so they seldom sting—but he said he'd rest easier if I'd come get them this evening.

Swarms are not much use to a beekeeper; they are headed by an old queen, and if they are to be of any value, once they are hived she should be killed and replaced. Even then, because the bees are starting out on empty comb, the colony seldom produces any honey the first season a beekeeper hives them. Also, they may carry disease. But in the late spring and early summer beekeepers are continually called on to pick up swarms, and usually we oblige. Because most people are a little afraid of bees, gathering up a swarm is an easy way to earn the gratitude of the person on whose property they have chosen to alight. But the real reason we pick them up is that it's so much fun.

This year has been a famous one for swarming. All of us who keep bees are getting telephone calls about them. A friend of mine, a banker who also keeps bees, has had more than his share. People even come into his office in town to report swarms to him. When I saw him the other day, he told me he had just been out to pick up a swarm that had wrapped itself around the trunk of a young tree. There was no way to shake the bees into the hive he had brought to put them in, and no easy way to entice them into it. So he put the hive on the ground, got back into his pickup, and began to ram the tree with his front bumper until they were jostled loose. My neighbor's swarm would be easier to hive, and I promised him that I would be back directly.

The "Reformed Commonwealth of Bees," published in 1655, says this about swarms:

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a cow and a bottle of hay.
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

A farmer today would scorn a deal offering him a swarm of bees, even in May, for a cow and a bottle (bundle) of hay. Cows at sixty cents a pound and hay at a dollar-fifty a bale are expensive. And a package of bees (the equivalent of a swarm, but better, because it contains a new queen) is not. One can be had for a mere twenty-five dollars from a bee breeder. Yet the basic truth of the rhyme still holds after three centuries. Swarms must be hived in May to be of any value at all, and a swarm of bees in July, or even a package of them from a bee breeder, is indeed not worth a fly. Early swarms have a chance of building up and proving useful to a beekeeper. A swarm of bees in July, when the flow of nectar from flowers is drying up, could not even keep themselves alive, let alone produce any extra honey to be harvested. Indeed, they would have to be fed, lest they starve to death.

In the days of the rhyme, however, there were no bee breeders who sold tidy packages of bees, and picking up a swarm was one of the best ways to acquire bees. Fashions in beekeeping change, as fashions in everything else do, and a hundred years ago in this country, when colonies died out mysteriously from moths and disease, the apiarist considered himself lucky to have hives that would swarm, because it meant that he could replenish his dwindling stock. Bee breeders nowadays try to develop strains of bees that will not swarm. Although the impulse to swarm may be written in the genes and therefore subject to change by selective breeding, the exact trigger mechanism of swarming is poorly understood. No one knows what makes one colony swarm and another not. In general, crowded conditions within the hive seem to make bees more likely to swarm, and older queens are supposed to swarm more readily than younger ones. However, anyone who has kept bees has had the experience of watching a swarm emerge from a recently divided colony with a brand-new queen in a hive with mostly empty

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comb. Beekeepers' generalizations are flouted by bees.

In some hives, the colony will swarm repeatedly during a single season. The primary swarm is usually headed by the original queen. The bees may have raised many new queens in swarm cells, and the queens, instead of killing one another, may fly out with decreasing numbers of the original population, in tiny secondary and tertiary swarms—a process that continues until the hive is nearly empty of bees.

It is exciting to see a swarm. The group of bees flies along in a stream, often low to the ground. They seem to fill the air with electricity, giving a beekeeper a sense of elation—the human counterpart of the springlike, optimistic, burgeoning state the bees are in. A number of my older Ozark friends can remember the days when bees flying overhead in a swarm were "tanged" to the ground. For centuries, beekeepers have been tanging—making a ringing noise by beating a metal spoon against a pot—under a swarm to bring it down. I've never tried it, and can't report any firsthand experience. But bees do not have a sense of hearing in the way we do. Gilbert White, the eighteenth-century English naturalist, established this fact to his own satisfaction by roaring at them through a speaking trumpet held near their hive. He reported that they failed to show "the least sensibility or resentment." Modern authorities say that bees are virtually deaf to airborne sound but sensitive to sound waves that travel through the ground or through other solid objects, which the bees can detect by means of sense organs on their legs. These experts say that tanging does not work, and that any swarms that descend while being tanged were going to come down anyway.

Before leaving the parent colony, the bees stuff themselves with honey, so they need no food for several days. After they swarm, the bees lose all memory of their old hive and its location. (It would be interesting to know how this "unlearning" takes place.) They alight temporarily in some exposed place—on a tree limb, the side of a building, an automobile hood—while scout bees search out new quarters. The bees are not cross, will not sting, and, if left to their own devices, will go away in a day or two, but if the bees have alighted in a city, passersby are seldom aware of how swarms behave. Beekeepers like to show off as much as anyone, and when they are called in to help with those urban swarms they enjoy putting on an animal-taming act by picking up the swarm without a veil and with their bare hands. It is easy enough to do. Since the bees do not develop a defensive sense of place about their temporary hanging-out spot, they are seldom aggressive unless they are attacked. They will cluster around their queen until the scout bees find them suitable new quarters—a process that may take a few hours or may stretch out to several days.

We know about two forms of honeybee communication. One is chemical: information about food sources and the well-being of the queen and the colony is exchanged as bees continually feed one another with nectar or honey that has been chemically tagged by the bees while they were processing it. The other is perceptual: bees may be telling other bees about good things such as food or the location of a new home by patterned motions. These elaborate movements, which amount to a highly stylized map of landmarks, direction, and the sun's position, are called the "bee dance," and have been described in interesting detail in "The Dancing Bees," by Karl von Frisch, the Nobel laureate who discovered this behavior. Entomologists are currently questioning some of his findings, but von Frisch claims that the directions given in the dances are so precise and accurate that once they have been deciphered researchers can go to the place described by the dance and watch marked bees arrive. Different scout bees may find different locations for a swarm and return to dance about their finds. Eventually, an agreement is reached, rather like the arrival of the Sense of the Meeting among Quakers, and all the bees in the swarm fly off to their new home.

I interrupted this process in the cluster by my neighbor's mailbox. I brought with me a covered single hive body stapled to a bottom board. I had taped its ventilation hole but had left the entrance open, although I had brought along a screen for it. Inside I had put a feeder and eight frames of drawn comb, which to a bee would be fragrant with the odor of other bees. I also brought along a white sheet.

My neighbor and his family gathered at a distance to watch. A good portion of the swarm was on the ground, because the weight of those thousands of bees had dragged down the small branch. I set the hive on the ground near the bees, with its entrance toward them, and spread the sheet in front of it. They would have to walk over the sheet to get into the hive, and the white background would make it easier for me to see the queen. I had to make sure she got into the hive, or the swarm would not stay in it.

It took a few minutes for the bees to become aware of the hive, with its welcoming scent of comb. The first bees to discover it stationed themselves at the entrance, elevated their abdomens, and pointed them outward to expose their scent-producing glands. They fanned their wings to send out an odor trail from the glands for other bees in the swarm to follow. Tired of camping out, the entire swarm started walking slowly across the white sheet and into the hive, in a purposeful and what I can only describe as a cheerful manner. I sat astride the hive watching for the queen.

The thousands of bees, even though they were marching along at a steady clip, took quite a long time to go into the hive. My neighbors at first found it comical that I had somehow induced the bees to walk into the hive on their own, but soon they grew bored. They had expected something livelier. They had assumed I would *do* something, not just sit there on a hive and watch the bee parade. Long after my neighbors had left, I finally spotted the queen stepping briskly across the white sheet. She was a beautiful golden yellow with three stylish black stripes, marking her as an Italian. She disappeared into the hive. I got up and stretched. It took a bit longer for the rest of the bees to go in. Then I shoved the entrance screen into place and stapled it. I put the hive in the pickup and drove home, where I set it out in back by the woodlot. Tomorrow morning, I'll fill the feeder with sugar syrup to give these bees a start. In a week's time, I'll medicate them and check to see what kind of egg-laying pattern the queen has made, before I decide whether to let her live or to replace her. I hope she is still a good queen—I wouldn't like to have to kill such a beauty.

A friend who keeps bees stopped over at day's end for a drink. We sat up on the deck of the barn loft and watched the sun going down. I told him about the swarm and the beautiful queen. We talked about how odd and special it is to develop an affection for bugs.

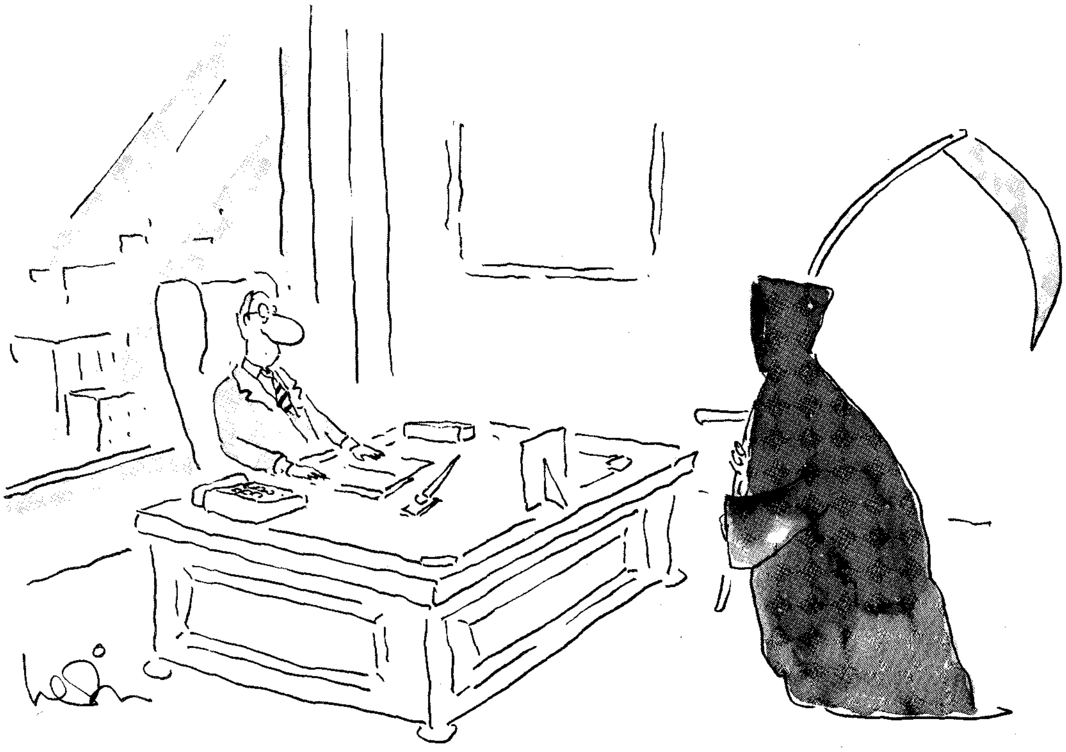
He laughed, and proposed a toast: "To the queen!"

"Long may she live!" I responded.

And then we watched the sun disappear behind the trees.

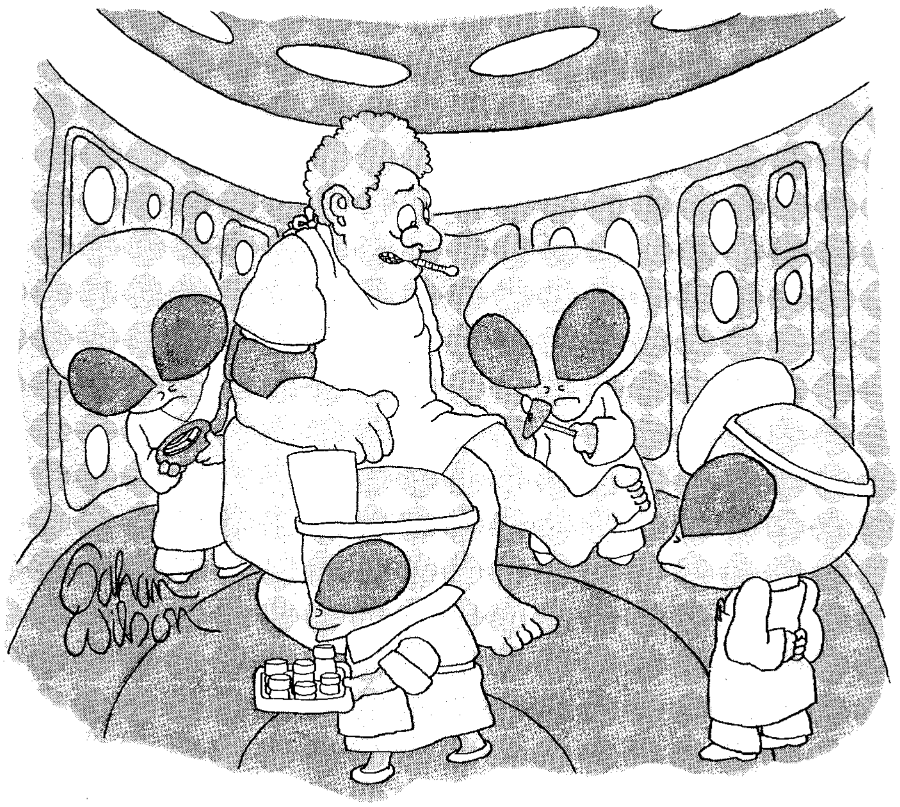
FARMERS began their first cutting of hay weeks ago. I should have taken my brush cutter and trimmed around the beehives then, too: the grass and brush surrounding them have grown so tall that it's hard for me to work the hives and difficult for the bees to fly in and out of them. However, I have been on the road, making my June sales trips. I've been to Boston, New York, St. Louis, Kansas City, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, and Dallas. Over the years, my bees must have become more skilled, because I have more honey to sell, yet, with competition from foreign honey, there are a lot of us beekeepers scrambling for a smaller slice of the market. I should be setting up accounts in other cities as well. But I'm already spending more of my time peddling honey than I am keeping bees, and I would prefer it the other way around. Out on the interstates, I was seized with guilt about the bees, so this past week I've been working hard in the beeyards. I've been trimming, and taking more supers to the hives. They are needed: the nectar flow is at its strongest now. Most hives are ready for at least two supers. Individual variations among the colonies of bees, which a few months ago were exactly equal, are now apparent. Some hives, with hard-working populations of bees, have five supers on them and will need more before the end of the nectar flow; others have only one super, and the bees may not fill even that. Hot weather is ahead, and it's a kindness to help bees ventilate their hives. With those that have four or more supers, I offset the top super slightly, leaving a crack between it and the one underneath. The space allows the bees to set up an air current from the hive entrance to the top by fanning their wings; this helps them both to cool the hive and to evaporate the nectar they are storing in the supers.

Colony populations are at their peak,



"If we hurry, you might still make this Sunday's 'Times' obits."

• •



"I had a touch of the flu last February, and that funny ache in my thumb still flares up when it's damp, but, thanks to the diet and exercise program you recommended, I feel better all around since the last abduction."

and the bees in the best hives are working in a dedicated way, flying out in streams and coming back heavy with nectar. In the pastures, the ladino clover is in heavy bloom, and yellow-blossomed sweet clover is almost through blooming along the roadsides, with the white-blossomed variety just coming on. Those tallest of clovers—*Melilotus officinalis* and *M. alba*, respectively—grow from five to eight feet high. A hundred years ago, they bloomed thickly from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi River, and their deep roots added nutriments to poor but limy soils. Today, beekeepers still think of sweet clover as the best of all possible bee plants, and have been known to carry sacks of the seed to broadcast in any likely spot. Other kinds of farmers like it less well, and seldom plant it. In the first place, sweet clovers are biennial, and, with their rangy, weedy growth, they do not make as good fodder as the lower-growing clovers, like ladino. So sweet clover today grows mostly in waste places, such as highway rights-of-way, where the bees make use of it until the highway crews come along and mow it—a sight that always makes beekeepers sad.

This week, my bees are also working persimmon flowers. Wild persimmons (*Diospyros virginiana*) are skinnier trees in the Ozarks than they are in other parts of their range, but they still grow tall here. Their white bell-shaped flowers—male and female borne on separate trees—are too high for people to see, but bees find them. The flowers are such a good source of nectar that the bees are often out in the persimmon grove by my woodlot before dawn. Some bees even spend the night on the blossoms; they are so reluctant to stop working them at day's end that darkness catches them there, and they can't fly home.

All week, as I've been working with the hives, trimming grass and adding supers, the bees have been so busy in their foraging flights that they have barely noticed me, even when I've trimmed directly in front of their hives. In the middle of a sunny day when there's a strong nectar flow, it's almost impossible to make bees cross, and easy to work among them without gloves, veil, or protective clothing. I have kept my smoker burning as a precaution, but I've seldom used it. Yesterday, however, was different. Even if I had not heard the weather forecast on the radio in the morning, I would have known from the bees' behavior that we were due for a change in the weather. A front was moving in from the Rockies and would bring rain by evening, and although the day stayed sunny, the air was oppressive and the bees had hair-trigger tempers. I was using a heavy-duty, gasoline-powered brush cutter to trim around the hives. It is fast, and the bees, of course, do not mind the noise, though I do. With it, I can trim near the hive entrances, but I must finish the job on hands and knees with a pair of clippers. My position at their entrances irritated the bees, and the guard bees bristled. They are older workers with full venom sacs, ready to sting, and they recruited helpers among their sisters to come out and try to drive me off as I inched my way along the front of the rows of hives. I smoked them heavily to quiet them. If I hadn't and if they had stung, every bee who left her stinger in my bee suit would have hung a chemical label on me: "enemy," her pheromone tag would have said. That message would have been read by bees from hives I had not yet come to, and would have induced the bees to attack before I approached them. Within a few hours, I would have been able to smell the acrid alarm pheromone, the scent of angry bees.

I do not like making bees cross, and by day's end yesterday I was irritated, too. Perhaps the change in barometric pressure and the threat of the storm affected my mood as much as they did the bees'. A magnificent electric storm and heavy rains are keeping both the bees and me in our houses today. The storm is clearing the air of oppressive heaviness, and tomorrow the bees' mood will be better. So will mine.

IT is the Fourth of July, and the local V.F.W. roasted a pig at the park in town today before the evening's fireworks. My friends among the veterans invited me to come, but I was too busy. I've been working out in the beeyards, putting on the last supers of the season. It has become my own private holiday tradition over the years to get the final supers on the hives before the fireworks go off.

The dates of the honey season are different in different parts of the country. They depend on local weather conditions and flower bloom, but here in the Ozarks the nectar flow is usually over by mid-July. Hot and dry weather in July worries farmers who graze cattle, because their pastures dry up; if it rains, pastures will green, but the sumac nectar flow will cease, so I am the one local farmer who prefers midsummer droughts. Heat and dry weather in early July make sumac blossoms secrete nectar, which the bees transform into a wonderfully rich-tasting dark-red honey.

One of the first plants that Ozark bees work in the springtime is *Rhus aromatica*—fragrant sumac. The last significant nectar flow of summer comes from its cousins *R. glabra* (smooth sumac) and *R. copallina* (shining sumac). Smooth sumac is the first of the pair to bloom. It is a small, shrubby tree, seldom over ten feet high, and is one of the first invaders of abandoned fields. Its leaves turn brilliant red early in the autumn, and its creamy-white blossoms are borne in dense clusters and are followed by the crimson globe-shaped berries that Eastern bluebirds find tasty and sustaining in winter. In hot, dry weather, the blossoms drip nectar and are covered with bees, who lap it up. Later, if the weather holds, bees will transfer their attention to *R. copallina*, a sumac similar in growth, flowers, and fruit. It can be easily distinguished from *R. glabra*, however, because the leafstalk is edged with small green wings, which gives it another common name, winged sumac. Together, the two species provide weeks of bloom. But, like other beekeepers, I have learned that customers are alarmed to learn that bees make honey from sumac flowers. "Sumac!" says one, screwing up her face to indicate her distaste. "Isn't that poisonous?" I have heard the question a number of times.

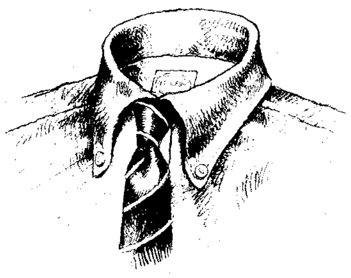
Poison sumac (*R. vernix*) grows along the Eastern seaboard and in boggy places throughout the Southeast, not in this part of the country. Nevertheless, people have had such bad experiences with the maddeningly itchy rash it causes that they are wary of any plant with "sumac" as part of its name. Earlier in the season, bees here do work another member of the genus—poison ivy—that causes a similar rash, but the honey that bees make from poison ivy does not harm human beings. In fact, there is only one plant in this country from which bees produce honey generally poisonous to people. It is mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*), the evergreen shrub that frosts Eastern mountains with its white flowers early in the springtime. Mountain laurel contains a poison called andromedotoxin, and its effect has long been known. In an 1875 issue of *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, a surgeon who had been with the Confederate Army wrote:

> Wherever the Mountain Laurel grows the bees are very fond of it. . . . It is dangerous for any one unable to detect the taste to eat the honey. It has a highly poisonous effect, being an extremely distressing narcotic. . . . During the war I had many opportunities of witnessing its effects and on one occasion, personal experience gave me the right to say that I know something about it. . . . Some time after eating, a queerish sensation of tingling all over, indistinct vision, caused by dilation of the pupils, with an empty dizzy feeling about the head and a horrible nausea which would not relieve itself by vomiting. . . . The first case or two that I saw were entirely overpowered by it, and their appearance was exactly as if they were dead drunk. . . . The usual remedies for narcotics partially restored them in a few hours, but the effects did not completely wear off for two or three days.

There are, of course, variations in what triggers an allergic response, and green—that is, unripe—honey from a variety of plants (yellow jasmine and rhododendron, for example) can cause a reaction in some people. In other parts of the world, there are other poisonous honeys. Xenophon describes soldiers in his army who were driven mad by eating honey. Pliny wrote of a honey called "goat's death," which modern writers believe was made from *Rhododendron ponticum*, a little-cultivated species. A Brazilian plant, *Serjonia lethalis*, produces a honey so poisonous that Indians used it for tipping their arrows and killing fish.

In this country, however, only mountain laurel gives nectar that human beings should in general avoid. Bees are not so lucky: a number of plant nectars can poison them. The most important ones in this country (besides mountain laurel) are California buckeye, black nightshade, death

BAGGIER AND BETTER



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camas, dodder, leatherwood, locoweed, seaside arrowgrass, whorled milkweed, and western false hellebore. Some symptoms of plant poisoning in bees are similar to those of insecticide poisoning: bees may die in heaps outside their hives. But there are other symptoms as well. Newly emerged bees may have crumpled wings, or may fail to shed the last pupal case from the abdomen. California-buckeye poisoning causes bees to become black and shiny from loss of hair and may make them tremble. Affected queens produce eggs that do not hatch or larvae that die soon after hatching. The queens may also become incapable of laying or may lay only drone eggs.

I know all this at second hand; I have never seen a case of plant poisoning in my hives, and my bees work no plants that produce honey hurtful to human beings. In a month or so, however, if droughty weather continues and absolutely nothing else is in bloom, the bees may be forced to gather nectar from bitterweed—*Helenium amarum tenuifolium*—which grows in pastures here, and also in much of the eastern half of the country. Another common name for bitterweed is sneezeweed. The drooping rayed yellow flowers, when crushed, cause violent sneezing, and have been used for snuff. Dairy cows grazing on the flowers give bitter milk, and bees produce distasteful honey from the nectar. One year, I had a few combs of bitterweed honey in my harvest. The honey was beautiful to see—thick and creamy yellow, rather buttery in appearance—but it tasted like soap. To bees, it is as good as any other, and so I gave it back to them. Bitterweed is usually not a problem, because it is a meagre nectar source and bees will not gather it if they can find anything else in bloom. But I do not like to risk mingling it with the better-flavored honey from blackberries, clover, persimmons, and sumac, so I always harvest my crop before the bitterweed blooms widely.

THERE are a number of ways to take honey from bees and bees from honey.

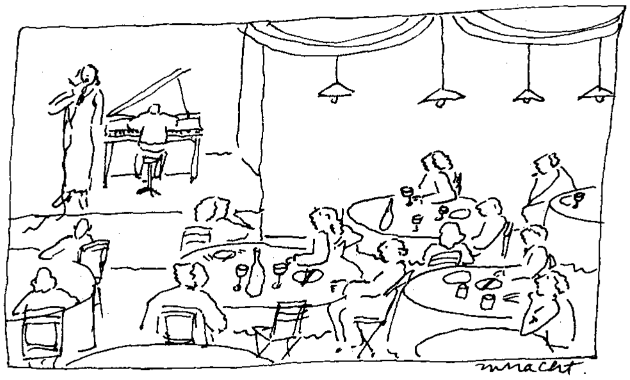
Honey is harvested when the nectar flow is over, which means that there is a full work force of perhaps sixty thousand bees staying home in each hive, with little to do. There are often so many bees that not all will fit inside the hive, and some cluster dispiritedly out in front. They are mature bees with full venom sacs, and they are cross, easily provoked to stinging behavior just at the time the beekeeper wants to steal their honey. The important thing is to take the honey from them as expeditiously as possible and transfer it speedily to an enclosed, bee-proof place.

A beekeeper with a few supers will have no trouble removing all of them from his hives quickly, even if he just sets them to one side and then, frame by frame, shakes the bees from them. But if he has a lot of supers he will prefer to remove the bees from a super all at once. Bee repellent, used on a "fume board," will drive all the bees from a super, but on hot, sunshiny days only, manufacturers' claims to the contrary notwithstanding. A fume board is a cloth-lined ridged cover cut to the dimensions of an open super. A beekeeper squirts a small amount of repellent on the cloth lining and places the fume board on top of the super. The fumes are offensive, and the bees run from them. Benzaldehyde, or artificial oil of almonds, and butyric anhydride are both used as repellents, and I can understand why; even to a human being they smell terrible. One of my bee-supply catalogues refers to butyric anhydride, which I use, as "pungent;" I would call it stinky. I once lent my fume board and butyric anhydride to another beekeeper, who was unable to drive back over to my place to return it, so he mailed it, and when it arrived in town the postmaster phoned: "Don't know what this package has in it that just came for you, but it stinks to high heaven! It's driving us out of the post office. Will you come get it, please?"

For several hundred dollars, a beekeeper can buy a bee blower. A bee blower is a machine similar to the ones people living in the suburbs use to blow leaves from their lawns in the autumn. It is a vacuum cleaner in reverse. Powered by a gasoline engine, it sends a strong blast of air down a length of flexible hose tipped with a narrow attachment that looks like a vacuum's crevice tool. The narrow tool is used to direct the blast of air between frames in a super, to push the bees downward. It is effective in driving bees from the supers quickly, and it does not irritate them very much: they apparently regard wind, even strong wind, as one of life's natural hazards.

I used a bee blower for some years, but eventually I gave it away, with an enormous sense of relief. It is a fussy machine and requires constant carburetor adjustments to keep it running at full power, but that was not what made me give it away. My reason was an aesthetic one: I wearied of the noise of the engine, which is louder than my chain saw, louder than my brush cutter, louder than a lawnmower. It seems wrong, somehow, to make such a terrible racket in a peaceful, beautiful beeyard. It does not put the bees in a bad temper, but it puts me in one. I now use a pair of fume boards and butyric anhydride to harvest my honey. My harvest is in August, when the weather is hot and the chemical works quickly. By using two fume boards, I can pry up the cleared supers from one hive and the young man I hire as a helper can carry them to the truck while the fumes are beginning to act on the second hive. We can usually work through a beeyard of ten or twelve hives in half to three-quarters of an hour. And, after the blower, I appreciate the quiet in the beeyards enough to put up with the stench of butyric anhydride.

A young man named Tony has worked for me during the past few harvests. He's in college now, but he likes working with the bees and arranges his summer-vacation schedule in order to be free for the first few weeks in August. When I am running fewer hives, as I hope to, I'll probably be able to handle the honey harvest on my own, but it's companionable to work with Tony in the beeyards and in the honey house. We drive to the beeyards in my three-quarter-ton truck, which will carry a five-thousand-pound load. He stacks the filled supers on the truck, and, back in my honey



house, he helps separate the honey from the honeycomb inside them. The first three days, we work in the yards, but by then the honey house is filled with stacks of supers on pallets, and on the fourth day we begin extracting honey.

Whether a beekeeper has three hives or three hundred or three thousand, extracting honey is much the same job. In all cases, he needs to cut the wax cappings from the frames of honeycomb, take out the honey, and put it in something else. The equipment needed in any size operation is some type of hot knife to slice through the soft cappings, a centrifugal spinner to separate the honey from the comb, and a container to catch the free honey. I use a motorized, steam-heated uncapping knife, a motor-driven extractor that will hurl the honey out of forty-five frames in fifteen minutes, and a series of stainless-steel settling and bottling tanks connected by clear plastic tubing. I also melt the cut-off cappings into creamy yellow blocks, which I sell to a bee-supply company for more money, per pound, than I ever get for the honey. Beeswax has many uses besides making fine candles. It is a base for ointments, creams, and cosmetics. It is used for waterproofings and polishes. It is an ingredient of adhesives, crayons, chewing gum, inks, ski wax. But its chief value is to bee-supply companies, which remelt it and mold it into new frame foundation to sell back to beekeepers.

When I am extracting honey, I process all of it without heat, and empty the bottling tanks into sixty-pound plastic containers with tightly fitting lids to keep out moisture. Before I make sales trips, I will warm the honey enough to break down its crystals. Unheated honey tastes better than heated, but unheated honey crystallizes, and American consumers prefer honey in liquid, not crystalline, form, so I must heat and bottle it before I can sell it. At the moment, however, Tony and I are simply taking honey from the combs as rapidly as possible, to preserve its flavor and quality, and putting it into the sixty-pound storage containers. We have set ourselves the goal of running twelve extractor loads through the system each day. We can do that before the worst of the August afternoon heat makes the job too uncomfortable. Some supers are fuller than others, but normally it takes us four or five days to extract the honey we have harvested in three. When we're finished, we head back out to the beeyards and fill up the honey house once again, repeating the whole process until every super is emptied of honey.

Harvesting and extracting honey is hot, heavy, repetitious labor. Because bees are lively and unpredictable animals, and therefore interesting, and because honey is just honey, I find this part of the operation more like work than the rest of it. When Tony leaves in the afternoon, I like to go back into the cabin and shower away the weariness and the layer of stickiness which has accumulated from a day of working in the honey house. As the shower pours over me, I think what a fine plan it is that honey is soluble in water. My feet ache from standing on the concrete floor of the honey house, so after my shower I like to prop them up, drink a cup of coffee, enjoy the comfortable tiredness that comes after a day of hard physical labor, and contemplate my good fortune at actually being able to make a living by associating with a bunch of bugs.

Later on, at sunset, I have more work to do. The honeycombs still have a small amount of honey left in them after they are removed from the extractor. It is too little to try to remove mechanically but too much to leave in the combs when they are stored for the winter, because it would attract cockroaches and ants. So each morning at dawn, before the bees start flying, I load into my old half-ton truck the supers we processed the previous day, and drive them near the woodlot. During the day, the bees remove every trace of honey from them. The second morning I did this, thousands of bees were waiting for me when I drove up, and were circling impatiently in the air above the spot where the truck had been the day before. After the last day that supers have been cleaned up and stored, I know, the bees will still wait expectantly in the same spot for several mornings. Each day at sunset, as the bees start to return to their hives, and before the wax moths start flying, I walk out to the truck to drive the load of clean supers back to my storage shed,

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where I unload and fumigate them. Wax moths that find their way into supers will lay their eggs there. If a beekeeper stores comb without fumigating it, he will open the supers up in the spring to find nothing but ruined skeletons of comb, ropy webbing where the wax-moth larvae have worked, and frass and cocoons nested in the wooden frame parts. So I fumigate as I stack. I use paradichlorobenzene crystals, one of the materials from which mothballs are made. The vapor from the fumigant is heavier than air and will kill larvae below it. But it does not affect the eggs that adult wax moths may have laid, so in ten days I will have to repeat the procedure to kill any new larvae that have hatched in the interim. I leave no supers uncovered, and I seal up with duct tape any cracks or holes I find, so that wax moths cannot squeeze in and lay new eggs. After the second fumigation, the stacks of supers should be safe if they are not disturbed in any way. The paradichlorobenzene crystals break down rapidly in warm weather, and after a few days the fumes dissipate, so by springtime, when the supers are ready to use again, there will be no residue.

Yesterday evening, I brought in the last load of supers from this year's harvest. I was in a hurry, because I had other work to do in the evening, and I went out for the supers a little too early. It was still light, and I knew there would be many bees left on the supers. The day had been hotter than usual, and after my shower I had slipped a sundress over my nakedness and called it getting dressed. But before I started out to get the supers I pulled on a pair of heavy socks and work boots for the walk through the pasture to the truck. I often see copperheads on that open ground. Copperheads are the shiest, least aggressive snakes I know—their dearest wish is to slither away from a human being—but if I were to step directly on one he would strike to defend himself. A copperhead's bite, although not fatal, is poisonous enough to make me sick, so I wear boots when I walk through the pasture. In my sundress and Mammy Yokum footwear, I must have looked the real hillbilly.

There were not only honeybees but wasps and bumblebees as well still on the supers in the truck when I got to it. Some of them blew off as I drove back to the storage shed. I knew that the ones remaining were so single-minded and intent on their work that they wouldn't bother me while I unloaded the truck, so I climbed up and began shaking each super free of bees as I unloaded it. The bees swirled around, hardly noticing me as they worked and I worked. When the bees were shaken from the supers, they fell to the truck bed, and some of them began flying up underneath my sundress. I could feel them crawling across my skin. The bees were in a good mood, but it was asking too much of them not to sting when they discovered they were trapped. I didn't want to be stung, so I peeled off the sundress. Freed from the confining cloth, they flew away peacefully, and I went on unloading the truck inside a cloud of bees, naked as a jaybird except for my big work boots. The late-afternoon light had changed to dusk when I was done. I pulled on my sundress and drove the truck over under the pine trees, where I left it. Another honey harvest was ended.

I started to walk back to the cabin, but the cries of nighthawks made me stop and look up. Nighthawks are related to whippoorwills and chuck-will's-widows, and are not hawks at all. With their long, pointed wings, the undersides of which are banded with white, they are easy to recognize, and are often seen around city parking lots, where they feed on the insects attracted by the overhead lights. I sometimes see them here in the evening, swooping after the first of the night-flying insects, but not often in such numbers as I saw last evening. Their calls—*peeee-eent*, *pe-ee-eeent*—filled the air. They were gathered not to feed on bees—although they were probably doing some of that, too—but to migrate. Though late August still feels like summer here in the Ozarks, it is the time of year the nighthawks are moving on to their South American wintering grounds.

Our human calendars take little notice of such dates, but the nighthawk migration tells of shortening days and a season's end. The honey harvest marks it, too. The end of the bees' year is the beginning of the bees' year. It is of mine, too. —SUE HUBBELL

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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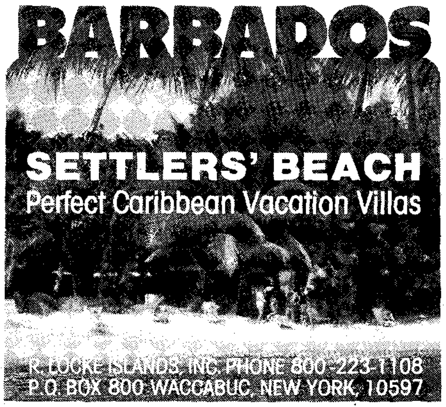

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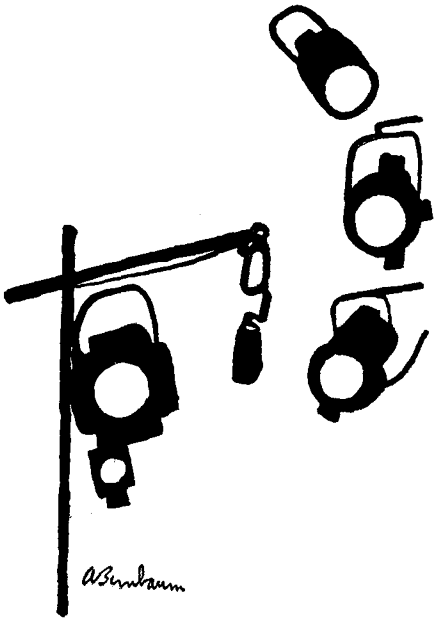
THE THEATRE

Mamet at the Movies

"Speed-the-Plow," David Mamet's satiric comedy about Hollywood, at the Royale, opens in the office of Bobby Gould, who has just been made head of production at one of the studios. His old colleague Charlie Fox, who has not done as well in the years since they were boys together in the mailroom, comes in to congratulate him—very fulsome congratulations, tinged with sycophancy—and to present him with a surefire script, a conventional action picture, which he has an option on only until the following morning. Cries of mutual delight, affection, and gratitude fill the air, along with pledges of fifty-fifty credit and names above the title. The deal is all but set. On Bobby's desk is an unbound copy of a novel about radiation and the end of the world by some "East Coast sissy writer," which Bobby has promised the head of the studio to give a "courtesy reading" (open it, close it, pass it along). But that is just a moment's distraction from Bobby's talk of the new job, of his power to make decisions—to "green-light" any project that interests him, as Charlie's does. Their frenetic overlapping dialogue is as profane and funny and as deeply indigenous as that of Mr. Mamet's "Glengarry Glen Ross," and what could be better? The men need coffee and a table booked for lunch, and in walks a temporary secretary in the person of the beautiful Madonna. She's new in town, and this is her first day on the job. Bobby bets five hundred dollars that he can get her to sleep with him; Charlie is skeptical. Bobby hands her the novel, telling her that he wants a report on it by that evening, at his house. The following morning, sure enough, Bobby has to break the news to Charlie that he has changed his mind about the deal; he has been persuaded overnight, by Little Miss Innocent, to make the novel about radiation into a movie instead. That is her deal. Nothing in the novel could be as devastating as Charlie's explosion of rage and outrage, while Bobby sits silent and taut, until he is knocked to the floor. The energy of Joe Mantegna, as Bobby, and Ron Silver, as Charlie, puts the atom bomb to shame.

The perfectly matched acting of these two men, under Gregory Mosher's direction, is a marvel to behold; not a word or gesture goes to waste. As for Madonna, who, for all her other credits, is just a beginner in the theatre, her performance seemed to me just right. Her temp is the kind of clear-eyed boob who could convince even shrewd Bobby (under the circumstances, of course) that a "serious" movie about nuclear destruction would be a more worthwhile undertaking than a good commercial film (or even, probably, than a brilliant comedy like "Speed-the-Plow"). Her crafty innocence makes a nice contrast to the cynicism and incidental treachery and open greed of the men. The play itself is vintage Mamet, passionate and witty and terribly funny. His ear is as sharp and discerning as any in the theatre today, and corruption is his game. In just about ninety minutes, he brings a whole world to life (with considerable help from his friends). As Robert Benchley once wrote in a review for this magazine of "Once in a Lifetime," another comedy about Hollywood, "the lines are funny to the point of being convulsing at times, but each one packs a terrific jab with a poisoned needle." The appropriate sets, lighting, and costumes are by Michael Merritt, Kevin Rigdon, and Nan Cibula, respectively.



"Romance/Romance" is the portmanteau title for a pair of one-act musical comedies—and they are indeed musical and comic, for a change—that have moved from Off Broadway to the Helen Hayes, their directness and charm intact and without any of the overpowering flapdoodle that threatens to bury so many shows these days. The bright books and lyrics of both were written by Barry Harman, and the engaging scores are by Keith Herrmann. The first of them, "The Little Comedy," is based on a short story by Arthur Schnitzler and is set in turn-of-the-century Vienna. Its hero and heroine are a rake and a demimondaine who, separately, decide to disguise themselves in simple garb and drop out of society, in the hope of finding genuine emotion and perhaps true love. What they find is—well, of course. Since the original author is Schnitzler, the ending, needless to say, is edged and hardly happily-ever-after. The second play, based on "Pain de Ménage," by Jules Renard, is called "Summer Share" and is set in a cottage in the Hamptons that two couples are sharing for the summer. Time, the present. The four are best friends, but the husband of one couple and the wife of the other wonder if an affair might not bring them happiness. They have their affair, but things don't work out quite as they had hoped. The wry endings of both plays are refreshing: gaiety prevails, and sentimentality rarely seeps in. Generosity prevails, too: there are a dozen musical numbers in the first play, fourteen in the second, and they are delightfully sung and danced to by Alison Fraser and Scott Bakula, in the leading roles, and by Deborah Graham and Robert Hoshour in support. Pamela Sousa was the choreographer; Mr. Harman directed.

—Edith Oliver

•

The suite from Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake was the concert's rousing finale. The orchestra's superb playing confirmed suspicions that this is a fine group but one which is evidently under-rehearsed. Particularly beautiful playing came from Henry Schuman's elbow, Benjamin Hudson's violin and Richard Sher's cello.

—*Gwendolyn Haverstock in Newsday.*

Just shows what a little elbow grease will do.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

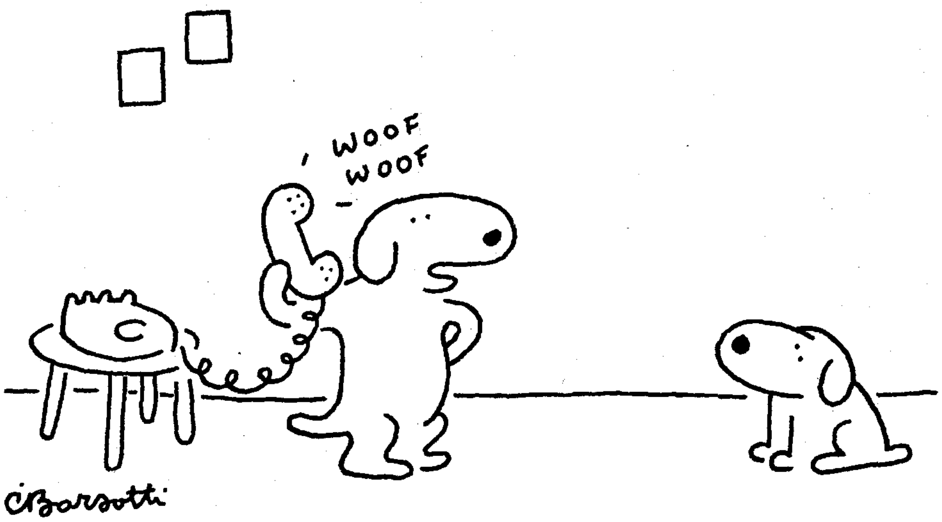
Red on Red

Glamorous, impossibly passionate, hyperbolic romance is integral to the pleasure of the movies, and it seeps into the consciousness of moviegoers the world over. The Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar makes hot comedies in which the characters act out the wildest fantasies they've absorbed, or, like the handsome, wealthy Ángel (Antonio Banderas) in "Matador," try to act them out, and embarrass themselves. Ángel thinks he loves danger, and he's training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. When his instructor, a famous retired matador, suggests that he may be homosexual, the virginal Ángel, wearing a red sweater, attempts to rape the matador's enticing young mistress—a fashion model who knows him. (She lives next door.) But Ángel has trouble with the pocketknife he holds at her throat: he gets the corkscrew out instead of the blade. And he can't consummate the rape—he ejaculates prematurely. She slaps him in contempt, and when she's walking off and trips, bruising her cheek, he passes out. Ángel is such a *supreme fantasist* that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders. Unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. "Matador" is all lush, clownish excess. Everything is eroticized—the colors, the violence. It's all too much—it's sumptuously sick and funny, with hair ornaments used as daggers, tall women in swirling cloaks, and love rites performed on the matador's hot-pink cape spread fanlike on the floor. It's a dizzy bash. It doesn't have the purring wit of Almodóvar's "Law of Desire," but, then, "Matador" was made earlier.

Almodóvar's movies are opening in this country in something like reverse order. After his 1987 "Law of Desire" we might have expected to see the 1988 "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown," which is playing in Spain. Instead, his earlier films are arriving. This gives us a chance to catch up on his development and see the leaps he's been making. Movie-nourished though it is, the 1986 "Matador" has its splendors, but the 1983 convent farce "Dark Habits" gets to be a rather labored series of jokes. Still, Almodóvar already had the disreputable sensuality that links him to early De Palma.

Under the opening titles of "Dark Habits" we see Madrid in the evening, with the headlights of cars on a long, winding thoroughfare, and as we read the titles the night life seems to get going full blast—the traffic grows heavier and the winding street is pure white light. Visually, nothing that follows lives up to the magic vibration of this image, but there's always something frisky to look at. "Dark Habits"—its Spanish name is "Entre Tinieblas," and the picture is sometimes referred to as "Dark Hideout" or "Sisters of Darkness"—shows us Almodóvar's naughty-Catholic-schoolboy side. (Here, and in his other movies, he uses Catholic fetishism as camp.) In a night club, an entertainer named Yolanda (Cristina S. Pascual), a bottle blonde in tarty, glittering red, is so doped up she can't remember the lyrics of the pop tune she's singing. She has to be prompted, like a schoolchild with stagefright. When two police officers show up backstage to question her about her lover's death, she scrams and—still in her strapless dress—takes refuge with a small, declining order of nuns, the Humble Redeemers.

This convent in the middle of the city specializes in the salvation of murderesses, prostitutes, and junkies, but it has been having a hard time getting recruits. The genteel Mother Superior (Julieta Serrano) is so avid for resident sinners that she'll shoot them up with heroin and supply anything else they want. (She's a junkie herself.) Sister Damned—Carmen Maura, the frustrated cleaning woman in Almodóvar's 1984 "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" and the transsexual heroine of "Law of Desire"—has a husky voice and a big smile. She's the middle figure in a trio of singing nuns, and she looks chaste and demure when she accompanies the songs on her bongo drums; she also beats the drums for her pet tiger, with whom she has conjugal relations. Sister Rat—Chus Lampreave, a regular in Almodóvar's stock company—writes sexy novels based on the lives of the girls who have been in residence. The convent chef, Sister Manure, who was a murderess, drops acid, and Sister Snake designs fancy clothes (her lover, the chaplain, is a devotee of Cecil Beaton's work, especially the costumes for "My Fair Lady"). It all ties together fairly amusingly, but it's not much more than a curiosity—Almodóvar's first film with a real budget. He catches something very appealing, though, in the casual musical numbers: Yolanda and the Mother Superior taking turns singing along to a song on the radio, and the convent party where the three musical nuns serve as backup singers for Yolanda. Carmen Maura at her bongos is a shiny-faced imp, a dadaist clown—which, of course, is what Almodóvar himself is. We're witnessing the director and his star finding each other.



"They're out. It's the damn answering machine."

Almodóvar demonstrates his clown

side when he turns up in "Matador" as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. Supervising the preparations for a fashion show, the couturier orders the model who has been bruised not to conceal it with makeup, and when a model (who has just shot up) pukes on another girl's gown he loves the puke.

Almodóvar's movies are an outburst of a post-Franco hedonistic spirit; in a sense, they're all midnight movies. "Matador," which opens with horrible, slasher images on a VCR—crimes against women—that the retired, gored bullfighter masturbates to, stuns you for a few seconds before it makes you laugh. "Matador" is a kicky comedy about sex fantasies. It takes off from the lovers killing each other in the operatic climax of "Duel in the Sun." Two of the characters watch that love-death together, and recognize their fate. (Yes, it's trashy, but brazenly so; this trashiness has its own poetry and bravura.) Sexual pleasure and killing are scrambled in the psyches of the bullfighter (Nacho Martínez), who since being gored can only teach his art, and the woman attorney (Assumpta Serna) who is his greatest fan. She defends the deluded Ángel, after he confesses to the murders he has seen in his visions.

Ángel the clairvoyant sees other people's crimes as his own: there's a surreal dream logic here. And the irrationality feels surprisingly spontaneous. Some of the scenes don't quite spring to life, but the bright, carnal color and Madrid locations carry you along. They suggest a fantasia of passion, and Almodóvar brings it impudence, and an enthusiasm for moviemaking that's contagious. "Matador" is a piece of voluptuous tomfoolery, with poison mushrooms popping out of shallow graves. At the moment of greatest suspense, when the police inspector (Eusebio Poncela), the police psychiatrist (Carmen Maura), Ángel, and the model, whom, it turns out, he'd tried to rape three or four times in the past, are rushing to prevent a double murder, they pause to observe a solar eclipse. (It's like a prank from one of Buñuel's late films.) This gagster director gets the audience heated up and then he cracks a joke. Not everybody can laugh—a lot of taboos are violated. But romantics, who will experience the worst shocks, may love the giddiness of giving in—they'll understand that the director is one of them.

Some of the jokes are old theatrical routines, perfectly timed. Ángel lives with his venomous mother (Julieta Serrano), who belongs to a pious right-wing organization. Almost every time she refers to his dead father, she speaks a blessing—"May he rest in peace"—but she spits out the words like a curse. The visual gags are often just a flash in the sunlight—like the shine of a bullfighting student's tight pants when the police inspector, who has an eye for young men, visits the school. (The timing isn't as deft when the inspector moves on to the bullring where the kids work out, and the camera goes right to their crotches.) The jokes may be as suggestive as the horsetail braid worn by the woman attorney—it swishes from side to side.

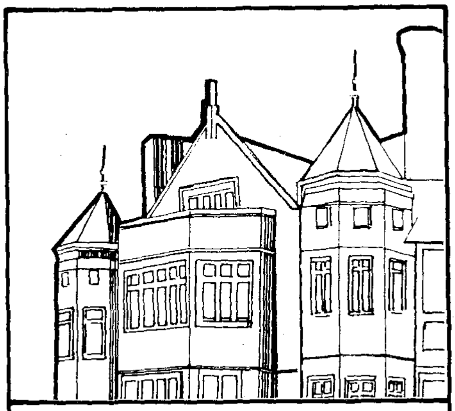
Assumpta Serna (she was the tall, loose-limbed beauty in Carlos Saura's 1981 "Sweet Hours") is playing a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. Assumpta Serna wears the earrings of a magnificent nympho; at one point, she stands posed high up on an iron grillwork bridge, her brilliantly colored silks blowing in the wind, and the friend with me said, "It's James M. Cain on mushrooms." Stretched out on his cape with this powerhouse woman, the gored matador holds a red rose in his teeth and uses it in his lovemaking. Almodóvar takes the two-lovers-destined-for-each-other theme and the two-killers-who-can't-stop-themselves-from-killing theme as far as his imagination will go, and that's pretty far. He reactivates the clichés of film noir and brings them into the land of punk. He finds an obsessive angle on everything, even if it's just the way he points the camera at Assumpta Serna coming down in a wrought-iron elevator. At least he's crazy.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Main said several factors in the past two decades contributed to what he perceives as a media trend to "go for the jugular." Bob Woodward and Leonard Bernstein's uncovering of the Watergate break-in and the resulting cover-up "made heros out of investigative reporters," Main said.—*Mary Ann Bosack in the Yale Daily News.*

"Scoop" Bernstein, they call him.



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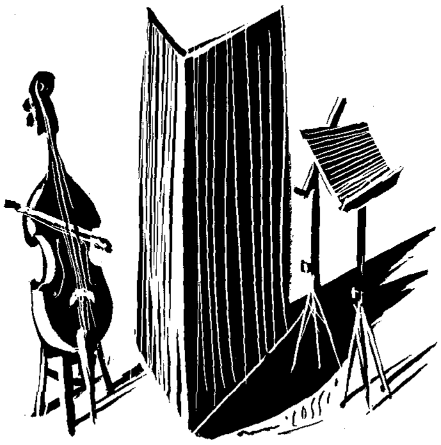
MUSICAL EVENTS

Quodlibet

A Lassus concert in Merkin Hall last month, given by the Boston Camerata, was lamed by the absence of texts: only a listener fluent in Latin and in Renaissance German, French, Italian, and Neapolitan could have understood why the music took the astonishing turns it did. The program included "Domine ne in furore," which opens the set of Penitential Psalms that Lassus composed for Duke Albrecht V of Bavaria. Lassus' admirer the Swiss humanist Samuel Quickelberg (who contributed a commentary to the handsome, illustrated volumes in which the Psalms were copied) described the composer's aim as "*rem quasi actam ante oculos ponere*"—to bring the thing before one's eyes almost as if it were being enacted. A puff of smoke vanishing, the desert owl, a sparrow's flutter to a solitary rooftop perch evoke graphic turns of phrase. But music is seldom a language so specific as to be able, without comprehended verbal clues, to communicate exactly *what* thing is being vividly enacted. The program also included the "Prophetiae Sibyllarum" cycle, in which the twelve sibyls that Pinturicchio pictured in the Vatican seem to break into majestic, mysterious song. "Triadic atonality" was Edward Lowinsky's phrase for the work, whose first nine bars contain ten different triads and touch upon all twelve tones. We need to know what the sibyls are saying. And what is being said in Lassus' last work, the "Lagrime di San Pietro," an unspecified selection from which closed the program. This is the madrigal cycle that James Haar, in New Grove, calls "a magnificent tonal arch covering the whole range of sixteenth-century sound."

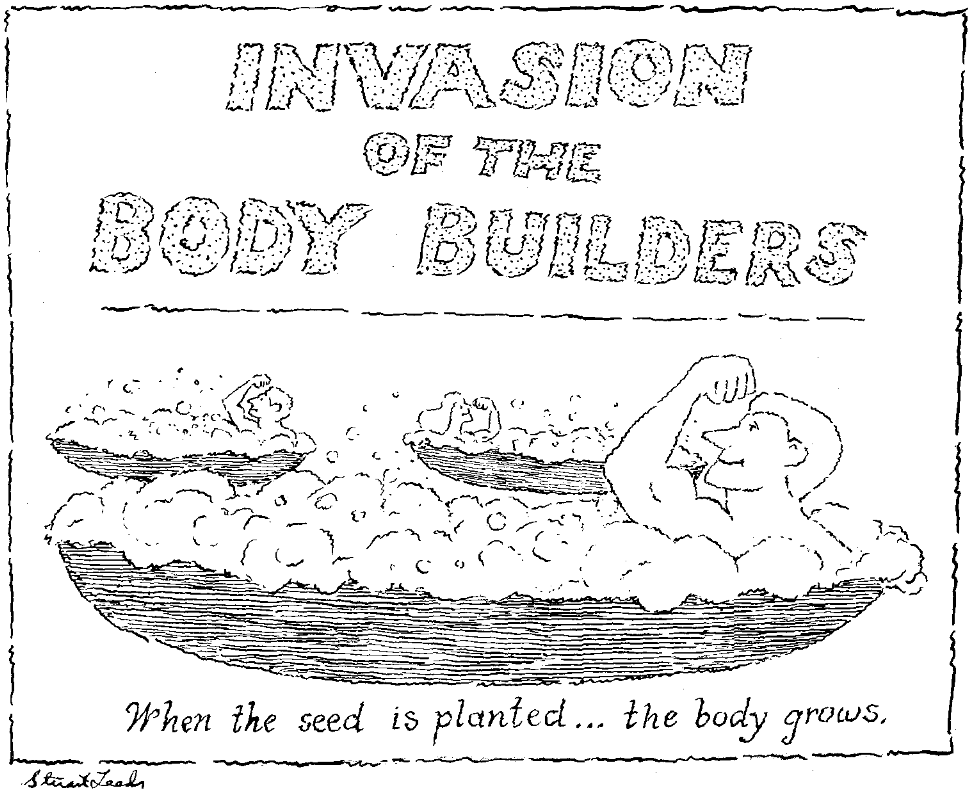
Lassus was prolific, in many veins. He composed some sixty Masses, more than a hundred Magnificats, hundreds and hundreds of motets, madrigals, chansons, and lieder. His biographer Horst Leuchtmann reckoned that half of Europe's musical publications between 1555, when Lassus' first book of madrigals appeared, and 1594, the year of his death, contained music by him. Many more volumes, edited by his sons, and containing over a thousand works, appeared in the next two decades. In our day, he has not been taken up as Palestrina has been; a glance at the record catalogues, those rough indicators of public esteem, confirms that. But some who have dipped deeply into Lassus tend to rate him above his Roman contemporary: Haar's Grove essay ends with a Lassus-Palestrina comparison in Lassus' favor ("greater variety of style and genre . . . greater economy of utterance"); and in the Merkin program note Thomas Binkley said he is tempted to call Palestrina Lassus' "lesser contemporary." In 1982, a celebration year for Haydn, Stravinsky, and Lassus, Richard Taruskin conducted his Cappella Nova in a Lassus concert and declared him "every bit the equal of the other two in eminence and significance."

The Camerata program, planned to display some of Lassus' range, also contained chansons, some saucy *moresche*, and the four-voice song cycle "Die Gnad kombt oben her." But the forces were hardly adequate. The Camerata, eight strong, had five singers and four instrumentalists (the countertenor also played the cornett): not enough—even with the four players of the Boston Shawm and Sackbut Ensemble in support—to do justice to the ten-voice Petrarch setting "Passan vostri trionfi" or the seven-voice "Tears of St. Peter." The concert had been prepared by Mr. Binkley, as a guest director of the Camerata. He spoke a few words at the beginning and referred us to Lassus' letters for an explanation of the concert's title, "The Bud of the Currant Bush." He conducted the opening measures of "Passan vostri trionfi" and then retired, leaving the performers to get on with the program by themselves. The three lower voices were bland; the countertenor had moments of obtrusive enthusiasm; the soprano was admirably steady but not always true in intonation. Merkin's dry, modern acoustics did not help. Something of Lassus' greatness came across, but it was a somewhat mingy affair. I missed the careful presentation of Music Before 1800 events in the apter ambience of Corpus Christi, and recalled the twenty-two-voice splendor of Cappella Nova's Lassus ringing out in St. Joseph's.



In April, the St. Paul's Cathedral Choir undertook a busy, eighteen-day American tour: seventeen concerts, in fifteen different cities—from Minnesota to Louisiana, from Colorado to Connecticut. The penultimate concert was given in New York, in St. Bartholomew's. The grand Byzantine church, by Bertram Goodhue, looks as if it ought to be resonant, but in fact it is panelled with porous, deadening Guastavino tiles that make it a place more suitable for speech than for ardent song. (Cram and Goodhue's St. Thomas, a church with a famous choir, used to be similarly afflicted—from the musicians' point of view—until, some years ago, the tiles were sealed over.) The dry St. Bart's acoustics, however, did not conceal the splendor of the St. Paul's Cathedral trebles, who in Herbert Howells' King's College ("Collegium Regale") Te Deum floated an exquisite sudden high note on "the Comforter" and in Parry's Coronation anthem "I was glad" blazed out on the top B-flats. The men of the choir—the Vicars Choral, six each of altos, tenors, and basses—seemed sometimes a shade tired (as well they might have been) but were never less than professional and assured. The boys, twenty-eight of them, were fresh, enthusiastic, and equally professional and assured. The conductor of the choir, John Scott, the St. Paul's suborganist and assistant music director, revealed in a program essay that at auditions trebles are chosen not so much for voice ("something we can train and develop") as for musical intelligence, a good ear, "spark of personality, bright eyes, the ability to give a performance." And give a performance they did.

The program was one of those wide-ranging this-and-that affairs thought appropriate for such tours: an early group (anthems by Byrd, Gibbons, and Weelkes), an international one (Mendelssohn, Fauré, and Poulenc), and a modern one (Malcolm Boyle, John Tavener, and Howells' memorial motet for President Kennedy), larded by organ solos (Buxtehude, Léon Boëllmann). The Howells Te Deum, the Parry, and a large part of Vaughan Williams' G-minor Mass were substantial works. The St. Bart's Aeolian-Skinner organ, played upon in virtuoso fashion by Christopher Dearnley, the St. Paul's organist and music director, sounded immense, high-pressure, and disagreeably aggressive. (It is billed as the largest organ in New York and the fifth-largest church organ in the Western Hemisphere.) Perhaps I should here throw in a personal reminiscence. Many years ago, when John Dykes Bower held the St. Paul's post Mr. Dearnley now holds and I was a young organist, I spent long after-dinner hours in the dark, closed cathedral playing—gently, not aggressively—upon its great organ, and sometimes (at the expense of accuracy) thinking about those who through the centuries had set these spaces sounding. In other words, I heard this concert hazed by a nostalgic, romantic background and so would distrust my response to it did I not feel objectively sure that Mr. Dearnley and Mr. Scott have brought the St. Paul's Choir to a higher peak than ever it reached in those years, and had not my *Times* colleague agreed on its prowess. In this country, we usually hear—except at St. Thomas—women trying, with varying success, to emulate boys in music composed for all-male voices. The St. Paul's Choir brought us "original instrument" performances.



When the seed is planted... the body grows.

Ned Rorem's "The Death of Moses," a four-part organ-accompanied motet commissioned by Richard Westenburg and his Musica Sacra chorus, had its first and second performances at a Musica Sacra concert in Alice Tully Hall earlier this year. The text—Deuteronomy 34:1-12—rang topically as the Lord showed to Moses the land that his people would one day inhabit and defined its borders. The conclusion contrasts Moses, "whom the Lord knew face to face," with Israel's later, less spiritual leaders. Rorem sets the text with his subtle ear for choral sonorities and verbal values, and delivers it trenchantly in an almost objective fashion—without taking sides, leaving listeners to draw what conclusions they will. A haunting piece.

Rorem's Three Poems of Baudelaire, for a four-part unaccompanied chorus large enough to admit of frequent divisions, was given its American première in March, at a Merkin Hall concert of the New York Concert Singers, sixteen strong, conducted by Judith Clurman. The piece was commissioned for the BBC Singers, whom the composer in a program note calls "the world's greatest chorus." Miss Clurman's singers were New York professionals, technically adept but, for the most part, without sparky personalities or bright eyes. Of Marian motets by Donizetti, Stravinsky, and Janáček they gave smooth performances; the music called for fuller throats and open hearts. But they warmed to Rorem's Baudelaire settings: "Invitation to the Voyage," "Cat," and "Satan's Litanies," in Richard Howard's American translations. The music is fanciful and challenging—more adventurous in its choral sonorities, its rhythms, and its harmonic movements than "The Death of Moses"—and the New York Concert Singers rose to the challenges. Folk-song arrangements ended the program. Miss Clurman became positively Temirkanovesque in her podium choreography, but her singers reverted to able professionalism.

Conrad Cummings' new song cycles "Positions 1956" and "Insertions" appeared last month at Performance Space 122, on First Avenue at Ninth Street. Each is for two singers—soprano and baritone—and four players. A third cycle, it seems, is in prospect, to make up an evening's entertainment. "Positions 1956" has a text, by Michael Korie, fashioned from popular sex manuals of the nineteen-fifties. It is an amusing piece given substance by some tender and some keen, rueful moments. "Insertions" is a setting of poems by James Siena, Hanon Reznikov, Michael Blumenthal, and Vikram Seth. Its tone is serious—but ardently, not glumly, so. Cummings is an arresting practitioner of the New Simplicity: touches of Virgil Thomson, touches of John Adams, echoes of Handel, a breath or two, perhaps, from the "Wunderhorn"

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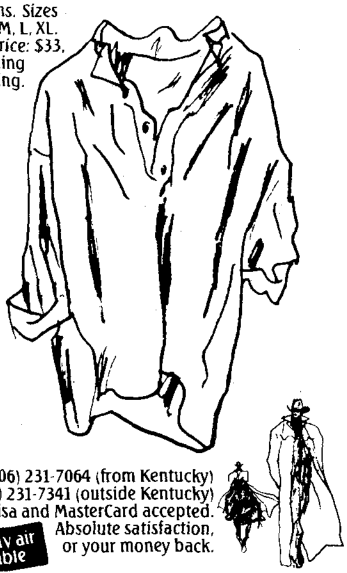

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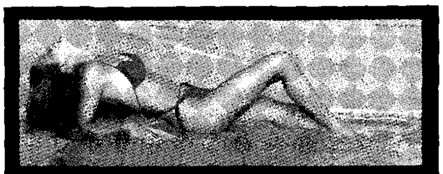

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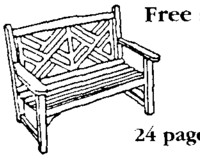

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Mahler. But the language has become personal. The music is sharply invented and trimly and surely composed. The imagery often proved potent.

The singers were Iris Hiskey and Larry Adams, the players Lisa Rautenberg (violin and viola), Andrew Sterman (flute, clarinets, saxophones), Karl Parens (cello), and the composer (synthesizer continuo). All were lively. Another performance is due next week, at the Knitting Factory.

A SONG that Benjamin Britten drafted for his 1943 cycle "Serenade," for tenor, horn, and strings, but then dropped had its American première in Carnegie Hall last month. It was found after his death, in short score, and, realized by Colin Matthews, had its first performance in London last year at a Peter Pears memorial concert. It is a setting of Tennyson's "Now sleeps the crimson petal." Two reasons have been suggested for the abandonment: first, that the "Serenade" contains six poems by six different poets, and one of them is already Tennyson ("The splendour falls on castle walls," another inset poem from "The Princess"). And that the six "Serenade" poems are either descriptive, incantatory, or directly apostrophic (of Tennyson's bugles, Blake's sick rose, Ben Jonson's moon goddess, and Keats' Sleep), whereas "Now sleeps the crimson petal" moves from description into a love song ("So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip/Into my bosom and be lost in me"). Perhaps there was a third reason: that Roger Quilter had already, in 1904, set "Now sleeps the crimson petal" to a melody that once heard is remembered forever. Quilter's song alternates 3/4 and 5/4; Britten's song, gently rocking, alternates 9/16 and 6/16. By including the six central lines that Quilter omitted (with the famous "Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars") Britten broke free from his model; elsewhere, ineluctable tribute and a determination to be independent seem to struggle. Pitch contours and rhythmic inflections run roughly parallel; maybe they are those that any sensitive declaimer of Tennyson's lines would adopt. In any event, Britten's "Now sleeps the crimson petal" is a beautiful song. It cannot easily be added to the cycle, which is a self-sufficient, balanced, indisturbable masterpiece of our time. But it can well be offered—as at the Carnegie concert it was—as a postlude, a kind of encore, to the "Serenade." The Carnegie tenor was David Gordon, a keen, intelligent performer, sensitive to words, but in timbre perhaps more of a Mime than a lyrical Loge. The hornist was Joseph Anderer. One forgives a player who cracks once or twice in the difficult role; Mr. Anderer cracked more often. The Orchestra of St. Luke's was conducted by Christopher Hogwood.

HANDEL'S penultimate opera, "Imeneo," was given its Manhattan première last month at a concert performance in Merkin Hall. Billed in 1740 as an "operetta," it is a lightish piece: Rosmene, the heroine, must choose between Tirinthus, whom she loves, and Hymen, who claims her as a reward for rescuing her, along with other maids of Athens, from the clutches of pirates. Things turn serious when Rosmene—brokenhearted, opting for duty but reluctant to wound Tirinthus with an open declaration—feigns a mad scene that allows "fate" to guide her into Hymen's arms. The moral—a noble soul yields not to desire and banishes any love undirected by reason—is proclaimed in a rueful E-minor chorus. The music is of unfailingly high quality. A program note said that it was my enthusiasm for the opera (expressed in a review of a production at LaGuardia Community College four years ago) that "inspired" this presentation and, before it, a Vox recording with all but one of the same singers. With mild embarrassment, therefore, I criticize the edition that was performed; it was prepared by Rudolph Palmer, who conducted, and John Ostendorf, who sang the title role. Handel drafted the opera in 1738 but brought it to the stage only in 1740; two years later, in Dublin, he rejigged it as a "serenata." Hymen, begun for a tenor, became a bass role in 1740 but in Dublin reverted to tenor. (It seems likely that the voice of the first Hymen, young William Savage, who had already sung for Handel as a treble, an alto, and a tenor, settled after 1738 into the bass register, wherein Handel thereafter, in "Saul" and "Samson," composed for him.) Most modern revivals use a tenor, which suits the character far better. (It was an early role for David Rendall.) Hymen, in fact, is no more the protagonist of "Imeneo" than Tamerlane is of Handel's "Tamerlano." He has only two arias (Tirinthus, the serious lover—a role Janet Baker has sung—and Rosmene have five apiece), and both are fleet and dashing: "The fair turtledove must be mine" and "Who plays with roses will one day be pricked." In Merkin, a mature bass Hymen (the *Times* praised Mr. Ostendorf's "rotund pomposity") took on three further arias: Argenius' ominous "Di cieca notte," Tirinthus' passionate hit number "Sorge nell'alma," and his "D'amor nei primi istanti."

The "Imeneo" material survives in some confusion, which the complete Handel edition worse confounds. Alternatives do exist. But this heavily bassed version overstepped acceptable bounds and threw the piece off balance. Two of the tripartite musical numbers were done complete; five were reduced to first part only; ten were made lopsided with abridged repeats of the opening section. There was an able cast: Julianne Baird was Rosmene, D'Anna Fortunato was Tirinthus, and Beverly Hoch (who threw in a Queen of the Night high F) was Clomiris, a soubrette role. Mr. Palmer, presiding over a slightly scrawny original-instrument band, proved a heavy conductor, who beat a *larghetto* 4/4 in eight and an *andante* 6/8 in six. Supporting chords in recitatives were cued in from the podium, not lifted from the singers' lips. The recitatives were taken slowly, and their cadences were generally delayed.

That said, it must be added that the performance had, in its way, been carefully considered, was executed with commitment and devotion, and had a considerable success with the audience. Handel is a very strong composer.

—ANDREW PORTER

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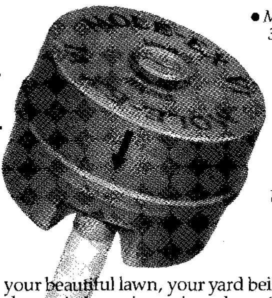

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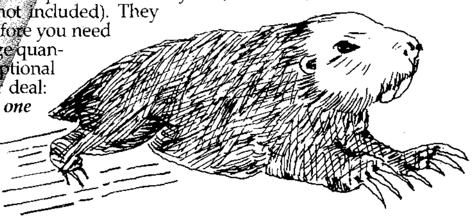

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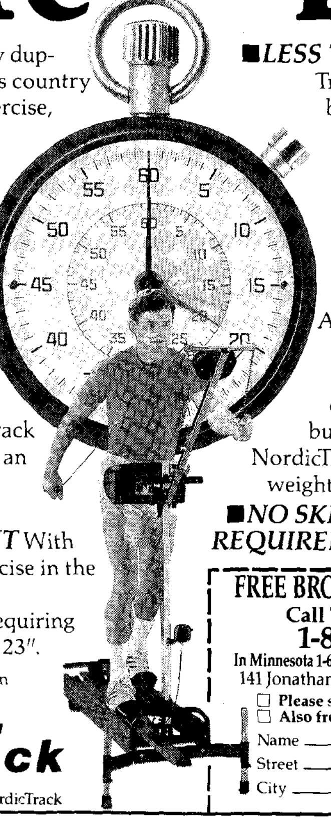

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DANCING

The View of the Fortress

St. Petersburg, the capital and "Window on the West" of Imperial Russia, is a city now known as Leningrad; "Ballet Imperial," a masterpiece Balanchine made in America in 1941, is a work that came to be known, during the last ten years of his life, as "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." I connect city and ballet because, for many years, Balanchine did. Each of Balanchine's stagings of the ballet until 1973 set the work against views of the imperial city: grand draperies were hung at the sides of the stage; double-headed eagles were placed in the foreground; and in the distance shone the needlelike golden spire that rises from the Fortress of Peter and Paul.

Both changes of name indicate changes of substance. I know of no irony more powerful than the way the people of that city live with the past that is all about them—honoring it, and yet leading existences devoid of any of the city's grandeur. In front of the Fortress, there is a sandy beach, on which people sunbathe. The embankments and bridges are lined all day by old men fishing—or so they were four years ago, when I was there for the White Nights.

Now Mikhail Baryshnikov, artistic director of American Ballet Theatre, former dancer of Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, and star of the 1985 movie called "White Nights," has given us a view of the Fortress's golden spire again—painted on the backdrop of a new production of "Ballet Imperial," for his company. For him, as for Balanchine, the ballet must have its ironies: it says, "This is the dancing of old St. Petersburg," yet the choreography has a density and a power that neither Petersburg nor Balanchine's Petrograd nor Baryshnikov's Leningrad has ever produced. The A.B.T. production, new this February, was on the opening-night program of the company's eight-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Further ironies emerged: for many in its audience here, the view across the Neva on that backdrop is less to the point than the view across Lincoln Center Plaza to the New York State Theatre, where "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," the ballet's alter ego, is danced by New York City Ballet, which is, or was, Balanchine's own company.

What are we to make of Baryshnikov's A.B.T.? Isn't it the best-intentioned company in the world? "Ballet Imperial" is just part of a wide repertory that has been selected with relentlessly good taste, and the transformation of the company's dancing that Baryshnikov has effected since becoming director in 1980 is startling: at every level but star level he has raised standards. The company still draws its dancers from here, there, and everywhere, but it no longer dances with marked stylistic discrepancies. I speak as a before and after observer, not having seen it between 1977 and 1987. In two weeks at the Met last year, I caught works by Bournonville, Petipa, Balanchine, Ashton, Tudor, Cunningham, and Taylor. No other company has that kind of range, and in no piece did A.B.T. show less than serious effort to catch the right style. I much admired the production of Taylor's "Sunset;" I much admired both dance and mime performances in the full-length "Bayadère;" and, as for Ashton's "Les Rendezvous," in eleven years of watching it in London I'd never seen it so well danced.

One can acknowledge A.B.T.'s accomplished performance of all these ballets; yet it's hard to discern any pervasive company style. This is the greatest anonymous ballet troupe in the world. (And, to judge by the limited and discreet use it makes of the choreography of its artistic associate, Kenneth MacMillan, it would rather stay that way than acquire an easily available choreographic identity.) You applaud each ballet as the current item of *haute couture*, and very nicely modelled for you, too; but the model keeps disappearing into the outfit.

When the *couture* is from just across the plaza, the experience is particularly curious. A.B.T. has, of course, tried on Balanchine before. To "Theme and Variations" (which the choreographer made on the company in 1947) Baryshnikov has added "The Prodigal Son," "Bourrée Fantasque," "La Sonnambula," "Symphonie Concertante," and "Donizetti Variations." Before becoming A.B.T.'s director, he danced with New York City Ballet for a year and a bit, and there can be no doubt of his great interest in Balanchine's work. But this year his company is flourishing its Balanchine as if throwing down the gauntlet. Just look at the opening-week schedule at the Met: Balanchine on every program. After "Ballet Imperial" was introduced on Monday, "Symphonie Concertante" was revived on Tuesday. Then, on Wednesday, there was the local première of the company's staging of "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." Yes, Balanchine's Tchaikovsky, his Mozart, and his Stravinsky; and the "Violin

"You're not listening!"

Concerto" was being given at the Met only two months after N.Y.C.B. last danced it at the State Theatre.

This is Balanchine used as politics. Oh, I grant that his works enrich the A.B.T. repertory. But such a deployment of them appears confrontational. It cramps the whole tone of the ballet season at Lincoln Center. Following ballet in New York after Balanchine's death is all too much like voting in an election in which the best men are not standing as candidates. I can't imagine who could do a better job at A.B.T. than Baryshnikov or at N.Y.C.B. than Peter Martins. Neither lacks vision. But, like two political leaders all too conscious of each other (they are, of course, old colleagues), they keep taking leaves out of each other's books. Using pieces by modern-dance choreographers is an idea that has worked rather well for A.B.T. in the eighties; now N.Y.C.B. is giving it a whirl. And A.B.T. keeps taking out items from N.Y.C.B.'s incomparable Balanchine wardrobe. Balanchine, Balanchine: he looms larger than ever now, the sole Framer (it often seems) of the Constitution. Martins, as if proposing major amendments to the established order at N.Y.C.B., is currently launching a barrage of new works by himself and others, in his company's American Music Festival. I'll report on that when it's over. Meanwhile, there's Mr. B. at A.B.T.

"WE must save ballet," Balanchine told Edwin Denby in or around 1941; and he set about it by choreographing in that single, astonishing year "Balustrade," "Concerto Barocco," and "Ballet Imperial" (among others) and mounting new productions of "Apollo," "Errante," and "Serenade." He was showing with a vehement energy what ballet could do and what it could be—and he was doing most of it for American Ballet Caravan's good-will tour of South America (where, I discover from a program in my collection, "Ballet Imperial" was called "Ballet Cortesano"). "He is a quick worker," wrote Lincoln Kirstein that year, "but I think 'Ballet Imperial' was done in less than a week." People still recall its original ballerina, Marie-Jeanne—a prodigy of speed, strength, and stamina, to whom, in the ballet's final movement, Balanchine gave double

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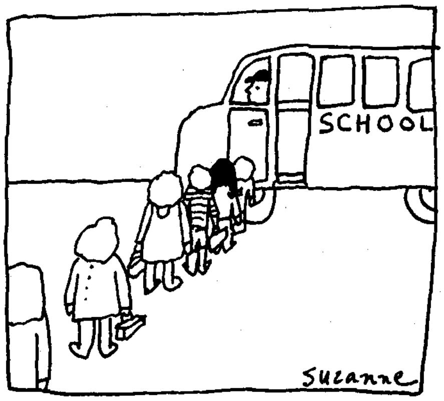
sauts de basque. This work was intended, South American audiences were told, to evoke "Swan Lake" and "The Sleeping Beauty": it was more truly *russe* than all the *balletrusse* exotica that America had been given for years. Kirstein wrote, " 'Ballet Imperial' is not an American ballet. It is a Russian ballet danced by an American company."

But after staging the ballet for other companies in this country, in 1942 and 1945, Balanchine did not present it again here until 1964. He did, however, produce it for the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1950, with a revised second movement and new, grand designs by Berman (including powder-white wigs for all). The production was acclaimed; and the British company (later the Royal Ballet) maintained its own performing tradition in "Ballet Imperial" over the next twenty-four years. To Richard Buckle, editor of the magazine *Ballet*, "Ballet Imperial" was "a paean in praise of the aristocratic ideal." Should one presume that Balanchine felt at the time that the British company would catch the ballet's imperial spirit better than an American company? Certainly Kirstein did. In an essay for the same issue of *Ballet*, "Balanchine and American Ballet," he wrote:

> Few American dancers can walk simply, yet with authority, across a stage emptied of all other movement, as Michael Somes does in Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial*, holding his scene, a mimic duchy, by the mastery of his own moral conception of the lively symbol of the Prince. Few Americans can accept homage simply, as if it were their personal due alone (as does Margot Fonteyn in the same ballet), as if there were resident in them some residual authority or worth descended from past time. Few Americans have any comprehension of time, or its passage—that our own time depends upon time past, that there is any continuum of accumulated manners. To Americans, *time means* speed. To us, *noblesse oblige* is a superstition.

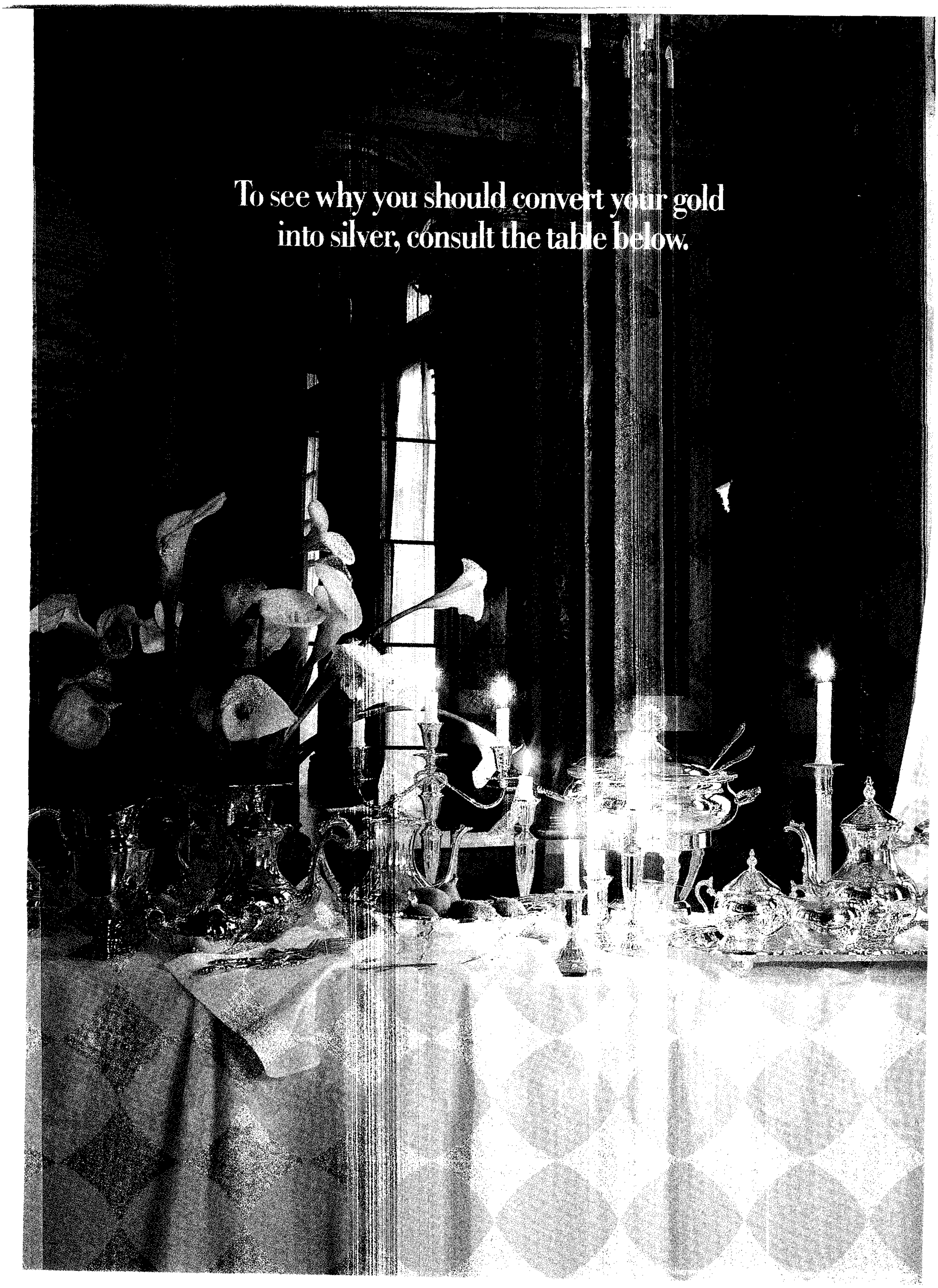
At Covent Garden, the leading ballerina role was danced less happily by Fonteyn than by the second-cast Moira Shearer—who in recent years has spoken and written tellingly of Balanchine's work on this production. Later, Violetta Elvin, Nadia Nerina, and Antoinette Sibley took the role with great success. Over the years, Balanchine insisted on certain changes. The Berman designs had to be replaced in 1963 by new ones, in Maryinsky blue—the work of Carl Toms. (The old ones were missed: dancing in them, Nerina said, gave her a feeling she rediscovered only "in Leningrad, standing in the Great Hall of the Winter Palace.") Finally, in 1973, Balanchine had the Royal Ballet dance it as "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" and with loose chiffon dresses replacing tutus. The result was such a disappointment to many observers that after 1974 the Royal preferred not to essay the ballet again. In 1985, the company attempted to revive the whole ballet on a junior generation of dancers, with the old title and new tutus and scenery and draperies; the result was worse than dismal.

I relate this as a deliberate contrast to the ballet's history here. In 1964, Balanchine finally staged "Ballet Imperial" for New York City Ballet, after its move to the State Theatre, with costumes (tutus, crowns, and all) by Karinska and a Petersburg view by Ter-Arutunian. This version restored the forties text of the slow movement, including the mime gestures that Balanchine had edited away in 1950. It seems likely that at this time Balanchine made the whole ballet faster. There simply wasn't time for the double sauts de basque, and there never has been since. (Sibley has said that to her this step is more crucial to this ballet than the fouetté turns are to "Swan Lake": the ballet is about that kind of power.) In 1973, Balanchine decided that nobody knew what "imperial" was anymore, changed the title, revised the slow movement (again removing the mime), and substituted City Ballet flowing chiffon dresses and a blue-sky backdrop. The ballet prospered, and in 1979 he said (in an interview with W. McNeil Lowry, later published in this magazine) he believed that the ballet had never been in better shape. It was about ten minutes faster than the original version. But the great difference was one of spirit. In the eighties, at New York City Ballet you can infer from "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" the court and the aristocratic ideal of Buckle's and Kirstein's 1950 accounts, the way you can infer a square dance from Balanchine's ballet of that name. In the leading role, Kyra Nichols and Merrill Ashley exemplify the radiant power of Balanchine style at its purest. This is no longer a Russian ballet (if it ever was one), and it has no nostalgia for a far country. Here is one of Balanchine's present Edens.



Is the A.B.T. "Ballet Imperial" trying to turn the clock back? It has been staged by the company's associate director, John Taras, who was with American Ballet Caravan when the ballet was first staged, and was a ballet master for New York City Ballet from 1960 to 1984. This is not a Marie-Jeanne memento but substantially the version that has been danced in recent years by N.Y.C.B.; tempi are similar, and neither mime nor double sauts de basque are attempted. The pedant in me wants to see them restored, along with other bygone details. If the Petersburg regalia are back, why not the old text, too?

But nit-picking about such matters is beside the point here. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Since the letter half killeth most of the women in the ballet, it was unkind of Ter-Arutunian to put them in such big, wide tutus: it's as if he'd had Velázquez infantas in mind. He provides little color distinction between the ballet's several ranks; the color schemes of Berman's and Karinska's costumes helped to dramatize the ballet's hierarchy—first and second ballerinas, danseur, two male soloists and two female demi-soloists, a corps de ballet in three sections (female-male-female). Susan Jaffe, dancing the leading role in the first cast, was both edgy and bland: it is odd to watch a dancer who doesn't even make her own technical problems with a role interesting. Leslie Browne, in the second cast, dances with more force and is more memorable—but in the wrong way. She went through the whole ballet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CONTINENTAL

with an unchanging tragic stare, like Garbo's Queen Christina: I kept expecting her to stride to the front of the stage and ask mournfully, "Who will relieve me of this crown?" (Do the powers that be at A.B.T. believe that Balanchine ballets like this should be *acted?*)

Browne can be excellent in the right role. In "The Leaves Are Fading," that long dappled gathering of subtly shifting pastel sentiments by Antony Tudor (how my heart sinks each time I realize we're about to get *another* sensitive pas de deux), she dances in long, liquid phrases, subtly inflected. The tone is darker, creamier than that of the role's originator, Gelsey Kirkland, and no less beautiful. And in Tudor's "Pillar of Fire" Browne is a fine Hagar—the famous role for the late Nora Kaye, who was, it may be remembered, Browne's godmother. Even in "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" (the Karin von Aroldingen role) she has her moments.

Is there, however, a right role for Jaffe? She's being presented as the company's prima—in the first cast of the three Balanchines I've mentioned, as the first-cast Aurora in "The Sleeping Beauty," and as the first-cast Glove-Seller in "Gaîté Parisienne." Never having seen Jaffe before, I watched her in all of them with growing mystification. There was little to object to, but then there was little to remember. She has no charm. If any of those scrumptious roles gave her pleasure, she kept it to herself. She was best, I suppose, as Aurora—clean, elegant, and proficient. In the Vision Scene variation she (like all the A.B.T. Auroras I saw) has been taught to mold a firm legato dance phrase to the music. But musicality isn't otherwise a prime virtue at A.B.T. And the vitality of Balanchine phrasing eluded her. In fact, Jaffe epitomizes all that's dim about the company's Balanchine. She lacks the sharp articulation of stretched open positions or tight closed ones; she has little sense of gesture. In the "Violin Concerto," Robert Hill, behind her, holds her to him with one arm; with the other he traces the view before them. At one of the performances I saw, Jaffe's eyes didn't even follow his direction.

"Stravinsky Violin Concerto" should be within A.B.T.'s grasp. ("Ballet Imperial" is, more than most, a work to keep plugging away at over the seasons. But will A.B.T. *ever* succeed at it?) Balanchine's response to the Tchaikovsky piano concerto elicited one of his supremely exhilarating, action-packed masterpieces. The Stravinsky violin concerto, which he had first handled in 1941, in "Balustrade," prompted him in 1972 to one of his most oddly imaginative successions of ideas. The two central duets—in complete contrast to each other—feature unexpected zigzags of sense, and they're marked by the strangest sudden gestures. In the finale Balanchine deploys his different categories of dancers—male and female, soloists and corps—with a structural virtuosity that for a fleeting moment recalls the finales in "Figaro" that he so admired. I hadn't seen the work since 1979, and remembered it as enthralling. In the A.B.T. performances I've seen this season, it was rather cloudy, and there are one or two surprising changes of detail. Shouldn't it be clear in the second duet that when Hill kneels at Jaffe's feet it is he who then pushes her knees together? And when he stands behind her and with one hand pulls her head back onto his shoulder, surely that hand, in one of Balanchine's "blinding" gestures, should cover her eyes, not her forehead? At A.B.T., as a friend remarked, it looks as if he were taking her temperature.

Nonetheless, Hill has much of the right manly gravitas and sheer purpose. In the second performance I saw, Martine van Hamel used her weight and force much as Karin von Aroldingen used to. Both Ethan Brown and Ricardo Bustamante gave fair accounts of the other male role. What I found only from time to time in any of these performances was the bursting fullness, the plasticity of the Balanchine phrase.

"WE must save ballet," said Balanchine. One can't help wondering, "From whom?" Bernard Taper's biography of Balanchine nominates Tudor, the English master of dance drama who arrived in New York in 1940. But Tudor contributed to that 1941 American Ballet Caravan tour of South America, and later he worked for a few years at New York City Ballet. In the A.B.T. repertory today, his and Balanchine's ballets are not impossible bedfellows. But why on earth did the company present on one première program both "Stravinsky

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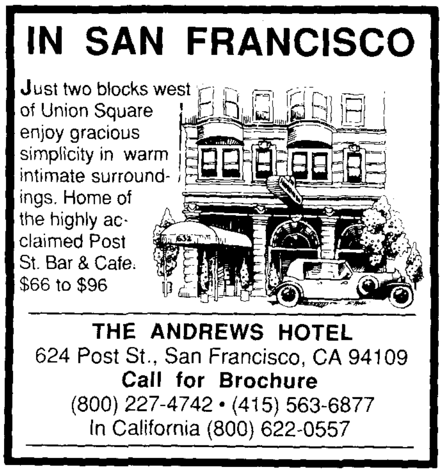
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Violin Concerto" and what can only be thought of as the Christian Lacroix *production of "Gaîté Parisienne"?* The one is in every respect a rebuke to the other. Through the last forty years, the reputation of "Gaîté" 's choreographer, Massine—once so crucial to all that was *balletrusse*—has waned, routed principally by the contrasting example of Balanchine. It is among the many ironies of A.B.T.'s season that its revival of one of Massine's flimsiest and most flawed works should make the biggest splash.

At the heart of every major Massine ballet, it seems to me, there is *some kind of defiant pride*—whether it is the Miller and his wife outsmarting the Corregidor in "Le Tricorne" or the dolls resisting their purchasers in "La Boutique Fantasque." Sometimes the characters are sorry for themselves, but their spirit keeps bouncing back. Fifty years ago, a bravado in the performance of these ballets, even if the interior mechanics of some of them *were too much* like clockwork, gave them a theatrical vitality that made Massine the world's most highly acclaimed choreographer.

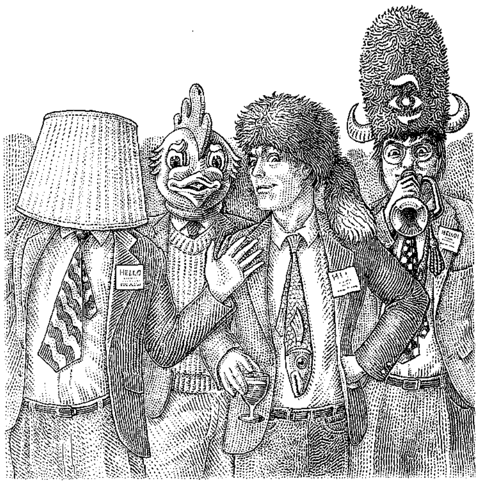
But the pride I enjoy in the Massine works that I know is replaced in "Gaîté" by mere vanity. The A.B.T. production (staged by the choreographer's son, Lorca Massine) commemorates the ballet's half-century. The work seems always to have been a jolly nothing, and now it has been thickly coated in bright-colored sugar icing by Lacroix's stripes, bows, flounces, and polka dots. The lavish scenery is by Zack Brown. Given the expensively frothy climate of the day, I ought to say that this is an appropriate work to revive, and has been appropriately redesigned, but my heart wouldn't be in it. (A good many members of the first-night audience came in Lacroix outfits and applauded the work as if it were the mirror of their dreams.) Designs are important to Massine ballets. The pictorial gifts he possessed as a choreographer were amplified by Picasso and Derain (and, so the books say, by Bérard, Matisse, Tchelitchew, and others). But even when these designs were at their most forceful, as with Picasso's costumes for the final jota of "Tricorne," they did not, I would say, hog the whole show. But could any choreography get past Lacroix? He and Brown have updated "Gaîté" to the era of Art Nouveau. (This is another ballet with a view: through the windows at the back Brown shows us the Eiffel Tower, lit up as if by neon.) Lacroix tarts up the demimonde as le dernier cri, and, as in a fashion show, each new entrance from the deep-red foyer into the striking white ballroom of Brown's set is intended as the next level of a crescendo. But what happens is that the designs keep undermining themselves. Some of Lacroix's reds vanish into the red of that foyer. Silly that La Lionne, a character meant to be the current darling of fashionable Paris, should sport the same lime-green tights under her gown as some of the *cocodettes*. Certain of the costumes are individually delicious in Lacroix's over-the-top manner, but his range is too limited to take smart frivolity very far, at least onstage.

Beneath so thick a veneer, the difference between strong and feeble performances counts for almost nothing. Every Massine demi-caractère role should be played "con brio," but Jaffe was at her emptiest. At a later performance, Cheryl Yeager's Glove-Seller had more gutter vitality. (Surely, however, among A.B.T.'s current crop of principals the role calls for Alessandra Ferri.) Johan Renvall as the Peruvian gave the best performance I saw—in a part that must be among the slightest Massine ever gave himself. Why not revive, for Renvall and the company's several other superb character dancers, and in its original Derain décor, this choreographer's finest work? I mean "La Boutique Fantasque," which New York hasn't seen in decades.

Well, at any rate, those who put up the money for "Gaîté" have their reward: it *looks* expensive. Baryshnikov has staged a Grand Pas Classique from "Raymonda," for which Ben Kahn has provided furs to decorate the Hungarian costumes. For all we in the audience could tell, these trimmings could have been of nylon—especially the white fur on Raymonda's white tutu. The performances I saw were all cast from strength, led by Martine van Hamel or Cynthia Gregory and with four of the company's female principals in supporting variations. There was much to commend in the dancing; it's my impression that at A.B.T. there always is. The four men of the pas de quatre all did double tours en l'air into secure more-or-less-fifth-position landings, and that is a rarity. But there was little fragrance in the women's dancing. Few of them make much of nuances of épaulement; almost none of them have the brio to make these dances, as they can be, intoxicating. The exception is Amanda McKerrow, who is, with Alessandra Ferri, one of the company's two most interesting female dancers. To watch her in almost every role this season has been a pleasure, but I shall defer writing about her, and several of the company's other dancers, until I have seen them in some of the repertory yet to come.

Tackling Petipa, Massine, and Tudor is the kind of work that A.B.T. has been doing since its inception. But Baryshnikov, in also giving his dancers works by Balanchine *and* by modern-dance choreographers, is asking them to emulate his own miraculous range; dancing Balanchine was, after all, the most punishing assignment he had ever set himself. Yet now he's asking his company to run, in "Ballet Imperial," before it's learned to walk—in "Symphonie Concertante." The company's way with this latter ballet bristles with good intentions, but here, again, its flat response to the music lets it down. There are, as it happens, some silent film clips of "Symphonie Concertante" as it was danced in 1947 (with Tanaquil LeClercq and Maria Tallchief) and in 1954 (with LeClercq and Diana Adams), amounting to seven minutes in all. Even in silence, the dancing looks Mozartian in ways not seen at the Met; the rhythm has tension and wit, and the two ballerinas radiate the complete sisterly accord one likes to find in "Così Fan Tutte." The whole thing shines, touchingly. It was good, having seen these snippets, to hear the music at the Met performances as well as see the dancing, and at one matinée McKerrow began to dance so much more obviously in phrases than in mere timekeeping that everyone else began to light up, too. Was that performance just one of A.B.T.'s false dawns? We'll see. The company continues to dance the Mozart, Stravinsky, and Tchaikovsky ballets through its Met season, and "Donizetti Variations" returns to the repertory later this month. Just at present, I like to prepare for each of them with a quick swig of vodka and the toast Balanchine once gave Stravinsky: "We drink to the health of the guy that died."

—ALASTAIR MACAULAY



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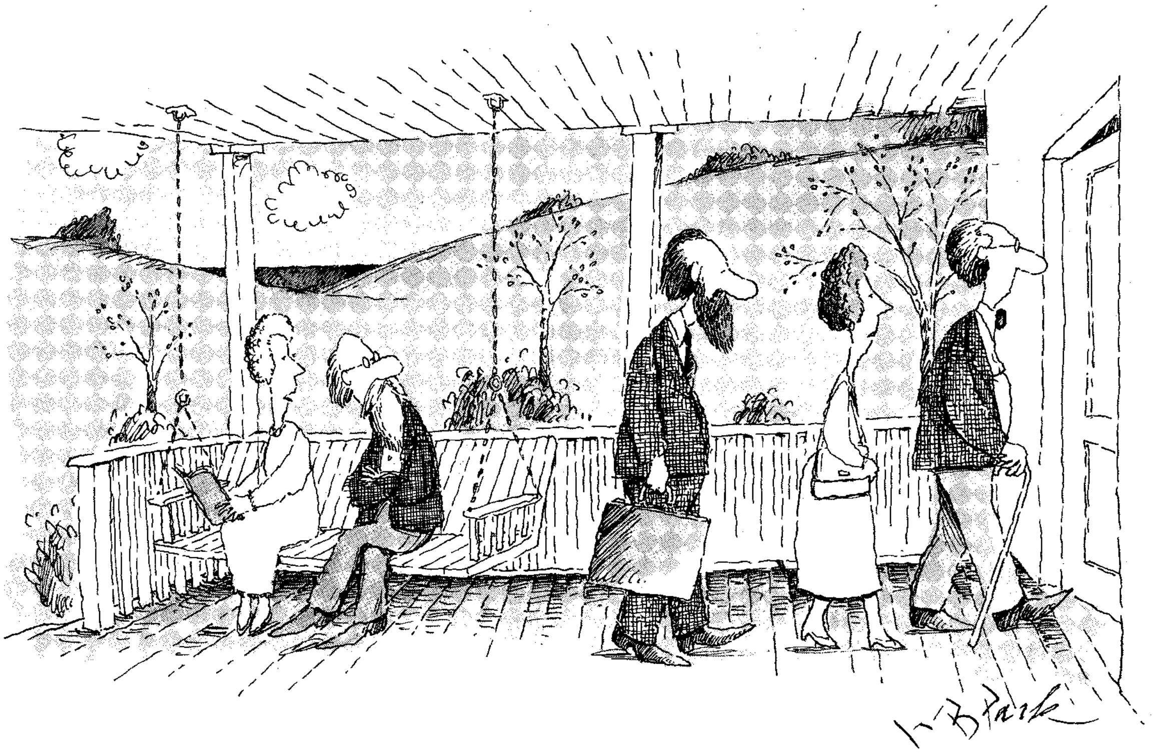
BOOKS

Articles of Faith

THE critical prose of imaginative artists, even when it's good, is often disillusioning. We pick up Carlos Fuentes's "Myself with Others" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $19.95) and Milan Kundera's "The Art of the Novel" (Grove; $16.95) expecting to find the same kind of distinctive intelligence that these writers' novels display, and we're only partly satisfied. Fuentes's collection, which consists of two autobiographical sketches, seven essays celebrating other artists (Cervantes, Diderot, Gogol, Buñuel, Borges, Kundera, and García Márquez), and a commencement address on inter-American relations, is sprawling, fertile, personal, rather grandiose in tone—the usual Fuentes mixture of huge ambition, dazzling individual perceptions, and dense, clotted writing. Kundera's book is predictably lucid, detached, and epigrammatic. It's composed, as are all of his books except "The Farewell Party," of seven parts, with deliberate variations in tone and technique. Only two of its parts could really be called essays; two more are taken from an interview ("which is not," Kundera tells us, "a transcript of an actual conversation but an edited dialogue"); one is presented as a set of notes (on Hermann Broch's novel "The Sleepwalkers"); another is simply a glossary of "key words," like "novel," "being," "Czechoslovakia," "modern," "Europe," and "forgetting;" and the concluding section is, like Fuentes's, the transcript of a speech. The book has its author's familiar swiftness and variety of attack and his elegant, provocative irony. But after we've achieved the small, readerly pleasure of recognizing the authors in their new books we may feel that something important is missing—that, even while Carlos Fuentes and Milan Kundera are speaking to us more "directly" than they do in their fiction, their voices have been slightly distorted, their power mysteriously reduced. Maybe it's because both men are writing in a language other than that of their novels: all of Fuentes's essays were written in English; "The Art of the Novel" was composed in French (and translated by Linda Asher). Maybe it's because both books, in their modesty and their absence of theory, have the character of random, idiosyncratic reflections, unified by the personalities of the authors rather than by the more disciplined imagination they bring to their fiction. Or maybe it's because in these books Fuentes and Kundera are presenting themselves more as readers than as writers—more, that is, like us and less (apparently) like themselves.

Kundera, serenely European, seems to take the relationship between his reading and his writing entirely for granted. In a brief preface he says, "Every novelist's work contains an implicit vision of the history of the novel, an idea of what the novel is; I have tried to express here the idea of the novel that is inherent in my own novels." Later on he writes, "The novel's spirit is the spirit of continuity: each work is an answer to preceding ones, *each work contains all the previous* experience of the novel." For him, these nearly equivalent statements are articles of faith—or, in more scientific terms, axioms. What Kundera says may be true, but it's not difficult to imagine a novelist—even one of Kundera's stature—whose sense of his own work's relation to the history of the novel is considerably more anguished: for whom the novel's "spirit of continuity" is a demon, not an angel. The bracing clarity of Kundera's discourse in "The Art of the Novel"—and, for that matter, in his fiction—reflects a hard-earned sense of security, of belonging to a tradition. "The novel is Europe's creation," he says bluntly, and, perhaps more arguably, "The only context for grasping a novel's worth is the history of the European novel." His personal "idea of the novel" is so profoundly Eurocentric that it's likely to seem exotic, even perverse, to American readers: the heroes of his history of the genre are Rabelais, Cervantes, Diderot, Kafka, Broch, and



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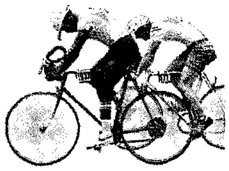

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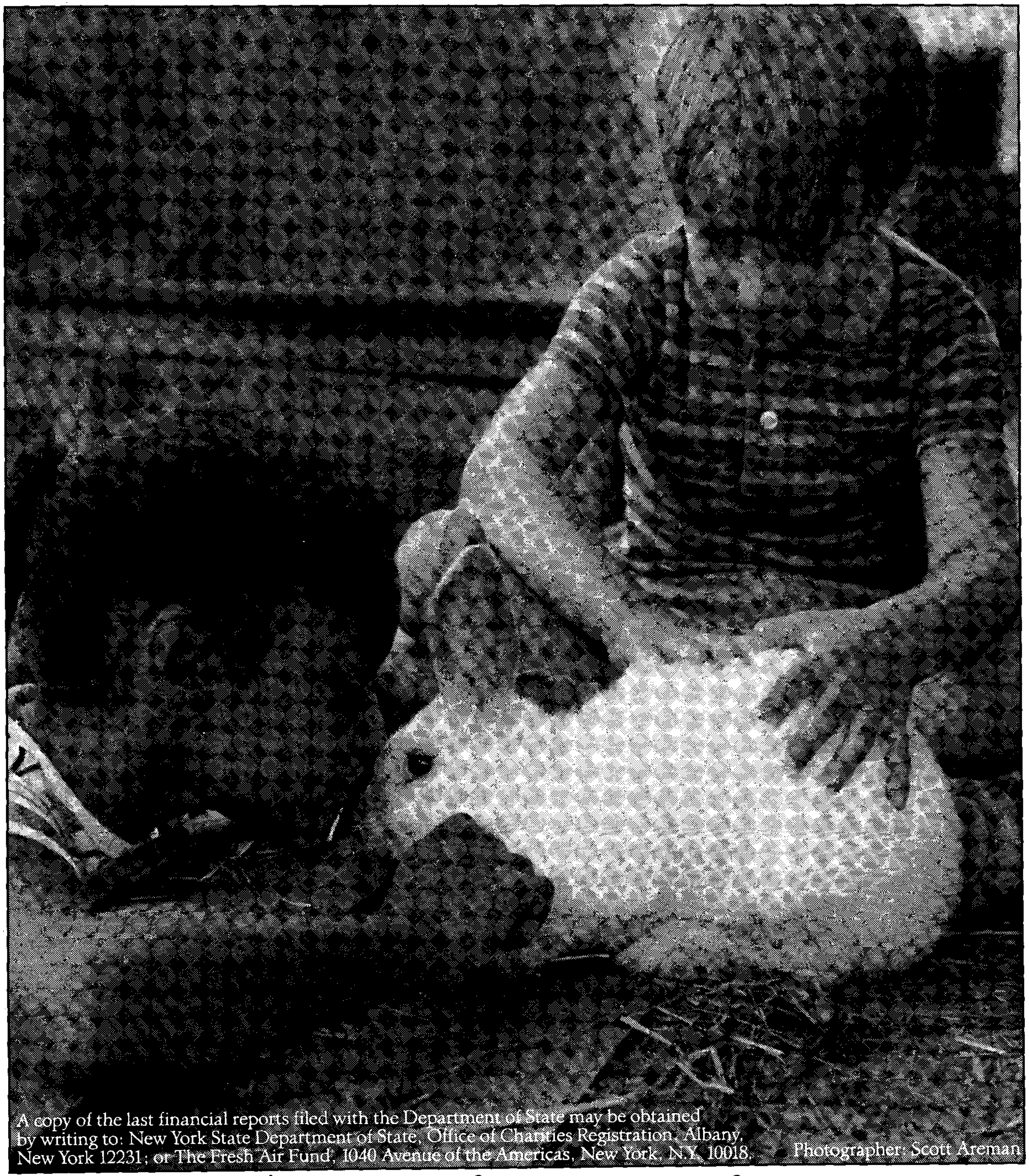

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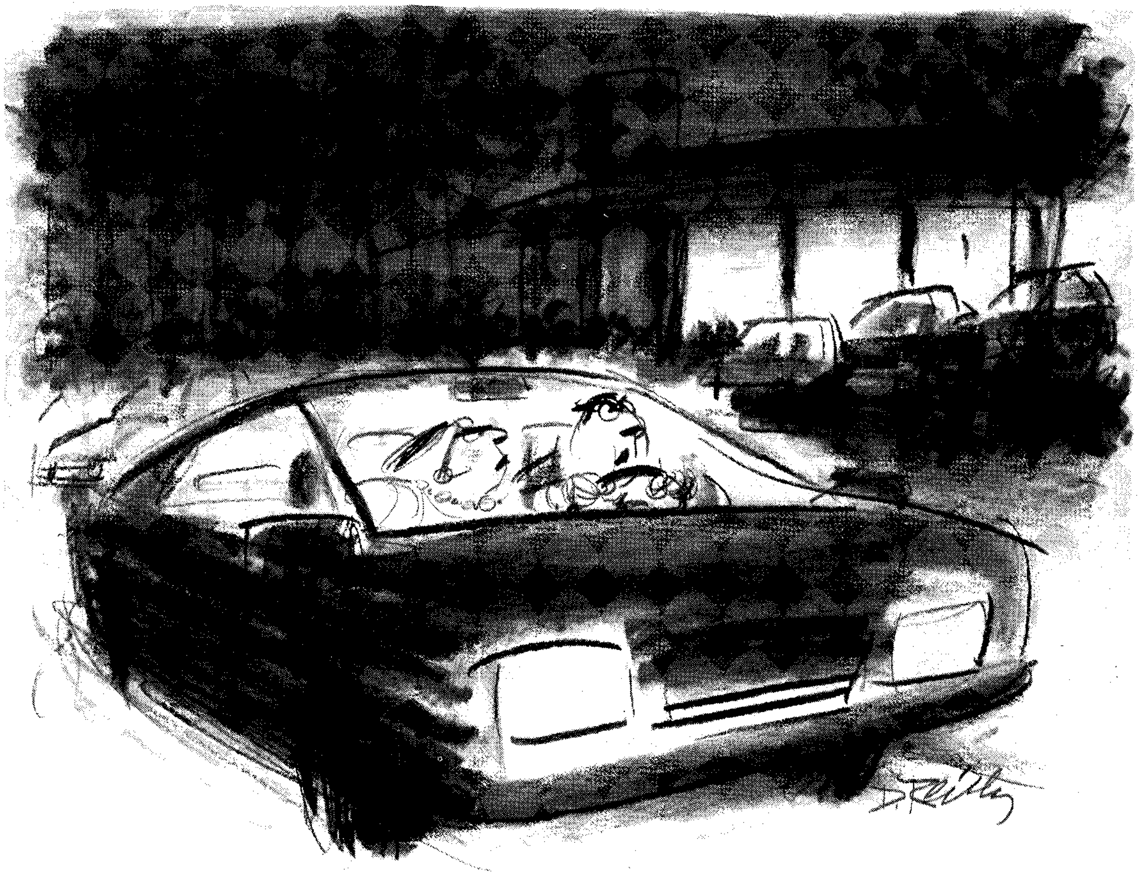
Robert Musil ("The Man Without Qualities")—with Flaubert, Tolstoy, and the Polish novelist Witold Gombrowicz ("Ferdydurke") mentioned admiringly but less frequently. The only English-language writers admitted to Kundera's pantheon are Sterne and Joyce; the only American whose name appears at all is Faulkner (as part of a list); the only non-European novel cited in the entire text is "Terra Nostra," by Carlos Fuentes. Kundera has been in exile from Czechoslovakia since 1975 (he lives in Paris), but he clearly doesn't feel exiled from his art—or, at least, his idea of it. He's still very much a part of the tradition that shaped him: the literature and philosophy and music of Europe. In terms of the novel, he may even be the Continental culture's greatest current exemplar, its reigning king. In his pronouncements on the novel he seems to have as little anxiety about his sources as a monarch has about his genes.

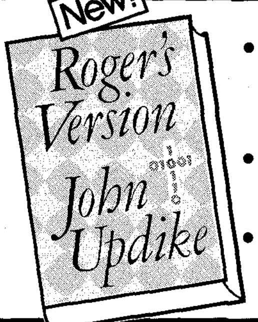
This is not to say that we'd wish more anguish on Kundera, who has, in other respects, certainly had his fair share; or that the perspective on the novel he presents isn't a valuable one. (It is, at the very least, a refreshing change from the standard English Department version of literary history.) Still, "The Art of the Novel" gives off the occasional (but pungent) whiff of cultural arrogance, and we may feel that Kundera's discourse, unmediated by narrative invention, reveals an aspect of his character that we'd rather not have known about. It's an index of the perils of this kind of book that as we read it we keep having to remind ourselves of Kundera's real virtues. The style of his writing here is close enough to that of the discursive passages in "Life Is Elsewhere," "The Book of Laughter and Forgetting," and "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" so that we're nearly seduced into thinking that the two modes—statements made in his own voice and statements inserted in a fictional structure—are equivalent, and they're not. Kundera himself, in discussing "The Sleepwalkers," helps explain why: "The moment it becomes part of a novel, reflection changes its essence. Outside the novel, we're in the realm of affirmation: everyone is sure of his statements: the politician, the philosopher, the concierge. Within the universe of the novel, however, no one affirms: it is the realm of play and of hypotheses. . . . There is a fundamental difference between the ways philosophers and novelists think. . . . [Dostoyevski] is a great thinker only as a novelist. Which is to say that in his characters he is able to create intellectual universes that are extraordinarily rich and original." Kundera's own best novels create that sort of intellectual universe, and his literary criticism doesn't, although they're informed by the same qualities. In his novels, his command of European literary and philosophical traditions is so sure, so apparently easy, that it transcends virtuosity. We experience it as a kind of grace, a gift that makes his characters and their culture appear to reflect each other with uncanny precision—that makes writing itself seem a dance on a mirrored floor. In "The Art of the Novel," this sublime confidence frequently shades into smugness. Milan Kundera knows exactly who he is, which is why it's dangerous for him to speak directly about himself and his art—and why we shouldn't draw too many conclusions from the off-putting tone of this book. Anybody this secure who's drawn into "the realm of affirmation" is likely to sound a little pompous.

What's fascinating is that the persona Kundera assumes in this book—that of an obstinate French academician, the concierge of fiction—is available to him at all. His life as an artist seems to have turned on the horrible moment in 1968 when the Russians invaded his country. At that point, Kundera was the author of one superb novel, "The Joke," and the collection of stories called "Laughable Loves," but from then on he could no longer be



"I don't care what you say—I never trust a guy who shakes hands with both hands."

• •



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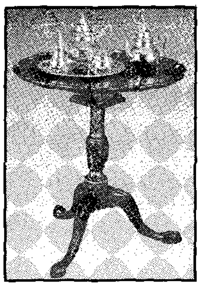

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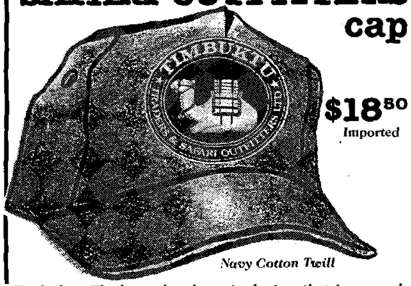

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a *Czech* novelist in any significant sense—there was no vital national culture left for him to contribute to. But the great tradition of the *European* novel hovered like an angelic host in the sky above him, offering a new identity, a new perspective, if he could rise to it. And he did: it was, in a way, everything his reading had prepared him for. His first post-1968 novel, "Life Is Elsewhere," which was published first in France but written while the author was still living in Czechoslovakia, shows signs of some uncertainty, of the inevitable difficulties of transition: it's a rather schematic novel, the only one of Kundera's books *in which the author never comes out* from behind his mask of irony. His portrait of a young Communist poet has an almost inhuman detachment—it's like Broch's disdainful anatomy of the military officer Pasenow in "The Romantic," the first volume of "The Sleepwalkers"—and we feel that the author's control over his rage and sorrow at history's indignities is too absolute. "The Farewell Party," his next novel, published in France the year after he moved there for good, is more assured, less anxious to proclaim itself a "novel of ideas": it's a beautiful dark farce, a Central European "Rules of the Game," in which the complex spirit of "The Joke" seems to have been reincarnated in a more elegant, classical form. Kundera tells his interviewer in "The Art of the Novel" that "The Farewell Party" is "the novel dearest to me, in a certain sense. . . . I had more fun, more pleasure writing it than the others. In a different state of mind." Although it's a bit of an anomaly among the author's works—it lacks both the seven-part structure and the "polyphonic composition" of the rest—this novel marks Kundera's entry into the lofty reaches of the European-novel tradition. We feel in it his discovery of the principles that connect his experience as a Czech with his experience as a reader of French and German and Russian fiction—the principles that will allow him to *place* himself again, this time in the history of the novel.

That discovery accounts, perhaps, for the giddy virtuosity of the works that followed, "The Book of Laughter and Forgetting" and "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," in which Kundera seems at times to be trying to orchestrate the most disparate modes of discourse, the highest and the lowest realms of human experience, the narrative means of both realism and the fantastic, the rigorous disciplines of music and philosophy, the voice of the individual and that of the broader culture, the mundane and the angelic—to bring everything he knows together in a kind of chorus, a full-throated Requiem that commemorates the end of European humanism while offering the most convincing evidence of its survival. We hear in the often irritating, priestly tone of "The Art of the Novel" a note of genuine reverence on Kundera's part for something beyond him, a legacy conferred on him by his *sentimental education*. This book is a defense of the values that saved him from being merely an exile.

In order to become the artist he now is, the Czech novelist had to discover himself a second time, as a European. But what if that second, grander possibility hadn't been there to be discovered? What if Broch, Kafka, Musil—all that reading—had never been a part of his education, or had entered it only as exotic, alien presences? Kundera's polemical fervor in "The Art of the Novel" annoys us, as American readers, because we feel defensive, excluded from the transcendent "idea of the novel" that for him seems simply to have been there for the taking. (If only he had cited, in his redeeming version of the novel's history, a few more heroes from the New World's culture.) Our novelists don't discover cultural values within themselves; they invent them.

THERE'S no better example of the strain of inventing a cultural universe for oneself than the work of the Mexican writer Carlos Fuentes, whose essay collection is, like so much of his fiction, maddeningly diffuse yet strangely intimate and likable: we recognize in his confusion and contradictions and torturous acts of identification more of ourselves than we do in Kundera's splendid precision. As the title "Myself with Others" suggests, what Fuentes is after in this book isn't so well defined as Kundera's goal, which is to defend the tradition of the novel against the historical forces that would destroy or supersede it. Fuentes hasn't worked things out so clearly. He's still searching for his own historical identity, reading promiscuously, trying to fit everything he reads into the puzzle of an already overcrowded self, and this is necessarily an endless and inexact process: there's always something more to assimilate, another element to work into the grand synthesis. He, too, obviously believes in "the spirit of continuity," but the tradition he means to be continuous with keeps changing its contours, expanding, ramifying, sprouting new heads, like the Hydra. His own identity as an artist is a Borgesian labyrinth, a garden of forking paths.

Fuentes begins his latest book with a section entitled "Myself," which consists of two essays, "How I Started to Write" and "How I Wrote One of My Books." These pieces have a slightly awestruck tone, an air of self-amazement. They're Fuentes's "Song of Myself." He explicates himself, and sings himself, and discovers that he contains multitudes, and this should probably be insufferable, but it isn't. He's not really boasting, any more than Whitman was; he simply seems driven to analyze how, out of his radically heterogeneous education and experience, he came to be—how reading and imagination managed somehow to resolve themselves into creation. This isn't something that Kundera appears to have worried much about. It's a key problem for writers from the United States and Latin America, though. Latin-American novelists in particular—Cortázar, García Márquez, Cabrera Infante, Puig, Carpentier, Arenas, Donoso—have given extraordinary primacy to the project of defining what might be called Americas of the imagination: original creations that are neither imitations of the European vision of the "New World," loaded with the old culture's alien and imposed values, nor "primitive" expressions of the chaos of wilderness and underdevelopment. The important Latin-American fiction of this century has been restless, antirealistic, as willful and quixotic as alchemy. It's as if the writers, unsatisfied with the elements at hand—the rarefied art and philosophy of Europe, the optimistic pop culture of American films, the mysterious and undifferentiated power of nature—had recognized that merely to discover and describe these elements wasn't nearly enough: that the value and identity of the New World's art would emerge only when they were combined in fresh, undreamed-of ways, when everything would melt into everything else and come out shining. So there's a lot more than self-assertion at stake in Fuentes's autobiographical essays. In describing, in the first piece, how he has picked up influences from his travels in Central and South America, the United States, and Europe, from his reading of Cervantes, Balzac, Mann, Neruda, Paz, Alfonso Reyes, and many, many others (this telescoped memoir often evokes the image of a bleary-eyed comp-lit student cramming for his doctoral exam), Fuentes is creating a fable of New World education, telling an exemplary tale. The second piece is his account of how he wrote what may be his most nearly perfect fiction, a ghost story called "Aura," and we realize when we've finished both parts of "Myself" that Fuentes's autobiography is itself a ghost story, an attempt to name all the diverse spirits that have possessed him.

The very attempt induces vertigo. There are too many ghosts, from too many cultures, spanning too many historical eras. Fuentes often writes—not just here but also in dense, overreaching fictions like "Terra Nostra" and "The Death of Artemio Cruz," which try to collapse time, space, and identity into entirely new forms—as if he were struggling to keep everything in view simultaneously, as if he were searching for a point in his consciousness equivalent to Borges's Aleph, "the only place on earth where all places are—seen from every angle, each standing clear, without any confusion or blending." Borges, of course, always presented these vast, all-inclusive images (the Library of Babel and the limitless memory of an otherwise ordinary young man named Funes are others) as suggestive paradoxes, little metaphysical conundrums. In a beautiful formulation, Fuentes says, "Borges invents a world because he needs it. I need, therefore I imagine." Fuentes's needs are clearly greater, more voracious than mild Borges's. He isn't satisfied with simply imagining an Aleph and naming it: he wants his fictions to *become* places where all places are. And in his chronicle of his reading and his writing he even seems ready to

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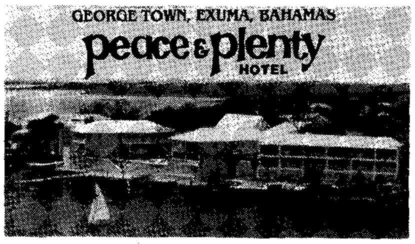

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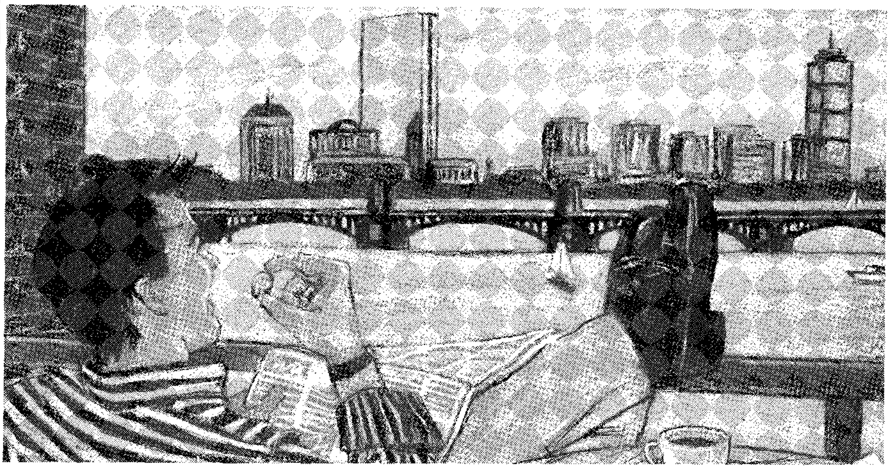

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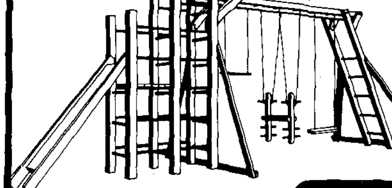

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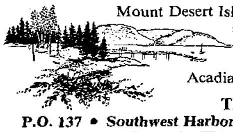

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imagine himself as the Aleph—the place where everything has been read and then made visible again.

This book doesn't come any closer to fulfilling this absurd desire than we'd expect it to. In the essays on individual artists in the second part of the book (called "Others"), Fuentes's interpretations have a tendency to lose their focus: the works under discussion are being viewed from too many angles and they radiate significance in too many different directions. These interpretations are, like everything Fuentes does, ferociously *willed*, and often collapse under their own exertions. The worst is the essay on Buñuel, in which the immediacy and the multiple significations of film imagery seem to defeat the analyst; he's reduced to describing a few of his favorite scenes, like a fan. But his essay on Cervantes is far more penetrating than Kundera's breezy piece in "The Art of the Novel," which has less to do with understanding the author's work than with identifying his "legacy" to European novelists. Fuentes really wrestles with "Don Quixote," determined to follow every twist of its complex tangle of narrative perspectives, because he sees Quixote as "the first modern hero, observed from multiple angles, scrutinized by multiple eyes that do not share his faith in the codes of chivalry, assimilated to the very readers who read him, and, like them, forced to re-create 'Don Quixote' in his own imagination." He goes on, "A double victim of the act of reading, Don Quixote loses his senses twice. First, when he reads. Then, when he is read. Because now, instead of having to prove the existence of the heroes of old, he is up to a much, much tougher challenge: he must prove his own existence." He ends his essay about Quixote's "struggle to make words and things coincide" by saying, "The final description of Cervantes's critique of reading is this simple, lapidary statement: 'Don Quixote,' written by everybody, read by everybody." The statement is, contrary to Fuentes's characterization of it, cryptic and a little too fancy, and it's heavily indebted to Borges's famous story "Pierre Menard, Author of Don Quixote," about a man who sets out to re-create Cervantes's personal history so that he can write the book himself, word for word; the kicker is Borges's suggestion that Menard's act of re-creation is a greater accomplishment than Cervantes's original creation, because it's the product of a more prodigious exercise of the empathic imagination, a profounder effort of the will. Fuentes's assertion is the key to his impossibly problematic imagination: by presenting himself as reader and writer simultaneously, he means to show us how Carlos Fuentes has himself been *written* (by the ghostly authors in the Library of Babel inside his head), how he should be read, and how, in this utopia of the imagination, we all read and write each other. It's no accident that the only other really successful appreciation in this book is a lovely little piece about Borges, which is conceived more as a fantastic tale than as an essay, and has, besides, a ghost in its structure: its form is that of Poe's story "The Man of the Crowd." It seems appropriate, too, that the book's last section is called "We," as if all difference had been reconciled, the self and the others resolved into an all-inclusive unity, an identity so multifarious and complex that it has finally become simple, lapidary. This section is genuinely quixotic: in it Fuentes tries to transcend literature and present a vision of political and cultural harmony between the United States and Latin America, to encourage us to imagine each other more fully and more exactly, and his writing in this section has a purer clarity and passion than anything else in the book.

"Myself with Others" and "The Art of the Novel" don't really advance our understanding of the art of fiction. They're not meant to. Books like these exist as occasions for the authors' fans to satisfy some secondary curiosity ("What does Carlos Fuentes think of García Márquez?" "Does Kundera like Kafka?") and for aspiring writers to indulge in some fantasy identification ("He reads the way I do; maybe I can write the way he does . . ."). And they don't reveal much about the writers that we couldn't have guessed from reading their more finished work—their fiction—though our images of them may now be a bit more vivid: Fuentes as a roving, obsessed dreamer, chasing the white whale of the novel all over the world and getting tangled in the ropes; Kundera as a suave armchair philosopher, full of the Continental wisdom of resignation, his weary eyes registering the fading of his glorious past, and smiling ironically, as if in anticipation of a rendezvous with

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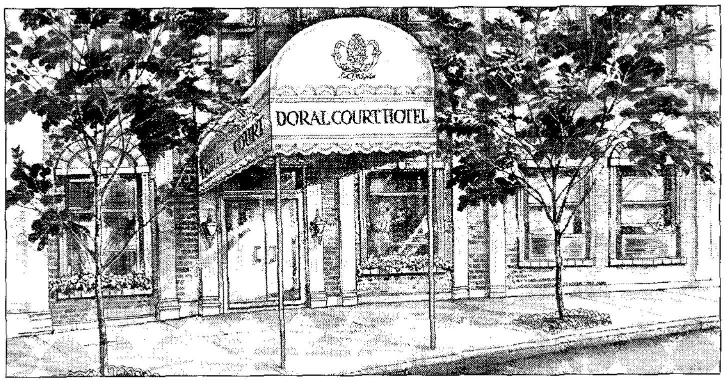

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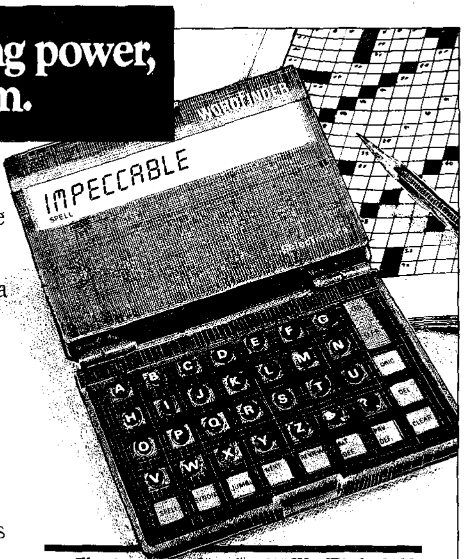

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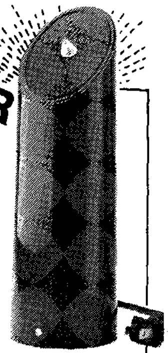

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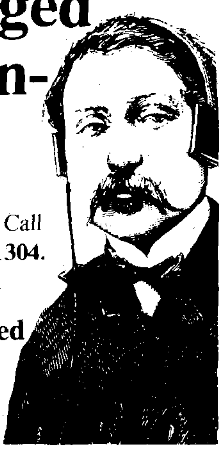

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a pretty young admirer. And, taken together, the books force us—me, perhaps others—to examine our reactions to the different traditions they represent: one discovered, the other invented. We realize that part of the reason Fuentes's novels exasperate us is that they too precisely mirror the dense chaos of our images of ourselves, the ungainly struggles of our readings of the world; and we realize that Kundera's fiction seems so piercingly beautiful because on some level it's unapproachable—a vision projected on a screen, its images framed and beyond the possibility of our participation. We watch Kundera; he watches us. We read Fuentes; he reads us. Carlos Fuentes invents us, because he has to, to invent himself. Milan Kundera hasn't even discovered us, because he doesn't need to.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TROTTER-NAMA, by I. Allan Sealy (Knopf; $19.95). Mulberry wine, liebfraumilch, Halb und Halb, warm cocoa, tepid Horlicks, a jug of mead from Germany, and cloudberry liqueur from Quebec are a few of the drinks that wet the whistle of the chef, as it were, of this seven-tier confection. "Nama" means, loosely, "book," and "Trotter" is the name of an eccentric Anglo-Indian family. The story begins with a hot-air-balloon flight in 1799, by the first—Great—Trotter; traces the fortunes of various others to distant continents; and concludes, in a way, in the prologue, in which the Great Trotter's great-great-great-great-great-grandson, the chronicler of this nearly six-hundred-page saga, bends the ear of a fellow-passenger as their plane banks over Trotter real estate inaptly known as Sans Souci. Trotter pauses every few paragraphs for interpolations, instructions, definitions, headlines, extracts, petitions, verses, reflections, lines in praise of this or that, and requests, to a hypercritical cupbearer, for something exotic to drink. The result is a witty but weighty tour de force.

S., by John Updike (Knopf; $17.95). The epigraph is from "The Scarlet Letter," but the setting—a self-contained religious settlement presided over by a Rajneesh-like guru—suggests "The Blithedale Romance." Into this world of mysticism, "human potential," and creative fund-raising in the Southwest, Updike plops a fairly typical Updike character: a middle-aged suburban New Englander named Sarah Worth, who has fled from the clammy embrace of her adulterous doctor husband into the grip of a spiritual entrepreneur who calls himself the Arhat. As passive and gullible as she often seems, Sarah (later, Kundalini) is a lot slipperier than her husband and her guru—and, initially, the reader—give her credit for. What fascinates Updike is the ease with which this woman shuttles between the languages of her old life—the words she uses when she writes to her daughter Pearl, her mother, her dentist, and various bankers—and the strange vocabulary of her new one. He seems delighted at how changeable she can be while remaining stubbornly herself. Her secret is that she cheats a bit whenever she plays other people's games; she enjoys the naughtiness of keeping a little something in reserve. That's Updike's secret here, too. He uses the epistolary form very freely, often substituting transcriptions of audiocassettes (which allow him to record long conversations) for Sarah's letters: his heroine's provisional, half-playful surrender to new experience is an image of the novelist's method. This is one of Updike's lightest, funniest, and sliest fictions—a comedy about the sneaky economies of the spirit.

MAN WITH A GUN, by Robert Daley (Simon & Schuster; $18.95). Phil Keefe, the central character here, is a former New York newspaperman and foreign correspondent who has just been appointed a deputy police commissioner. Mr. Daley is a former *Times* reporter and foreign correspondent who served for two years (1971 and 1972) as a deputy police commissioner. Whatever Mr. Daley's term at Police Plaza was like, Keefe's is horrendous. He walks innocently and with the best of intentions into every trap conceived by vicious office politics, a vainglorious and ambitious assistant district attorney, and a headline-hunting press. Mr. Daley is a writer of fine craft and understanding. His story is instructive, moving, and entirely satisfying. A selection of the Literary Guild.

GENERAL

THE AGE OF EMPIRE: 1875-1914, by E. J. Hobsbawm (Pantheon; $22.95). In the third of three volumes surveying the nineteenth century, the author gives a bird's-eye view of the glory years of European ascendancy—years marked for some by the romance of the Belle Époque. For his part, Mr. Hobsbawm likens the opening of the bourgeois century, on its way to transforming the world, to Nelson's battleships getting ready for action, "even in what we do not see: the kidnapped crews who manned them, short, poor, whipped and drunk, living on worm-eaten rusks." As the preface says, the book is not a narrative. It is a description of the evolution of capitalism and liberal bourgeois culture. Much attention is paid to the world's economy—to the growth of a true global market and the rivalries that pushed countries toward imperial expansion and war. The shifts in political power among classes within the electoral democracies are explored, as is the developing concept of nationalism. This and more Mr. Hobsbawm manages with authority, even wit. But a reader may find himself longing for the specific detail and the company of human faces.

THE ESSAYS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF: VOLUME II, 1912-1918, edited by Andrew McNeillie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $22.95). Ninety-five book reviews and two informal essays, one about hearing the sound of the guns in France ("like the beating of gigantic carpets by gigantic women, at a distance") and the other commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Thoreau's birth. All appeared either in the London *Times Literary Supplement* or in the *Times* itself. Fifty-eight have not been collected before. On Saturday, December 7, 1918, Mrs. Woolf wrote in her diary, "For some reason, not connected with my virtues I think, I get 2 or even 3 books weekly from the Times. . . . I write & write; I am rung up & told to stop writing; review must be had on Friday; I typewrite till the messenger from the Times appears; I correct the pages in

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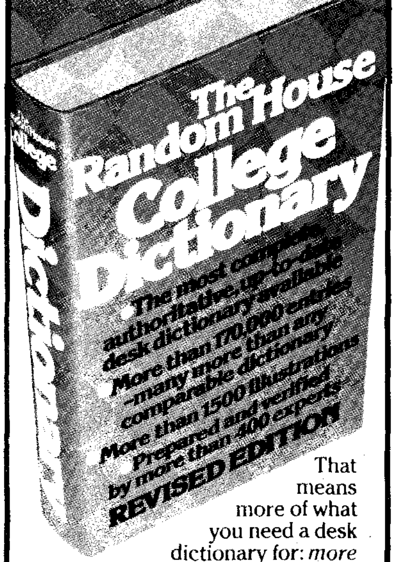
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my bedroom with him sitting over the fire." For some reason, possibly connected with the fact that during this period she published "The Voyage Out" and twice had a serious breakdown—which may have made her wary of seizing upon a fancy and running with it in the fashion that is so characteristic of her later writing—the over-all impression is of an intelligent, perceptive mind but not of an extraordinary one. Her fear, if fear it was, did not keep her from being funny: "Swinburne's praise or blame blots out the object of it as effectually as a dust storm conceals a daisy." Volume II, like Volume I, is annotated within an inch of its life.

A TIME OF CHANGE: A REPORTER'S TALE OF OUR TIME, by Harrison E. Salisbury (Harper & Row; $19.95). This is an extension, and in some ways a revision, of the author's autobiographical writings. In it he casts back over the past thirty years of his career as a reporter and foreign correspondent—mostly for the New York *Times*—to illuminate significant events he covered, and to reconsider some of his important stories in the light of subsequent developments. His beats have included Soviet Russia (Stalin's and Khrushchev's), revolutionary China, Vietnam (from wartime Hanoi), New York City, and the South during the civil-rights campaigns—a good deal of twentieth-century history. Some of his most revealing chapters are those devoted to portraits, of such people as Zhou Enlai (whom he held to be one of the great and wise men of the world), Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson, and the American-educated Soong Ching-ling, the widow of Dr. Sun Yat-sen—"a very great lady, as fine a blend of China and America as we will ever see." Mr. Salisbury is a skillful and discursive writer; his uninhibited discussion of intramural politicking at the *Times* is one of the highlights of the book.

ANATOMY OF A SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, by Jeff Goldberg (Bantam; $17.95). In this fascinating book about the discovery of endorphins, the discovery itself and the scientists involved are treated with equal success. The work began in 1973, in Aberdeen, Scotland, and led, a few years later, to the identification of the chemicals known as endorphins—from "morphine within." They are combinations of amino acids manufactured in the brain and have been implicated in everything from "runner's high" to schizophrenia. At the start, only a handful of scientists took seriously the idea that such compounds existed. Mr. Goldberg was able to interview these scientists extensively, and they run the gamut, from the crudely ambitious to the philosophically serene. There were fortunes at stake, because it was believed that artificially produced endorphins would replace morphine as the painkiller of choice. As usual in science, things turned out to be more complicated than anyone had bargained for, and endorphins have not yet found many clinical applications.

A WOMAN'S PRISON JOURNAL: GERMANY, 1944, by Luise Rinser, translated from the German by Michael Hulse (Schocken; $15.95). On October 12, 1944, Luise Rinser was arrested for high treason. She was a well-educated writer and former teacher, a war widow with two young children. A friend had denounced her. The next day, she was packed off to Traunstein, a Bavarian prison. In her cell she came upon pencil and paper cached under a floorboard and began taking notes, which metamorphosed, after her release, into the present journal (one of the first of its kind to be published in Germany following the war). Rinser chronicles not the horrors of prison life but, rather, the smaller daily degradations and cruelties that informed the bulk of her prison experience. Her account bears witness to the grim epiphanies that mark the loss of a particular kind of innocence: "I see myself with all my base instincts, with false, lying, romantic notions of honour, morality, class-consciousness and all the beautiful, conventional ideas one acquires. In the end all that is left is the animal, wanting to eat and sleep, afraid of being beaten, yearning for freedom."

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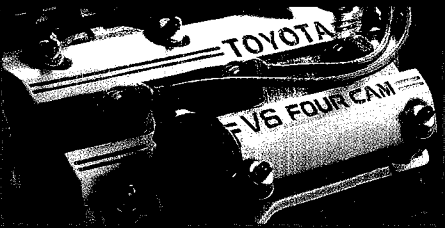

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